

suck a dick fallacy

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by [literaphobe](#)

Summary

Dream has so much he wants to explore about his sexuality, but no one he trusts enough to do it with. Lucky for him, George is finally in Florida. Surely things will be easy enough to figure out between best friends like them.

It ends up spiraling far beyond what either of them could anticipate.

Notes

on 19 july, 2021, an [anonymous ask](#) was sent to tumblr user sahara4k, poking fun at dream for a concept he brought forth during a trainwrecks podcast. he explained how you would be more likely to trust a product review from a person who's used the product as opposed to someone who hasn't. using this analogy, he explained how basically men who have sucked dick have a better understanding of their sexuality than men who have not. anon coined this the 'suck a dick fallacy' and i have not stopped thinking about how funny that is since. this fic is a homage to that

also when that anon was published i thought that it would be really funny if someone wrote a fic and called it 'suck a dick fallacy'. i didn't think TO write it until late september, when i brought it up to someone for fun and they wanted to do it. up till that moment, i didn't know that this was something i really wanted to do. i won't call it my destiny or anything, but what this fic means to me feels something close. i had a lot of fun writing it, and i hope you have a lot of fun reading it :)

NOTE: i did not expect dream to make a reddit comment in the middle of me writing this.
godspeed to him though

for: ciara, char, dove, elena, kai, oona, timea, v, and everyone who was supportive over the months that i wrote this, to all the mutuals and followers and anons who hyped this to the moon, THANK YOU THIS IS FOR U

special shoutout to alyssa . this is for u even tho i met u during sadf. id be lost without you

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

uncomfortable and unconfident

“What’s wrong?”

Adept fingers are fiddling absentmindedly with his fidget spinner, but they shake, just ever so slightly, and with all the screens out the way George can finally see the realities of it all. The slight furrow of his brow, the shifting of his eyes—*nothing could have prepared George for how captivating they are*—and the pressing of his lips. Nervously, they mash together. His teeth peek out ever so slightly as he bites down in thought. He’s worried about something for sure, and Dream being unlike himself makes George ever so uneasy. It’s not optimal.

“Nothing.”

He feels the cadences of Dream’s voice too. Everything is unfiltered now, flowing through the air instead of an unreliable microphone, going straight through his ears like a migraine that doesn’t hurt yet aches. The upside to this though, is that George knows him now more than ever—knows that he’s *lying*.

“Tell me,” George sits in the other desk chair that Dream conveniently has now, something that showed up his third day in Florida. It’s now his eighth day here. Everything is moving so fast yet they do so much all of the time. It’s somehow the most busy he’s ever been, his days more saturated with events than ever before. They’ve done all sorts of things they always said they’d do, inside and outside the house. It’s been so fun. The time of his life. “Tell me, or I’m not leaving.”

He snorts. “You wouldn’t leave even if I did tell you.”

“Fair enough.” George settles further into the chair. It’s blue. Almost like it was bought just for him. “Tell me anyway. Or I’m going to be annoying.”

“You’re gonna be annoying even—“

“Shut up, Dream,” he interjects, and some combination of what Dream said and his almost whiney reaction makes them burst into laughter. It starts off with a scattered few snickers, but quickly snowballs because it’s them, and just listening and watching the other person makes them laugh even harder. Their hearty chuckles are loud and reminiscent of each other, like two souls that have lived and intertwined for so long. There is the occasional wheeze to George’s laugh, and Dream sounds like he’s having a funny meltdown, like he can barely catch up with his own amusement.

They have this tendency to make even the most mundane, lame, and incredibly plain statements the basis for the most hilarious moments in the world sometimes. Just because they are together when it happens. It’s only gotten worse after meeting and hanging out in real life. Things are funnier to George when Dream is there. He can’t explain it, they just are.

“I don’t think I know what’s wrong,” Dream concludes after a long while of nothing. “I’ll let you know when I do, I promise.”

“Okay.”

They leave it at that.

“I can’t tell if I like men or not.”

He says this in the middle of a video editing session. George’s video. It’s a long story. Well... truth be told, it’s a very short story with a very calculated outcome. It all started when Sapnap went out of town to visit his family and George insisted they all record together right before, so he could get a video out while Sapnap was away.

When it came to actually turning the footage into a YouTube video, Dream stood his ground at first about not editing for him. He had this whole spiel regarding how bad he had felt when George was waiting all alone in England, which is how he cracked so many times. But he wasn’t going to help edit as much now, if at all. George had expected and even anticipated this, of course. But being around Dream in real life is so much different from tirelessly begging him for help over countless Discord calls, calls Dream was able to hang up on at any moment. He has better tricks up his sleeve now, new tactics in his arsenal.

“I’ll edit it myself,” he had insisted. Dream looked skeptical when he said this, expecting more resistance and *oh woe is me* type pleading. “All I’m asking—is that you sit with me while I do it. I don’t want to edit alone with no one to talk to.”

It’s fairly sound logic, and Dream had agreed without a second thought. That was how all of George’s cards fell into place. It took a few minutes of him having to do some actual set up and just the tiniest bit of editing work, but he made it happen. A few subpar footage cuts, combined with one terrible transition choice—and boom—Dream had fallen into his trap. He was upset by George’s decisions, and got triggered enough to step in and chastise George for how poorly thought out his calls were. He’s since taken over the process almost entirely.

That was how they got here. That was what they were up to, until Dream said *that* out of the blue.

George was two gulps into a long drink of water when he heard it. His reaction is almost instantaneous. Obviously, he chokes, and now he’s coughing on whatever went down the wrong pipe as Dream thumps him on the back and his heart pounds erratically against his chest. Don’t get it twisted—whose heart doesn’t race when they’re literally choking and barely able to breathe?

“George, be careful,” Dream says with concern, but that sets George off right as he’s able to inhale properly again.

“You’re telling *me* to be careful?” He coughs once more for good measure. “Why would you say something like that while—” he drops it when he catches sight of Dream and his face of distress—it’s not worth it. “Never mind. Continue, actually.”

“No... you’re right—” he clicks frantically on the mouse, dragging and pulling video files—“I shouldn’t have brought it up while we’re working. Shouldn’t have brought it up at all. Pretend I didn’t—”

“No, you idiot,” George scoffs. “Keep talking. Tell me. I don’t care about the stupid video. It’s gonna be a trash video if you don’t tell me right now.”

Dream leans back and away from their set up with a sigh. He looks at George, then looks straight ahead at nothing in particular. He clicks his tongue. Rotates his head. “I dunno. It’s dumb.”

“It probably is dumb,” George cuts in, but he’s careful and delivers the tactless words in a gentle tone. “Who cares. Just tell—just talk to me about it.”

Whatever walls Dream has set up to keep all these little secrets in, George doesn't feel like he's knocked them down. But maybe he's managed to build a side door to find his way in.

After what seems like a conflicting internal struggle, Dream talks. "I mean... strictly speaking. What else is there to it? I don't know if I like men, and I don't know how I'm supposed to find out."

George holds words on his tongue for a moment. Holds back comments on how he's clearly overcomplicating something that could be so simple. But when he sees the way Dream's eyes shift, the way his splayed out fingers stretch and curl back in with anxiety... it makes him get over himself. He foresees this conversation getting kind of uncomfortable, but Dream needs him right now.

"Do you really not know *how*?"

Dream scoffs. "I mean, *obviously* I do. But it's not like I can just go out, pick some guy up at a bar, bring him home for, for a quick fuck, see how I feel, or whatever. I'd get to like the second guy—and he's gonna be like—hey, aren't you that Minecraft YouTuber? And then boom, everyone will know that I'm... a YouTuber."

"...what?"

"It was a meme, means—never mind." He shakes his head, snorting. "Point is, I can't explore my sexuality, or whatever the fuck regular people do when they get a little confused. And sometimes I think: maybe the confusion is all the confirmation I need, y'know? But then again, maybe it's not, and *maybe*—"

He cuts off there and descends back into silence.

"Maybe what?"

"I just..." he expressionlessly continues. "I can't trust *strangers*. Not with this stuff. Not with... finding out who I am and what I'm like, that's like. Part of growing up and getting older, yeah? I feel like I know what I want, usually. I have a goal, I figure out how to get there, and if it all goes to plan, I succeed. But not with this. Sexuality... relationships... it's so complicated. And, it's like, I know myself pretty damn well. For the most part. I'm okay with who I am, and I don't know everything about myself, but—what I don't know—doesn't really bother me. I don't let stuff get to me, etc. But this... it's getting to me."

He pauses to take a drink of water. George's eyes don't leave his throat as his larynx bobs up and down. He tries not to make any sudden movements in case it throws Dream off his train of thought. He continues after a minute. "I used to think I didn't care about not knowing, and not being sure. Like, I didn't need to know, and if I ever found out by accident, that'd be cool! But I keep thinking about it these days. Every single way that mentality could backfire. I can't make myself stop. What—what's wrong with me?" He weakly laughs, and if George were a braver man he'd hold his hand so it'd stop shaking. "Why do I need to know? Like it's not enough to just not currently be into a man, I *have* to know if there's any potential of that shit ever happening. Is that crazy? Am I crazy?"

The fingers that wrap over the larger man's hand do not emerge from prized bravery—but pure instinct—some innate urge to save him from himself, his own mind. "Dream, breathe," his chest rises and falls. They breathe together for a few beats. "Good. You're not crazy for thinking that, okay? Don't make yourself stop, just... figure it out. It looks like you need to."

He blinks once, conveying some form of despondence. “Is it too late though? At this point, for me,” he sighs. “It takes so long to find someone you can trust for this kinda stuff, and it’s weird to put that much effort into something that’s an experiment, that’s just a matter of ‘hey, i wanna know if i like men’... does that make sense?”

George wants to say: *Maybe you should figure things out with someone you already trust.* Instead, he says, “maybe you should’ve thought about that before becoming a famous YouTuber.”

Thankfully, it works. For the moment, Dream’s shoulders stop tensing up and he chortles slightly. “Maybe.”

“You’re literally the most famous Minecraft YouTuber too,” George continues, finding that this actually sort of tickles him now. “You’re an idiot for that.”

Dream’s chuckle grows and gets more genuine with each sound that rings in George’s ears. It hurts a little to breathe when Dream laughs like that. He doesn’t want to know why. “Yeah, exactly. I really didn’t think that one through, huh?”

He begins to sort of fiddle with one of George’s fingers, stroking a thumb along his pinky, their fingers loosely intertwined. It’s hard to tell if Dream is doing it on purpose to keep their hands together, or if his hand’s been there long enough for things to happen absentmindedly. It’s honestly an awkward angle to position himself in, but George isn’t letting go or pulling away unless Dream does. It’s nothing to make a big deal out of, he just doesn’t want to take needed assurance away from Dream before it’s due.

When Dream finally moves, going back to editing with a single grunt of his throat, George loses a breath he didn’t realize he was breaking under. His hand is warm, and he thinks he might be buzzing, all over his skin, for some reason. He waits for the feeling to pass, it doesn’t. He decides to focus on the unsolved elephant in the room.

“So... what are you gonna do?”

He shrugs, not even taking his eyes off the screen. “I dunno. Nothing, I guess.”

“You can’t just do nothing, Dream. Come on.” He prods him with a finger this time. Anything else feels too much. “Do something.”

“What do you expect me to do?” He lightly snaps in an outburst, throwing his hands up in defeat. But it’s not loud, more resigned than anything. Dejected. Exasperated. “My hands are kinda tied here, George. It’s not like there’s a parade of men I know whose dicks I’d be willing to suck, even as a test run, a trial, let alone *trust* to let me—I don’t know. I don’t know,” he scoffs with a head shake. “I just can’t see anyone like that saying yes. It makes no sense to try, it’s just... not worth it.”

“Why are you being so negative about this?”

“It’s called being realistic, George.”

“Uh huh. Didn’t know you were so picky, either. It’s just cock, Dream. Pick one and live with it.”

His sudden use of profanity catches Dream off guard and he chokes on his own breath. “George!” he shakes his head, nearly rolls those eyes. “You’re such an idiot, stop. I have *standards*, okay? Even for men. Even if I’m... not sure whether I like ‘em yet.”

The statement has George reacting before he can even process how he feels about it. “Oh, okay.

Guess I'm just not up to your standards then, that's fine."

He tries his best to make it sound like a cute joke halfway through saying it. He hopes Dream takes it as a joke and not... what is it? What is this? Insecurity? Jealousy? Towards who? Or is it indignation? That's normal to feel, right? Any guy would feel somewhat salty if their best friend wanted to know if they liked men and wasn't even asking them for help.

Silence—isn't usually this aggravating. George would quite frankly rather listen to nails dragging against chalkboards.

"...what?"

"I was—"

"George, you're kidding," Dream chuckles soft and soothing, it makes him let his defenses down again. "If anything, you're *the* standard. Come on."

He feels his heart bloom like a flower in winter. So unexpected, but a beautiful reprieve from the biting cold. "Huh. Thanks I guess. But if I'm such a standard, why aren't you asking me?"

Dream stares at him intently for a split second before brushing him off. "You... what? You can't be serious. Because you'd say *no*, George. I would never embarrass myself like that, so stop trying to—"

"I wouldn't say no."

"Yes you—wait. *Wait*," he searches George's face for signs of a joke, and is bewildered to see there isn't a catch. George raises his eyebrow to further confirm this. "You're actually serious? Like, you'd, you'd do it? You'd let me?"

The reality of the situation has George's heart in his throat. His voice is small to keep it from jumping out. "Well, yeah. Unless there's someone else you wanted to ask first. But if you need help... figuring this stuff out. I'm down."

Dream looks floored, quite frankly. "Wow," his mouth is agape even after the word is uttered. "I, wow. Thank you, George. I never..." he recovers his train of thought, exhaling deeply with puckered lips. "No, yeah, I don't have anyone else I'd rather ask. Like, if anything, if I were to make a list of like, people I'd be okay trying stuff with, you'd be at the top of it for sure."

Now, this one rubs his ego enough to elicit a short chortle. "Oh, am I? You're so eager, Dream. Have you been dying to suck me off?"

Dream rolls his eyes and it makes George burst out laughing. "Okay, come on. I'm not *dying* to suck you off, to be clear. Don't make this a thing. It's just—out of everyone—obviously, you're just, just the most appealing choice. Alright? It's an objective thing. I'm sure most people in my position would agree."

George snorts. "I'm *objectively* the most *appealing* choice?" He says this all incredulously. "How?" The disbelief grows. "No, really, I wanna know. What's so appealing about me when it comes to... experimentation?"

"You're just fishing for compliments now, I'm not falling for—"

"I'm not fishing for anything!" He insists with a raised voice. "I'm being serious. *Why me?*"

Dream stares at George like the answers are scattered all over his face. “Well, for starters. You, are, my best friend. Obviously I wouldn’t wanna ruin that, which is why I didn’t straight up just ask at first, but. Yeah. I trust you, because of that, and, uh, I’m comfortable around you, and... I dunno. You’re my best friend. You’re like clean. You’re... a good looking dude,” he exhales, like that took effort to say. “I’ve been able to tell that for the longest time. That, that and. You’re—it’s just *better*, I guess. Why try exploring things with some ugly dickhead I don’t even know when I. When I have you. Someone so close who’s so... easy on the eyes.”

George muffles a laugh. The words all process at the same time and he’s not quite sure what to focus on. “I’m... I’m clean?”

“Shut the hell up, you know what I mean.”

“You’re choosing me because I take lots of showers or something?” Dream narrows his eyes at him, so George backs off slightly, but he’s still in a teasing mood. “Fine, fine. Honestly speaking, it still sounds like you just really want to suck me off, but—“

“Oh, you wanna go there?” Dream sits further into his chair but leans outwards. “You wanna go there, George? We’ll go there. Let’s, let’s talk about how you’re so okay with this. *Way* too okay with letting me perform literal sex acts on you. I’m starting to think you just wanna fuck me really bad.”

If he were drinking water he’d choke on it again. “No, idiot,” he sputters, words unconsciously trying to keep up with his speeding heart. “Like you fucking said, we’re best friends. If anything, I’m just being nice. I’m helping you. And *I’m* the one getting *my* dick sucked by the way. That’s like, free. It’s a free blowjob no matter what conclusion you come to about your sexuality. I’m not saying no to that.”

His hasty turned prideful response clearly seems to bother Dream quite a bit. His jaw tightens and clenches in fascinating ways. It’s just so nice and fun to watch. George can’t look away. Not that he’s ever deliberately looked away. Not since he got to finally see this man’s... face. He’s not going to describe it right now, but he can’t get enough of it.

“Alright, fine,” he says, but it does not seem alright, it does not seem fine. “Sure. Let’s say that. So you’d just. You’d just let any guy suck your cock now? Like some kind of slut?”

“What?” George bursts out in complete bewilderment. What a bizarre thing to say. Then again, it’s Dream, so he’s not all that shocked. “What is *wrong* with you? Of course not. Why’re you calling me—“ he shakes his head, so ridiculous—“you’re my best friend, idiot. Other people are strangers.”

He stills for a moment. “So... what, you’d let like, Sapnap suck you off too? If he asked?”

“Oh, god no.”

Dream bursts out laughing really loud at that and it breaks a lot of tension George wasn’t aware of up till that point.

“Why not?” he rubs at his eye, he’s laughed himself to the point of tears. “Is Sapnap not your best friend too?”

“Mm, well. He is, but he’s also *Sapnap*,” the emphasis squeezes another titter out of Dream. “I can’t trust him, especially not with something this delicate. Plus, Sapnap’s like, gross.”

“Oh, the slander,” Dream shakes his head. “He’d be so mad if he knew.”

“True, he would,” George continues. “But I’m right. He’d just fuck it up somehow. Like an idiot. Bite my dick off or something ridiculous.”

Dream’s resounding laughter is so happy and beautiful and just stupidly pretty and it shows everywhere on his face, from his eyes to the upcurves of his lips. And George thinks there is nothing better in this world than to say something that Dream finds funny. Nothing better than making him laugh his head off, till he can barely breathe.

He reflexively slams his desk and George jolts slightly at the sound. It gets him out of his own head for a bit. “Ah, that’s funny,” he cards his hand through his hair as he composes himself, but George only falls apart more. It’s all he can do not to sigh at the sight of it. He barely ever lets himself entertain the concept, but those fingers of Dream’s would look so much better wrapped around *something else* of his right now.

Dream exhales and beams so brilliantly. Despite the topic at hand, it almost looks innocent. “You know what... I’ve been busting your ass about this but really—it’s just jokes. I’m grateful, really. That you, that you’re so willing to just put it all aside to help me. You’ve always done that so... I shouldn’t be surprised. You’re a really good friend, George.”

It’s heartwarming, obviously, as Dream tends to be. But of all times it’s not right to be too mushy right now. And quite frankly George doesn’t have anything mushy to say back. So he... pulls a little joke.

“It’s fine. It’s nothing. If anything,” he snorts. “I should be the one thanking you. I get my video edited for free *and* I’m getting my dick sucked,” he says, approaching the joke with slight caution. He’d never want to run the risk of pushing the envelope too far, and getting the whole thing called off. Truth be told, he doesn’t want it getting called off. George really, *really* wants to get his dick sucked. “Kind of pog, actually. I should’ve moved to Florida way sooner.”

To be fair, though, the joke about getting his video edited by Dream for free is probably the more dangerous of the two.

“Ugh, goddamn it,” Dream shakes his head in defeat. “I can’t believe you actually got me to edit your video for you. Again. Quackity’s gonna be so disappointed in me. He really believed I could hold off this time.”

“No, no, he’d be proud actually,” he smirks with gratification. “Especially of me. He’d see it for the brilliant trick this was. I’m a mastermind, Dream. I... masterminded you.”

“Yeah, well, you know what else you’re the master of?”

“Baiting?”

It makes him giggle. They both do. “Exactly.”

“I’ll let you have that. Consolation for how I absolutely bamboozled you.”

“Oh, come on. I saw what you were doing from the very moment you started acting up. I didn’t get tricked or anything.”

George cocks his head slightly. “Wait, actually?”

“I mean... yeah. You weren’t that slick. I just thought I’d help anyway.”

Something about how he didn’t actually pull a fast one on Dream doesn’t sit right with George.

Something about how Dream just saw him struggle and decided to be nice. To be kind. When he didn't need to be. When he clearly stated he wasn't going to do it anymore. George doesn't exactly want to trick his best friend into doing work for him, but the fact that his plans were seen through so easily is sort of embarrassing. He lets his mouth move before his mind, deflecting.

"Dream. Listen to this."

"What is it?"

"I may not have been slick..." he starts off deviously, "but you're still sucking my dick."

"Stop," Dream winces at his words immediately, and George giggles to make up for it. "Stop saying it like that, please. You're getting out of hand, George."

"How else am I supposed to say it?" he responds shamelessly. "That's just like, a factual statement."

"I don't know," Dream says. "Makes me feel like you're owning me or something."

"Like I'm *owning* you?" He cracks up. "Dream, it's a win-win situation. I get something out of it. If you don't do anything dumb. And you find out if you like men, right? It'll be fine. Maybe you'll take one look at, at me, and just decide you straight up hate dick and it isn't for you—" his throat seizes up at the prospect, finding that a lot more potentially embarrassing than he's trying to make it sound, but he presses on—"but. Well. You should be cool about it though. No making fun of me or anything for how I—not that you would, though." He takes a breath to comfort himself. "I have leverage anyway. It would just end badly for you, so no laughing at—"

"What?" He almost looks upset. "Why would I do that? I wouldn't do that. I'm sure your dick is great, George," he snorts. "Even if I don't end up liking it."

"Well, duh," he shrugs with faked bravado. "Of course it is."

Their eyes meet as his sentence trails off and Dream seems to stare for a moment too long, those devastating eyes searching his face like there's secrets to learn, eyes that flick down for the briefest of seconds, landing on George's crotch. He swears he sees him gulp. It all happens so quickly, George can barely react to the situation before Dream's loudly clearing his throat again, pulling his chair so close to the desk it's almost comical. His gaze now fixes intently on the screen, as if to make up for where it had strayed to before.

"Dream?" George prompts with a teasing smile, tempted to milk this for all its worth.

"Whatever. Let's just get this done before we do anything else."

He purses his lips to regulate his reaction, fingers lifting to his mouth, like they're trying to stop him from saying: "Why? You edit with your hands, Dream, not your mouth."

It's funny, in his humble opinion, but Dream doesn't laugh. His hand grips harder on that poor mouse. George's thoughts are past the point of sanity from looking at it.

"You're so fucking annoying," he exasperates, briefly fluttering his eyes. "Stop. We're working."

"Or what?" he says, in a deliberate attempt to be more annoying. "Scared or something? Worried that you won't edit as well if your mouth's been—"

"GEORGE!"

The unexpected volume actually shocks George into some form of delay, and then Dream is getting up from his seat, hand running through hair, and he's walking towards the door, like he's leaving. George is scared out his wits and confused—filling up with regret as he swivels slowly around to figure out what's wrong, where he must've went that got too far.

"Dream?"

He opens the door. "Are you coming or not?"

Oh thank god. George visibly deflates in relief and it makes Dream smirk at him. He giggles a little as he calms down from that sharp attack of anxiety. "I actually thought you—"

"George," he cuts him off. "It's now or never."

The ultimatum is an objectively strange thing to set, given how George was the one offering to help here, how he wasn't the one who *asked* for this. And yet, something in him clicks at those words said in that hickory sweet voice and he almost leaps up to follow Dream. Out of the office, and into someplace more cozy and conducive to what they're about to do.

Oh shit. Oh holy fuck.

Soft kisses on his hips. Greedy hands tugging his pants down. The expectation of cold air and chilling awkwardness that never comes, before Dream moves back up to face him. His weight presses onto him just slightly, enough to cover his bare legs from sight, like the walls had prying eyes and Dream needed to protect George's modesty. It's almost a sweet gesture, but the way he grinds against him in the process is so filthy it becomes cruel. Clenching his teeth down on his lip, it's all George can do not to moan and embarrass himself.

Contrast that with what he sees: Dream's concerned, wavering expression, and his guilt just grows. Something about liking this more than he should is clouding his mind. The only sound George can hear is that of his own anticipatory heart rate, filling up his ears menacingly, so rude in the way he nearly fails to hear Dream.

The fingers that stroke hair away from his forehead only make it worse.

"You okay?"

He scrambles to recall the English language.

"Uh," he gulps, nodding to convey a response. "Yeah, I'm good."

Dream snorts, very soft and tender, his smirk looking almost kind, just a hint of that bravado. "I won't be mad," his fingers are against George's jaw now. Stroking. It's hell. He never wants him to stop. "You can back out, it's okay to change your mind."

If George had the capacity to think deeper into it right now, he'd say Dream knows he's not backing out, and he's playing with him, playing with his food, like he's a big juicy steak, if steaks could beg you to eat them already. And it almost seems like that's what Dream wants. For him to beg. For him to be pathetic. For Dream to have... some sort of leverage over him. To be able to embarrass him about this, if need be, maybe.

“I won’t,” George blinks, heaves, trying to gain some sense of nonchalance. His words double in meaning. He’s not backing out, that’s for sure, but Dream isn’t going to get his way either. You won’t catch him dead giving in like that. He isn’t begging for shit. “Just do it then. What are you waiting for?” He gulps as Dream’s gaze intensifies. “Scared you’ll mess it up?”

“Oh, I’m gonna make it good,” he says, almost like a warning. “I’m gonna be good at this.”

“Mhm,” George averts his gaze. It’s a little hard to be this much of a little shit when Dream’s right in his face, on top of him, touching him. Used to be much easier running his mouth when they were on their computers, separated by an ocean and thousands of miles. “Sure. Keep think—uh—“

His voice pitches off and descends into a drawn out groan when Dream’s hand slips down to the apex of his thighs, palming his crotch like an absolute deviant. George nearly sees white because of it, and the obvious pleasure he feels is too visible now, audible even, and even if Dream were deaf and blind, he’d feel how hard he is against his palm. There’s nothing to hide now. George desperately gasps as he gets fondled and touched. It hurts so good, and yet he’s being severely deprived. It’s taking everything in him to not grind pathetically against Dream’s stupid hand.

“You were saying?”

“Shut up,” he snaps breathily. “Get on with it, idiot.”

Thankfully, Dream obliges him with a chuckle, and George’s eyes flutter shut as he sinks down again, grasping for his boxer briefs.

There’s a bit of fumbling around as he figures it out—Dream wasn’t lying when he said he’s never sucked a guy off—but George isn’t the biggest expert on the subject either. It’s slow, it’s sincere, it’s tender, it’s torture. Every lick he places against his length, every experimental stroke of his fingers. The tiny kisses he presses in the heat of the moment nearly drives George to the brink of insanity. His mouth is so outrageously devious, and the wet heat it brings is nightmarishly good. The moment Dream finds his rhythm, that’s when he loses his composure, that’s where he loses his control.

He’s a moaning mess for most of it and Dream feels so good that he could not care less. He bucks his hips at some point and it nearly ruins things. He thinks he hears a gag for a moment, before punishing hands grip tight on his waist, pinning him down against the mattress with force. He does his best to remain still in that position, and then so quickly after, with the shock of a sucker punch, he finds release, his throat going dry as he groans and swears over and over. He nearly wheezes once it’s over, when his eyes go wide open with clarity and he’s doing everything he can to catch his breath.

“Oh, uh, I...” he is almost painfully aware of his nakedness, albeit partial, and sits up in a snap, Dream still somewhat situated in between his legs. He tries to be discreet about the duvet he partially drags over his crotch. George watches Dream drag a thumb over his own lip, and twitches at the unprecedented sight. His stomach drops when he sees his Adam’s apple move.

“So, uh—“

“You swallowed?” George asks before he can think, and perhaps post-nut clarity is overrated. These are not the words of a man who’s thinking clearly. But perhaps he isn’t fully stupid yet, because at least he doesn’t reveal his thoughts on Dream swallowing. Namely, how... never mind. Perhaps he shouldn’t reflect on it either. Just push, push, shove it away.

Dream stumbles on his words before they come out of his mouth. “Wh-why not?” He clears his

throat, but it's almost shameful. "Of course I'm not gonna like, spit. We'd have to clean it up. And that's like, gross to have to clean up."

George is unable to process this. "Okay," he blindly accepts, deciding not to question the logic of that statement.

"What else am I supposed to do?" Dream continues explaining anyway. "Like, just, get up? Mouth full of your stupid ass cum, and like, run to the sink or something? Would you do that if you were me? No, 'cuz that's dumb. Just swallow it, idiot."

"I get it, Dream." He says this calmly. Dream isn't that aggravated, but he's not by any means done.

"I mean, think about it. You already put another man's penis in your mouth. Now you're too good to fucking *swallow*?"

Heat rises up from the pit of his stomach like burning embers, settling warm on his cheeks as George begins to giggle. "Dream, stop, please--"

"Are you just gonna let it sit there? In your mouth? Gonna let it dribble out? Like a pussy, like, like a *literal* pussy?"

He bursts out laughing now, a nice full laugh that Dream joins in on. "I get it! I get--" he snorts--"stop, please, you're making me laugh." He wipes a tear from his eye. That could've been from the dick sucking though. It was intense, he's pretty sure his eyes watered at some point. "This isn't a laughing matter, Dream."

"Well," Dream settles on the bed next to him now, and George takes the opportunity to dress himself back up. Now that the deed's been done, he'd prefer to be fully clothed. He'll take a shower soon. "Why not, right? We can laugh about it."

He notices the way George rubs slightly at his hips, a mild imprint of his forceful hands still there. He reaches out to touch it himself, brows filled with concern.

"Hey, uh, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No."

"You're okay?"

George exhales. "Yeah, don't worry. My skin bruises easily but my bones are strong." He shrugs at Dream's sheepish, short chuckle. "It's fine, Dream. You did what you had to."

Mischief fills his face so much he practically grows devil horns. "Oh, I really did, didn't I?" He chortles in recollection. "I actually nearly choked back there. I could've bitten your dick off if I weren't careful. Pulled a Sapnap or some shit."

George snorts at their previous conversation, one that feels so distant now despite its recency. "Thank god you didn't then."

"It wouldn't even have been my fault--" he asserts with a narrow look--"what were you so worked up for? So needy, George." Dream adjusts his shirt for him so his collarbone is no longer so indecently exposed. It's almost pointless though. Almost feels like an excuse to touch. "Why? Was I that good? Would you recommend me to a friend?" He teasingly jerks an eyebrow, tongue coming out to twist around in reminder too, of what it had been capable of.

A small part of George wants to scream because of this. Wants to be touched again. Wants to be touched even more. Wants to chase that desperation he felt when Dream put those hands and that mouth on his aching body. Wants it again, like how famished land craves thunderstorms.

“Dream, you sucked *me* off,” he establishes instead, putting on a straight face. He’s not going down so easy. “My phone’s right there, by the way—one tweet—and it’s all over for you.”

(What would he even tweet? *Dream just sucked my dick, L.* Something like that?)

“All over for—*George*,” he exasperates. “You wouldn’t. They’d never leave you alone either. And you can’t even prove anything. People would just think you’re insane.”

“Maybe I don’t care about that,” George shrugs. “Maybe I’m crazy, Dream. You wouldn’t want to test me.”

He deflates. It’s almost cute, almost sad. Like he lives to tease George, even though he’s in an equally compromising situation. “Fine.” His fingers tap against his thigh. George tries not to stare at his lap, tries not to notice what’s there, in Dream’s sweatpants. “Did I...” he stops. “Did I do good, though?” He purses his lip. “Like actually. Did I do a good job, George?”

He decides to get a bit candid here. “Here’s the thing,” he carefully gestures. “All I can say is... All I’m able to *tell*, is if. Is if that was enjoyable. Or not. But, *good*—or like—*in contrast*... to other people’s performances. I... wouldn’t be able to say. I’m sort of lacking comparisons there. No frame of reference and all that.”

The message doesn’t come across fully. “Oh... so I’m your first... guy?”

“Well, strictly speaking, *obviously*, but also... you know what I’m getting at, right?”

“I do not know what you’re getting at, actually.” He scrunches his forehead in thought. “Unless you’re implying what I’m thinking right now, which is impossible.”

“What are you thinking right now?”

His eyes widen. “It can’t be.” He looks at him in distress. “George, no. That’s not... your first time getting one, right?” George doesn’t confirm nor deny this. “Oh, come on,” he stretches and straightens his posture. “You can’t be serious. There’s no way I’m the first person who’s ever given you head. No fucking way, don’t *lie*.”

George snorts now, breaking into a nervous smile. “What’s so hard to believe about it? I’m not that old, Dream. You know I wasn’t exactly, like, dating like crazy either.”

“I know, but—what? There’s no way no one *offered*, you’re like. There’s no way.” He gesticulates in bewilderment, bundles of perplexed emotions displaying on his face. “How? You’re fucking hot. You’re a hot guy. People throw themselves at guys like you, there’s just—“ he scoffs—“there’s no way! You’ve been hit on, I’ve heard stories about you being hit on so many times. It can’t be that no one wanted to do it. People must’ve tried.”

“You...” he awkwardly titters. “You think I’m hot?”

He rolls his eyes as his chest falls. “You’re an idiot. You’re an even bigger idiot for not telling me before we did this. Now you have to live forever knowing that I’m the first person who’s ever sucked you off.”

“And you have to live with the fact that I’m the first person *you’ve* ever sucked off,” he shrugs.

“Same difference, idiot.”

“No it’s not—“ Dream shakes his head—“George. I might never suck a dick ever again. But—literally anyone—could suck you off. From here on out. I shouldn’t be your first. How am I your first?”

“I don’t care that you were my first. Why does this matter?”

It makes him sigh before he continues. “Look, George. Getting blowjobs is just a thing that people who have sex do in general. I guess I’m just shocked that you’ve... wait, unless... have you *never* had sex? Like—“ his eyes glaze over in thought—“no, no, I’d remember something like that. So you’re telling me you had sex, but just... didn’t want your dick in someone’s mouth?” He bites his lip and snickers at his next thought. “Were you worried that your dick would get bit off or something? Is that a serious fear you have?”

George awkwardly chuckles in response. “What? Dream. I’m not talking about this anymore. Stop. This isn’t about me.”

“Well, it is a little bit. Why would you—“ he sees George’s face and freezes. “Fine. I’ll stop. I won’t get into it. You can tell me if you want to, I won’t judge or anything. Okay?”

George doesn’t answer for a bit.

“I’m sorry,” he follows up, and George shakes his head.

“No, don’t,” he assures. “I was just thinking about you.”

“What... about me?”

He snorts, but there’s barely any force in it. “Don’t you remember what this whole thing was for? What we did it to figure out?”

“Oh,” his face smooths over. “Right.”

“So... what’s the conclusion here? Do you... do you not?”

He tries to be vague about it, because really, it’s still all kind of awkward to talk about. Sometimes it’s less so, but right now isn’t one of those times. He doesn’t know why he’s so nervous. Dream’s answer here won’t reflect on him one bit. Him deciding he likes men now won’t mean he has feelings for George. Him deciding he doesn’t like men doesn’t necessarily mean George, and everything about his body, disgusted him. And yet...

“I... don’t know, actually.”

Now that, he doesn’t exactly expect.

“You don’t... you don’t know?” It gets more ridiculous now that the words are in his own mouth. “What do you mean you don’t know? Do you like men or not? It’s not a hard question.”

“Well, it still is for me, okay?” He says defensively. “I don’t fucking know. Maybe... maybe just doing this wasn’t enough. Like... you know scientists right? When anyone conducts experiments, you always gotta repeat it a few times. Just experimenting once isn’t enough.”

His heart drops. “Oh. So. You’ll be... experimenting more. With other men? Won’t that be hard to coordinate?”

He's not trying to dissuade him, he swears.

Dream's expression doesn't seem cordial. "Eh... nah. That's not even how the experiments go. Like, remember those science lab classes in school? I don't know, I wasn't always paying attention, but don't they do same experiment? With the same variables and everything, to average out a result?"

Something in his throat feels stuck. "Uh, depends on the experiment really, but yeah. They do do that. So—"

"It's fine, George." He stops him. "Forget what I said, I wasn't thinking straight. Just once was asking enough of you. We don't have to do this again."

"But you haven't figured it out."

"Well... that's my shit. I'll have to live with it."

He scoffs. "That's dumb. We already did this once. Why would doing it again be so much worse? I don't get it."

"You'd really... let me do that again?" His face changes, goes from hesitant to playful. "George. Come on. Now I just wanna know: Did you like it? I'm not memeing, or, or trying to mess with you. I really wanna know. It's like a feedback thing."

"Dream..." he hates where this is going, but he throws the puppy-like man a bone. "You *heard* me. During that. You *know*."

A wide smirk spreads across his face. "I see. Well. I mean, hell yeah I did. I just want you to say it."

He sighs, finally relenting. "Of course it felt good, Dream. A mouth is a mouth."

"I mean..." he is still smiling, but it falters. "Think we've established you don't really *know* whether a mouth is just a mouth. You could've just really enjoyed the fact that it was *my mouth*."

George stares at him stone cold for a full moment, before grabbing a pillow and smacking Dream in the face with it. He descends into hearty guffaws as he blocks off further attempts to hit him for his insolence.

"You're an idiot, you know that?" He keeps up the attacks, getting real creative with it. "You're so annoying, Dream—"

"Fine, fine, I am!" He chuckles as he pushes a pillow off before it collides with his face. "Now stop. Stop!" He keeps blocking. "Before I tickle you," he threatens. "I'll actually do it, George." This next pillow catches Dream's face smack in the middle. "George!"

Dream makes good on his promise, and soon enough George is shrieking and begging for mercy in a hasty sea of laughter. They collapse together eventually, and whatever war they were having dies out.

Funnily enough, they actually go back to editing and finish George's video after a while. It gets posted within a few hours. No one apart from them both knows that the hardworking editors of GeorgeNotFound's new YouTube video that's number one on trending—took a break in between to engage in fellatio.

dodgebolt and dick sucking

Chapter Notes

fic rating updated to explicit! in reality i think this story falls between an M and an E but i just wanna be safe :) happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The week that follows gets a little crazy.

You'd think a second attempt would clear things right up for Dream, but he keeps propositioning George. Over, and over, and over again. If anything, Dream must only be getting more confused. These instances no longer feel like experiments. There's no step-by-step approach, no organization. They always happen so hastily, so desperate, so full of tension.

But god, it's so fucking good.

All Dream does is get better too. There's something truly insane about this man's learning curve. He's known for a long time that when Dream sets his mind on something, he can get ridiculously good at it. He has a flair for figuring stuff out faster than most. That's a given.

But of all things, his newest little talent, his newest little obsession, just happens to be something as ridiculous as dick sucking. George isn't complaining, though, as the sole subject of Dream's experimentation. Being the only beneficiary of Dream's self-taught sessions? He's a huge fan of that. Maybe it's not exactly self-taught per se, since George is there, egging him on, pleading when he wants Dream to go faster, touch him there, be gentler, be rougher, you name it. Dream teases him a lot, but he always caves and gives George what he wants in the end. It's wonderful. It's awesome. His skills are catered specifically to George's needs. He loves being so special, so well looked after.

A lot of it is instinctual as well. It's like Dream just learns so quickly—everything about what George likes—what he responds well to when you do it between his legs. The process of how it all goes down too... it's hot. It's scalding hot, and George loves it. Not just the feeling of Dream's lips around his cock, how wet and warm and good it feels to do it. But... everything surrounding it. Everything leading up to it. He likes how desperate for it Dream can seem. He likes how rough he can be when he manhandles George. How forceful he gets when taking what he wants. Feeling wanted. Feeling needed. Even though it's... somewhat of an illusion.

After all, despite how passionate things get, George is just helping Dream. He's Dream's blank canvas to experiment on, to work things out until he's found a conclusion. This is just a small blip in their otherwise very normal platonic friendship.

As such, George doesn't say anything for a while. He lets it all happen because he doesn't want things to stop. In his defense, he's getting his dick sucked for free like all the time. It's doing wonders for his mental health. And he researched it online too, there's like *actual* medical benefits. So it's not his fault for wanting this. It's not his fault he likes it and wants to continue. But eventually... even he's curious about what this could possibly mean for Dream. Why is he continuously getting George off all the damn time? Has he stopped to think about what this means? So he checks in at some point.

“All I can say is that it’s nice... making you feel good.”

George fidgets. Dream gets off his knees and stands and it’s almost overwhelming seeing him be so tall and high up again. When he had just had him at his mercy, hair so easily within grasp of his hands. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You...” his lips smack together. “You make interesting sounds. I like hearing them. It’s uh, it’s funny.”

He snorts incredulously. “You think it’s fun to keep sucking my dick because I make funny noises?”

“I mean, it’s not just *that*—“ he cuts in—“it’s. I don’t know. Just. Fun.” He shrugs uncomfortably. “You clearly like it. It feels nice... making you feel nice.”

“You’re like, trying to farm awws or something?” George rebuts in a sharp tone of voice. “Trying to make it seem like a nice gesture? There’s no one else here—it’s just me. There’s no like, chat, or anything, to feel sorry for you.”

Dream gets sidetracked for a second and smirks. “When... when he farms awws chat 😊.”

but

It earns a snicker from George. Dream snickers back and just everything about the situation and how dumb it all feels makes them cackle for a bit.

“Okay, but seriously,” George tries to stop and reflects the sentiment in his mild scowl. He fails a bit and smiles every now and then but it’s the thought that counts. “It’s been long enough, Dream. You either like it or you don’t.”

“I don’t... I don’t know.” He looks like he’s struggling, he’s picking at his nails. “Honestly? My thoughts haven’t really changed since the first time we did this. It’s still just... the same general sense of confusion. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to be sorry,” George says. “We just need to figure out why we’re at a dead end.”

“Well, we don’t *have* to—“

“Hear me out,” he interjects with his hands. “Figuring out if you like men, and all that...” he takes a deep breath. “Surely you have to do more than just suck a man’s dick.”

Dream seems to find interest in this prospect. “What are you... suggesting?”

“I’m saying,” he continues. “That maybe... you shouldn’t just. Give. You should know what it’s like to receive, too.”

The only thing George can spot on his face is hunger, but he can’t be too sure if that’s what he’s seeing. “Receive... head? From, from who? Would it be you?”

He licks his bottom lip. It makes George’s pants feel a tiny bit snug again. “If you want,” his hand slides closer to where Dream is positioned against the counter. “I’d do it, but only if you—“

“I want it,” he slowly nods, despite the instant reply. “I want, I wanna try it. I really do. As long as you’re okay with it.”

“I am. Really, I am.”

George tries not to smile. It's not exactly a smiling matter. Dream isn't doing him a favor, quite the opposite really. But his heart starts racing at the thought, it lodges in his throat and he feels himself sweat just a little. Why is he excited? He shouldn't be excited. He is anyway.

"Would you..." Dream seems to be a little restless right now. "Would you be uh, be okay with. Be free? To do that right about—"

The front door slams open and it jolts them two feet apart. Oh god.

"I'm home!" Sapnap loudly and boisterously announces as he pounds his way into the kitchen. "Did you guys miss me?"

They spend all day with Sapnap from that point on.

It's a lot of fun, and they definitely did miss him, but George would be lying if he didn't admit he was a little too preoccupied with certain activities to miss Sapnap as much as he could.

And he would be lying if he said he wasn't thinking about what he had promised Dream—what they *would've* started doing if Sapnap hadn't come home—the entire time they all hung out and watched TV together.

Jokes are traded back and forth and Sapnap regales them with fun stories from his family gatherings. They binge amazing shows together and make all sorts of snacks, they eat popcorn, they order takeout, you name it. They bother the hell out of each other and Sapnap annoys him with demands for cuddles that George refuses but ends up silently doing in some shape or form every now and then.

George looks over at Dream every now and then too, and it's not like they never get to exchange the briefest of touches, not like Dream never throws an arm around his shoulder, melting into his body, making him lean into the hold. But because they're not alone, so many things go unsaid. So many things go undone. And it makes George wonder.

He continues to think even after the day ends and they all turn into their separate rooms for the night. Is this... the end of their escapades? At the back of his mind, as he tosses and turns in bed, George starts to realize the reason they were so free and easy, able to do as they pleased all over the house, whenever they wanted, was because... Sapnap wasn't home.

And now he is. So does that mean it's just over? Will this be one of those things they do that they just won't talk about ever again?

Surely not. The thought of it fills George up with indignation. This has been the best week of his life (embarrassingly enough). It can't just be over. Not unless he has something to say about it.

Something crosses his mind. Sapnap might be home, but... their house is so big. The distance between Dream and Sapnap's rooms, especially. They've always talked about how they've never heard each other no matter how much noise the other person was making, talked about the state-of-the-art soundproofing their rooms have.

So maybe. Just maybe. George can take advantage of that. He shoots up from his disheveled bed once he's made his mind up, carefully pacing over to Dream's room, step by step by step. Dream

said he wanted this, and he was literally asking for it hours ago, so all George is doing is bringing it to him, many hours later.

If anything, he's a little late for this dick appointment.

And if. And if it turns out Dream doesn't actually want this right now? What's the worse that could happen? He tells George to leave? That's nothing. No amount of rejection from Dream's end could ever be embarrassing in this next moment. He's done too much incriminating shit with George for him to possibly be rude about this in any way.

Besides, George can't sleep. He might as well do something to tire himself out.

When he enters Dream's room, the lights are all off but the one on his phone. He's lying there scrolling through it, probably on Twitter or Reddit or something like an idiot. But to be fair, George was also on his phone a bit ago, so he's not one to judge.

The thing that's weird though, is how Dream doesn't notice George enter until he crawls into bed next to him. He manages to tuck himself in too before Dream feels the movement and lurches from how unexpected he finds it.

"AH! Oh," he deflates in realization, after getting jump-scared like an idiot. "George, hey," he puts his phone face down and away, out of reach. "What are you doing here?"

He looks rather amicable and welcome to the idea that George is in his bed, but George starts to get suspicious—why'd it take him so long to notice? What was he so preoccupied with? Was he talking to someone? What if Dream's already found someone else to suck his dick and he's too late—or worse—someone else's dick who he's going to suck?

What will become of George?

"You took so long to notice—" he reaches over for the phone and grabs it quick enough in case Dream tries to stop him—"what are you looking at?"

Dream doesn't stop him.

"Oh, just this stats post in the MCC subreddit," he mentions casually, sitting up in bed slightly to match George's posture. "It's about dodgebolt."

The previous tsunami that was George's heart now becomes gentle low tides. It's kind of embarrassing given his sudden spike of inner turmoil, but it sure is a relief to know that Dream is just a loser nerd who's reading posts about himself on Reddit. He looks at the infographic someone made, and spots himself.

"Oh, I'm in this," he remarks, looking closer at the statistics displayed on the post. "Wait—" his eyes widen, comparing himself with other players—"oh my god, I'm cracked."

"You are!" Dream lights up, beaming as he begins to explain. "It's crazy actually, because, well, overall, they found out that I'm the best at dodgebolt, but you're like second best—unless we count Techno—but I personally wouldn't, because Techno's not even *in* MCC anymore. And, while—" his expression falls—"that's... sad. I'm kinda sad about it to be honest. But, point is—he's not in the event—so the top two active dodgebolt players are you and me, George!" His grin gets so wide, and he looks so adorable gushing about this. "Isn't that cool?"

"That is cool," George affirms, putting Dream's phone on the bedside drawer, instead of back in Dream's hand, like he's making a point. And also because it's necessary for what he's about to do.

“Yeah,” Dream’s eyes shift when he sees his phone get put away from his reach, but he doesn’t comment on it. “I honestly wish people gave you more credit for how good you are. I used to always see people calling you like, B tier, once I saw someone say C tier—that’s like crazy—it’s way too far, honestly. You’re clearly A tier these days. You’ve been so consistent this season it’s undeniable at this point. Realistically, if you try-harder it more—” he says this pointedly—“you’d be S tier with me and Sapnap. All three of us should always be top ten, if we all played well.”

“And if Build Mart doesn’t get played,” he adds on, getting the tiniest bit heated because he hates Build Mart so much. It’s a terrible game that they seriously need to get rid of or at the very least, make several changes to. Going off about something that annoys them both is one of his favorite parts about their friendship. But bonding over shared hatred aside, it’s always nice indulging Dream. He’s so full of passion, George could listen to him talk for hours. About anything. Anything he wanted.

But right now... there’s something else he’d rather do.

Dream titters a little and leans against his headboard, hand behind his head. In the pale darkness of the room, George can barely make out the shape of his bicep. A part of him wants to run his hand over the firmness of his muscles. Dream isn’t the most jacked dude out there, but he still has nice arms, nice hands, nice everything. Hm. Well, George technically doesn’t know how every *thing* of Dream’s body looks. Not yet. But whatever he has now looks spectacular, so picturesque and tempting. It’s interesting how curious it makes George. He’s on... his Curious George arc. He wants to grab and squeeze at those firm arms, like he’s a monkey and Dream is a tree he wants to climb, the vines he’s swinging to and fro on. Because it’d be fun, and he’s got a curiosity to satisfy. Surely that’s all it is. He couldn’t *possibly* want to keep touching Dream’s arms, running his hands freely over Dream’s body whenever he feels like it.

Just once is enough, right?

Still, he keeps his hands off those arms for the moment. Deep down he knows it’s not something he should do. It would feel too weird and out of the blue, probably, and even asking to touch is strange. This is definitely a very ironic line of thought, given how George is literally here to suck Dream’s dick. But hey, one thing at a time, right? Maybe he can touch anywhere he wants, as much as he wants next time.

But will there even be a next time? The thought fills George with dread. It’s a strange emotion to feel alongside his anticipation. Why does he even care? He’s doing this to help Dream. Dream figuring it out after receiving one blowjob should be a good thing. They’ll be able to go back to their lives and friendship as per usual. Perfect as all things should be.

Unfortunately, his logic fails to dissuade his emotions. He’s starting to feel a little sad now, stupidly enough. Whatever. He shakes it off. All the more is it important that he quickly gets this over and done with then, come what may.

“Exactly... god, Build Mart’s the worst,” Dream continues in response to George. “We’d definitely get top ten every single time if it never got played again. Top five, maybe. And, like, if all the colorblind stuff you complained about stopped happening. It’s really not fair to you, honestly. Sometimes they fix a thing and then a new issue pops up.”

“Uh... yeah,” George blankly nods. His mind is racing. He has to time this right. How are they still talking about MCC? Dream needs to move on and give him an opening so he can actually do what he came here to. Or at least get a conversation rolling about *possibly* doing what he came here to. “It’ll be better next time, Dream, don’t worry.”

He'll try-hard all the way to first place individual if Dream would just...

"Speaking of, uh, I dunno. *Why are you here?*" Oh thank god. He's asking. Asking rather bluntly at that. "Not that I don't welcome you, it's just—" he smirks—"did you miss me or something like that? Had a wittle nightmare?"

George smiles unwittingly, gentle, as he pushes hair out of his forehead. "No. No nightmares. I actually came here... to do this."

"Hm?"

As they occasionally make eye contact, George's hand snakes under the covers and begins stroking Dream through his sweatpants. His breath hitches immediately and it's very apparent; he whimpers at the touch. It's one of the prettiest sounds George has heard in a long time.

He's so glad to hear it too, and every noise Dream makes afterwards. He had no idea how deprived he was until now. Finally, the tables are turning, and having this control over Dream is so fun. It's everything he could've wanted and more.

"George—" he huffs, hands gripping onto his bedsheets—"George, you're, uh, *huh*—" he shuts his eyes tight and drags the sound out as George does something particularly torturous—"why are you—"

"Shh..." George soothes him in an almost tranquilizing manner. And then Dream's last words click in his mind. He lets go suddenly, removing his hand, retracting to his own body. "Oh sorry, did you want me to stop?"

He shakes his head so hard it's almost funny. It makes George feel powerful just to see it. His confidence grows and spirals into a hungry little monster, so greedy for this now. So ready to tease. "No," Dream smacks his lips. "No, please keep going."

"What's the matter, Dream?" He continues to feign ignorance, withholding his touch. "Is it bed time? Am I interrupting your little beauty sleep? Should I leave?"

He experimentally gestures getting out of bed, and Dream catches hold of his forearm—the action sends shivers down his spine, sends heat to his core. He probably doesn't mean to be so forceful about it, but Dream half drags him back to his original position, gripping tightly onto his wrist. It makes his heart pound, and some random thought in his mind wants him to grip even harder.

"Stay," he says, making a plea sound like a warning. "Touch me. Please." He swallows, and his voice gets smaller. He sounds helpless again. "You feel so good."

George stares at his face, absorbs and gets fulfilled by the expression it makes. How needy he looks. How much desire his expression surfaces, the sheer amount of want. The way his lip trembles, the way his hold on George's wrist has loosened and moved down to his hand, their fingers just barely interlacing.

He licks his lip. "Say please again."

"Please, George," he obliges immediately. "I want it. So bad—you have no idea."

"How bad?" He probes once more.

"It's why I can't sleep—" his eyes flutter shut—"kept thinking 'bout this—" he holds his breath when George's hand gets closer to his waistband—"about you. What you'd do."

“Okay.” George reaches in and pulls his erection out from those soft loose-fitting pants. He licks up the palm of his hand, makes a show of it, before moving back to stroke up and down experimentally, like he’d seen Dream do on him. “You’re about to find out.”

“Fuck,” he bites down hard on his lip, buzzing with want. “God, fuck—that’s good. So good at that—“

“Yeah?” George snickers a bit, having fun with this newfound power. “It’s about to get even better. Check this out.”

He starts using his mouth after that.

“God, what is wrong with you?” George fusses as he runs his fingers through tousled hair. “You messed it all up.”

“Looks better that way,” Dream remarks, turning to look as he makes himself decent, smirking and reaching to mess it up more. “See? It’s cute, better than usual.”

“That’s not true,” George gives up, with his hair that is, not proving Dream wrong. He’ll never stop doing that.

“Doesn’t really matter,” he retorts. “Not like you style your hair anyway. Ever. There’s nothing to mess up because you never bother to do anything to it. You could roll over and sleep right now and your hair would look like it always does tomorrow morning.”

“Okay, ouch,” he pouts a tiny bit, out of instinct, but also because it could possibly gain him sympathy. And that’s the easiest way to win any argument with Dream. So easily softened, that guy.

“You still look good, to be fair,” Dream asserts. “I’m not saying you don’t. But… you already knew that, right? That’s the real reason you give so much less of a shit than the rest of us. You always get away with it.”

George blinks. Once, twice. It doesn’t really compute. “Wait… what? What’s that mean?”

“It means—“ Dream combs George’s fringe with his fingers, so meaningless a gesture that it seems to be done out of selfishness—“that if you crawl into someone’s room in the middle of the night… you don’t get chased out.”

George raises his eyebrows incredulously. Dream’s fingers are still in his hair, half playing with it right now. “You didn’t chase me out because you wanted your dick sucked.”

He snorts in response. “Alright… you have a point there. But also, you just… you have one of those faces. People just can’t say no to you.”

“Wow, it’s like that song from that music video I was in,” he deadpans.

Dream chortles quietly, tiredly. “Yeah.” He licks his lips. “You were pretty good at that, by the way,” he clears his throat, changing the subject. “I liked it,” he shifts, satisfied, grateful, just a touch of awkwardness.

“Of course you did,” George giggles a little bit after that, but in a flat tone. “I could tell, you know. It was awesome. You were being so obvious about it.”

“Shut up,” he says affectionately. “You’re an idiot. At least pretend—”

“Why?” George sits up a bit, smile still etched on his face. “Did you actually think I was gonna be bad at that? Thought I was gonna be some kind of noob?”

He snorts again. “Actually, hm... I wasn’t surprised. Not *that* much. I always thought you’d be good at something like that.”

George knits his brows together. “What? You’ve... thought about whether I’d be good at giving... blowjobs?”

“Not... not in like a weird way,” he starts defensively, leading one to think it’s most definitely in a weird way. “Like... I dunno. Your mouth just always, it’s just so *big*. Like sometimes you just open it really wide because you’re being like, an idiot, and sometimes I think—*like as a joke*—that you’d be able to fit... a lot in there. And I, I dunno, you know how people tweet about you. Sometimes, uh, there was this one time—I saw a tweet—” he pauses to chuckle—“someone said you have DSL, like dick sucking lips—” his laugh gets louder—“and there were like pictures of you! Some with your mouth open! And I don’t know, I was like, hey, that’s probably true, he could probably be good at that! So... yeah. I’ve *jokingly* thought you’d be good at giving head. But no, I’ve uh, I’ve never seriously—mm—well, not until like recently I guess. I don’t, I don’t generally *think* about how good you’d be at giving head. But uh... I guess you have the mechanics for it?”

He takes a moment to process this. “Okay. I mean, if we’re being honest—I did just—do whatever I felt you were doing on me, but like on you. So... when we think about it, *you’re* the one who was like, built to suck dick or whatever.”

“And to be fair about *that*—” Dream interjects—“unlike you from a week ago, I’ve actually *had* my dick sucked. So, since we’re pulling that card, I’ve definitely learned from someone else too. Guess my lips weren’t crafted for cocks either.”

“Wow... good for you Dream,” he says sardonically, then yawns. “You’re annoying. I don’t know why I came.”

“You came because... you find my body irresistible,” he says in an exaggerated tone of voice. “You wanted to suck me off so bad you couldn’t sleep.”

“Dream, if you don’t shut up I’m never sucking your dick ever again.”

The warning seems to really scare Dream for a second, stunning him into silence, and it’s everything George can do not to laugh.

“Okay.” Dream slides lower into bed as George starts to titter. The change in position gets his laughter to die out rather quick. “Counter offer: I make you feel so good you don’t care what I say.”

He snakes kisses down the curves of his hips, and despite his exhaustion a special part of George’s body wakes up again. He murmurs in support of this notion. Dream’s hands and lips are quite possibly his sweetest downfall. If it’s hard to say no to George’s face, he thinks there might be a case for how *ridiculously* hard it is to say no to Dream’s touch.

“Do we have a deal?”

(And his voice. He can't say no to that voice.)

George never once had to worry about being too loud and getting overheard by Sapnap, but perhaps he should've thought twice before deciding to leave Dream's room at the same time as him.

Perhaps he should've left the second it was all over, but nothing really ended, did it? They spent hours talking, whispering into the dark and bumping knees on Dream's bed. Giggling every so often. Telling the dumbest jokes, saying the most inappropriate things. *Doing* the most inappropriate things, or at least getting so close. Over and over again. Round and round they would go, and every time George thought he was done for the night, there Dream would go again, whispering the filthiest suggestions into his ear, suggestions he took him up on with vigor.

Their activities did eventually die down though, and fatigue had them sleeping through the night at some point. George woke up to one of the best sleeps he's ever had, with Dream's arm wrapped round his waist. Refreshed in ways he's never been for years.

To... abandon all that, to have went back to his lonely little room where he had nothing and no one to touch and hug in his empty ass bed? Turn back time and George would've still stayed in Dream's room and let himself get caught.

He doesn't *want* to get caught, obviously, but he's just saying: if he had to pick between missing out on the whole of last night and getting caught, he's getting caught.

And to be fair, he and Dream didn't really get *caught*. Sapnap just saw them coming out of the room at the same time and was confused, curious, like any normal person would be. He wasn't suspicious of them or anything, he wasn't accusing them of anything. Still, they needed a good excuse, and the truth wasn't going to cut it. Telling Sapnap that George snuck into Dream's room in the middle of the night to suck his dick so that Dream could figure out whether he liked men was just gonna cause more problems than it might solve.

So George makes up lies. Which brings them to the kitchen.

"You did this on purpose, didn't you?" Dream grumbles as he sautés onions and garlic in butter, like the obedient little chef he is. "I can't believe you screwed me over like this, you're such an idiot."

George is sitting on the counter, dangling and kicking his legs back and forth, as he watches him cook. He has done absolutely nothing to help in the kitchen up to this point. Just... he's just been looking. As Dream chops and dices stuff up, as he tosses things together in a pan, wields a wooden spatula all professional-like. It's... it's something he can't exactly take his eyes off of.

"How is this my fault? We had to say something to cover up," he insists, but it's very blatantly a lie. Sapnap is out right now, grocery shopping to his heart's content with Dream's money, because they're running low on stuff to cook with. He wanted George to come with, and he considered it at first, but decided that Dream was going to need his help more than Sapnap did. Dream agreed, insisting that George should stay home with him, so Sapnap left on his own. He's been texting George ridiculous pictures of stuff like a giant bag of peanut M&M's, tubes upon tubes of sausages, and a fruit basket, asking him if he should buy those things. George has replied back with

yes, *get that* every single time. Some of the pictures Sapnap is sending don't even seem to be from a supermarket.

“Cover up *what*? He didn't care,” Dream says, a little ticked off. It doesn't affect George in the slightest. In fact, he's almost fueled by it. “Plus, come on—lunch *and* dinner? It's one thing to say I offered to make lunch, that's fine. But dinner too? I'm gonna be cooking all day, it's annoying. And a waste of time. We could be getting so much work done today.”

“I mean, no one forced you to let me get away with that,” he shrugs. “You could've just said no. But why would you do that? We're having fun, Dream. How is that a waste of time?”

“Having fun?” He scoffs. “Yeah, for you, maybe. I'm not having fun. I got panicked back there, you know I wasn't gonna say no, and clearly, you took advantage. On top of all that, you haven't done a *single* thing to help! You've just been on your phone!”

“I am helping,” he insists, typing out a response to yet another text. “Sapnap's asking me for my input on resource gathering. I'm making executive decisions here, Dream.”

“You aren't doing shit, George. Sapnap's just texting you a bunch of ridiculous things to buy because I gave him my damn card. It doesn't take two brains to decide how many lamb chops or chicken thighs to get for three people at goddamn Target. I made you stay put here to help me cook lunch.”

“And I thought you made me stay because you wanted my company.”

“Yeah? Well I don't,” he says, like a little bitch. “I wanted the *assistance*. That you aren't providing.”

“Whatever,” George takes the lid off a sauce jar that had already been unscrewed by Dream earlier to prove a point. He's not bitter, though. Obviously. Dream's the bitter one, if anything. “There, I helped. Happy now? I shouldn't even be helping you this much, you know. What was that saying? Too many cooks spoil the broth?”

“Oh yeah, because one extra cook is gonna make it *so* much harder.”

“What did you even need me to do?” He implores with tension in his voice. “You didn't tell me to do anything.”

“Oh, did I, George?” He says with a lot of sarcasm. He points quickly to the bag of spinach next to the sink. “Then what happened to the vegetables I very *specifically* told you to wash?”

“I forgot, okay?” George hops off the counter, sighing as he moves to the sink. “You should've reminded me, this is a two-way street, Dream.”

“Right, yes, I should've reminded you to do the very *one* thing I asked. Because I clearly haven't been busy doing—let's see—literally *everything else* that's happening in the kitchen right now!”

“Cool. Congrats,” George deadpans as he runs the spinach under water. “You're so awesome, Dream. So good at being a little chef. Why don't you start like, a cooking channel?”

He sighs. “Yeah, well, maybe I should. If that's what it'd take for you to help.” He calms down after that. “You know what? You were joking, but I like the sound of it. That actually would be kinda funny. Dream Team cooking channel. We'd teach people the most basic ass recipes and get no views.”

“You’d get views,” he replies. “Everything you do gets views. People want to see it. I’d watch.”

“Yeah? Well, of course you would.”

George very quickly abandons his task once Dream does something cool cooking wise again. He’s frying beef cubes that he’s seasoned with salt and pepper and it’s absolutely mouth watering. He pesters Dream multiple times to let him taste test, and he eventually caves, feeding George a piece of beef with caramelized onions.

“*Mm*,” George moans harder than he ever has while getting his dick sucked. “Oh god. That’s so good. That’s *so* good, Dream.”

“Yeah? You like it?”

“Yeah, actually. You should cook for me more. Everyday.”

He chortles in response, shaking his head. “Not everyday, George. I have a job.”

“We all have jobs, Dream. Just cook for me everyday, it’s not hard. Please. Come on. Think of how, like, buff I could get if you fed me protein like this every single day. I’d get so ripped, I’d be Buff George. I’d get buff before Quackity and he’d cry because of it.”

Dream cracks up laughing even harder now, tasting his own food. “Oh wow, that is good. No wonder you made it sound better than sex.”

“It *is* better than sex. You should just cook for me everyday instead of having sex.” He steals another piece of beef. “Dream—“ he chews, and he knows he’s making gross sounds, but he doesn’t care—“if you don’t cook for me everyday, you’re no longer allowed to suck my dick.”

He scoffs. “Okay. Sure. I don’t care. Have your dick go unsucked. I’m not cooking for you everyday, George.”

George isn’t fazed. He half-expected this. “Alright. Dream—if you don’t cook for me everyday—I’m never sucking your dick ever again.”

There is a pause. “Fine—“

“You hesitated!” George points with his finger, laughing very loud. “You hesitated, admit it, you, haha! You hesitated, Dream!”

“Yeah, so I hesitated,” he weakly defends. “So what?”

“I’m that good, aren’t I?”

“Shut up.”

“You were considering it. You were considering it,” he’s still riding on the highs of a few sparse giggles. “You wanted to agree because you hated the alternative more.” He steals yet another piece of beef. There might not be any left for Sapnap if he keeps this up. “Come on, Dream. Just do it. Think about how many people you’d be upsetting by depriving the world of Buff George.”

“Well, to be fair—Buff George can’t happen off of my cooking alone. And I know you’re not gonna work out for it.”

“I could. You don’t know me. I absolutely could start working out if I had the diet for it,” he stresses. “I’d get more ripped than you.”

“Maybe. But probably not. I’m not even buff myself, so. You don’t need to be buff, George. I don’t think anyone wants that. You’re attractive enough as is.”

“But that’s exactly *why* Buff George needs to happen,” he continues. “If people already like how I look for whatever reason, Buff Me is going to blow their minds.”

“Hm. It could,” Dream shrugs. “Won’t blow my mind, though. I like you the way you are. Fits you better.”

George takes more beef. He’s surprised Dream hasn’t tried stopping him yet.

“Okay. What does that mean?”

Dream helps himself to some beef too as he thinks. “Uh... I’m not too sure. I just... don’t think it suits you. Being all aggro. Being crazy ripped. It’s just not you. And I don’t think that’s your appeal, either.”

“And what’s my appeal meant to be?”

“You just... look like you need protecting sometimes,” he shrugs. “People like that, I dunno. You know how your fans get. People can bitch about them all they like but there’s good reason for it.”

He gets quiet for a minute. “Do... you like that?”

“Maybe,” he says, responding faster than expected. “I mean,” he clears his throat. “There’s obviously nothing to like or not like, it’s just... it just is. It’s what I’m used to, I guess. I mean... I don’t *hate* that I’m stronger than you. And I guess it’s a—uh... assuring. That I could easily overpower you. If I needed to. Obviously I’d never hurt you—I don’t wanna hurt you, that’s for sure. But...” he scratches the back of his neck. “Think about it. Imagine how funny it’d be if we ever got into a fight,” he chuckles. “I could probably pin both your fists down with just one hand.”

Dream’s words do something to him that he cannot even begin to justify. Not to himself, not to Dream, not to anyone for that fact. But it makes his mouth go dry, just, just by thinking of all the ways Dream could... overpower him. Guilt overrides all his thoughts, shaking his body free from any sinful ideas.

“Don’t get too cocky, Dream,” he finally says after a long while. “I’d actually kick your arse in a fight.”

George doesn’t end up kicking Dream’s ass in any real fights. In fact, they never end up doing a boxing match the way Dream and Sapnap have—but he fights back in other ways.

It’s honestly hilarious how George previously thought any of this was going to be a one-and-done deal. Dream continues to seek him out, so tempting, so devious. It happens so easily; always starting with this glint in his eye, followed by a hand grabbing his thigh... an impossible temptation for him to resist. But unlike the previous week, it isn’t quite so one-sided any longer. George no longer has to keep his hands to himself as Dream explores his body to his heart’s content—everything’s fair game now. George can trip Dream up too, use his touch just as deviously, just as torturously. It’s a beautiful back and forth they share, very reminiscent of how it takes two to tango.

And you know what? He'll say it. It's fun. It feels so good to fight back and forth like that, to touch each other with purpose, like a contest for power, every moan a beautiful sign of weakness. It fills George with a sense of euphoria to be able to take down someone so cocky and confident, leaving him putty in his hands. Because George has such magnificent lips and a talented tongue, Dream gets reduced to a whimpering mess, a begging mess. It happens every time, and it could give a dying man all the reasons to live, because Dream is so wonderful to see and listen to when things get hot and heavy, always so needy and desperate. Someone who just wants and wants and wants.

(And takes and takes and takes.)

It's not... he doesn't know if he can call it sex. It's not... love. Definitely not, right? They're not declaring their undying devotions to each other or kissing each other on the lips with tongue, or some cringe shit like that. They're just... helping each other out. Having a bit of fun with it. Getting each other off. Doing... whatever. Just not really thinking about it.

George stops checking in with Dream and asking if any of what they've done is confirmation that he likes men. After what happened the first time, George doesn't really care anymore. It's better not to say anything. If Dream has it all figured out, he can tell George himself. If Dream feels like their experiments are lacking something he needs to do to further explore his sexuality, he can ask George to do more stuff himself.

So, yeah. They haven't kissed each other.

Who cares, right? That's not notable. It's irrelevant. George doesn't *care* that they haven't kissed each other, and besides, that's not technically true. Dream's kissed George practically all over his body. His mouth has been on his neck, his thighs, his wrists, his cock, his collarbone, the side of his knees, you name it.

(And it's felt incredible. It always feels so heavenly, despite how much he wants to die sometimes, when Dream presses that kiss against his skin.)

But no. They've never kissed on the lips. And it doesn't matter if they do. Does George occasionally wonder if they ever will? Yes, he has, but only because men who like other men tend to kiss each other on the lips, and if Dream wants to find out if he likes men, he should probably give that a go at some point. But George isn't going to be the one to bring it up.

They seem to come close sometimes, though. Sometimes they will be in the heat of the moment, their faces inches away from each other, and George will stare at Dream's lips because there's not much else to look at, and Dream will seem like he's staring at his lips too. And George will hold his breath, wondering if anything's going to happen. If Dream's going to kiss him. George wants to let him, wants to let him do that, but he sure as hell won't be the one to kiss Dream first, won't be the one to grab on and lean in, because he's not the one figuring stuff out. It's... scary, though, just thinking about it. He keeps getting so close to something he's deathly terrified of doing. One wrong step and he'll make the wrong move. It makes his hands shake just to touch him sometimes. He doesn't want to jump the gun, he doesn't want to push Dream to find out something he might not be ready for.

So the moment always passes, and Dream always pulls away, continuing whatever the hell they were in the middle of. And George's heart always sinks to the bottom of the ocean, because... Because.

Because nothing. That's not the focus here. The thing that matters is that it's fun, and they're having fun, and they keep seeking each other out, like two addicts who just need, need, need that fix. It never fails to fill him up with adrenaline, to see Dream's face with so much desire, every

single sound, every single expression. He learns and keeps finding out how Dream gets when he's needy, when he's desperate, when he's horny.

He likes how rough it is too. Dream doesn't want to hurt him, but he also wants to break him, knows that George can take whatever he dishes out just fine. George loves those hands in his hair, doesn't care that he tugs a little too hard every now and then, doesn't care that Dream grips so tight on his body. He has never loved pain more. It adds to everything he enjoys about it. It never even hurts that much anyway.

And Dream is so gentle afterwards. He always checks, always makes sure he didn't go too far. Always soothes his skin and massages his scalp, however casually he does it. It's... nice. It's lovely being cared for, being caressed, getting coaxed into a state of relaxation.

For the most part... their arrangement doesn't really get in the way of things. Sure, things get sort of unproductive. But that's because there's so much Dream and Sapnap have wanted to do with him for so long. Something had to get compromised, and it ended up being their content, to no one's surprise. Obviously, they do the big streams that they were excited for, they plan all those vlogs. But things get postponed, and editing becomes a drag, as all three of them get focused on fun.

Nights however, bring a different sort of fun. This is where Dream and George lose several hours of sleep they pretend to have. It's the only time they really get for such a big secret anyway. Never a mention of it during the day, when they're around Sapnap, when they're all ignoring their jobs to have a blast, inside or outside the house, busy turning the place and city into George's new home.

When he thinks about it, they've formed a sort of routine. Wake up, eat, play, do some work, convince one another to have fun, make plans to do fun crazy shit they've always wanted to do as a group, eat some more, shower, take a bath if they're feeling fancy, say good night, fail to sleep anyway, sneak into Dream's room (or wait until Dream sneaks into his), have some mind-blowing orgasms, go back to their own rooms (just in case they get caught again), pass out, dream, feel a little bit lonely in his bed, do it all again the next day.

It's perfect. It's the perfect routine. Maybe. It's the best routine he's had yet definitely, and that's got to count for something.

What really fucks up their wonderful little routine, however, is when Dream leaves.

It's a short family thing, he says. Won't take more than a few days, but it's a long overdue trip and he has to go out of town. He says he's excited for it, happy even, and that he'd be seeing relatives he hasn't gone out to visit in person for years at this point. He could've taken George and Sapnap, but he figured he'd save them the weirdness of meeting several members of his extended family. Besides, it's just a few days, maybe a week. He doesn't tell them exactly when he'll be back. But George and Sapnap can live without him, right? They can go out, get takeout, get food delivered, or try cooking their own meals (they won't). They can get work done, if they want (they won't do that either). Time will run by and Dream'll be back before they know it.

It ends up being hell. George didn't expect it to be this hard. He had told Dream to have fun with his family. He knows, more than anyone else probably, how long Dream has holed himself up. How family-oriented he is, how his family used to go on trips, how they have a vacation home, all that stuff. That he had to stay away from for ages after starting YouTube and going faceless. So theoretically, George understands how important this trip is, and he's assured Dream accordingly. He thought he'd be fine. He's all settled in, he's been here long enough, surely he can go a few days without seeing Dream.

He's wrong about that, of course.

He's even more wrong about all this when night comes to pass, when certain activities become impossible in lieu of Dream's absence. His absence in general, leaves a huge hole in his wake. It's not the same. He's had to live over two decades of his life without Dream around, without living with him, but now that he's gotten a taste of what it's like? To spend every waking moment *physically* in his company? Good fucking heavens is George miserable being away from him.

Sapnap feels it too, he's sure, and they spend even more time together to cope, but it still sucks that he's not around. There's something so vital about Dream's presence that leaves them feeling just that bit empty while he's gone. It's hard not to notice when they're walking around the home he pays for, the rooms he helped furnish.

It's not the worst thing ever—they call Dream, through FaceTime, every single night. Sapnap is much more dramatic about it, complains that the takeout they got was terrible that day, that they tried to cook and it didn't taste that good, etc. Dream laughs at their sorry plight and it's music to George's ears. It's a sweet lullaby and a sad song.

George stares at his messages, in bed, about an hour after they've hung up the phone with Dream. He hasn't exactly texted Dream since he's left, and Dream hasn't exactly texted him either. He doesn't know what to say, and everything he can think of requires some follow up action that needs them both to be physically together.

Hey, he types out, then backspaces. *Come back soon*, he types, then backspaces.

He sighs. Why is he overthinking this? He never usually thinks before he says anything to Dream, let alone texts. Usually, he knows that Dream doesn't care, that he gets him, that he's always able to play along, even if George gets out of pocket from time to time. They both get out of pocket, really, in a way they're not exactly like with other people. Quite frankly, Dream might be the person that understands him more than anyone else in the world.

He always will be, truth be told, but things are a little complicated right now.

He thinks, then overthinks, then abandons all thought. He wants to say something, but it can't be the wrong thing, because these days saying the wrong thing feels like it might actually be dangerous. It's all this stupid... stuff they've been doing. It's throwing him for a loop.

He grinds down against a pillow without thinking, and it nearly gets him crying because of how deprived he's been. He wants to get off, he wants to get himself off, but he can't. And he's tried too, early on, days ago, when Dream had left. But it doesn't feel the same, and he's too lazy to put all that work in, and it pisses him off to try. Why do anything when Dream could do it so much better?

He stares at the text conversation between him and Dream.

WHERE IS YOUR MOUTH, he types in frustration. *I NEED TO CUM IN IT*.

He groans as a coping mechanism. Then backspaces all of it. He lets out a small cry, and starts kicking his legs and banging his fists on the mattress. He's not in any sort of emotional turmoil or anything, but a tear rolls down his cheek. Not too much of a surprise. That tends to happen from time to time.

He snuffles. He wipes it away.

I need you to come back. He recklessly types. He hits send this time.

Chapter End Notes

hello. i held back as much as i could in the ch1 author notes bc that is low key perma at the bottom of the fic which i think could be quite annoying having to see every time so i kept it Essential w links n reminders to kudos and comment to ur heart's content <3 but i am crazy. and very talkative. so its time for my play by play comments about whatever i wanna say about the chapter HAHA

ok listen. about the mcc scene. i started writing that months ago and ever since then i have been sweating my balls off worried that someone would play dodgebolt and get a little too fucked up and that i had to change my scene. like during the muffintees dodgebolt when i heard them order sapnap before george i was like wtf..... think of sadf u guys :((((tryna do something here. BUT i heard that bc mcc all stars isn't canon george's dodge accuracy is still a sexy sexy 74% (WHO CHEERED) and if we ever find out otherwise let's pretend nothing happened okay. but also it doesn't matter what happens in real life. this is MY silly little dick sucking fic and i get to decide reality >:) also in general pls don't take things TOO seriously like im genuinely just here to make shit up be ridiculous and have fun. pls be gentle w me and love me always

also idc that there was absolutely zero fucking need for me to shoehorn mcc talk in there. i am a little whore slut for mcc (but in the way where i mostly only care about the stats of my faves) and i miss it so fucking much. one day dnf will win dodgebolt together again and it will be the best moment ever. also tbh?? we SHOULD have more mcc talk in fic. like come on this is their version of the superbowl...

(btw i am writing this as i do a final readthrough of the chapter as i enter it into the ao3 chapter text thing. realized i made another joke/reference to sadf!dream being the first person to suck sadf!george off. i got an anon about it a few days back and id just like to say im not virgin truthing george!! nor am i incel truthing him. or whatever. what i do w sadf does not reflect my views on the ccs (or whatever will save me in a court of law) and like. i know 99% of u do not care but. hey. sometimes people don't trust people they don't know as well to put their chompers over a vital organ of their body. sometimes u go ur whole life casually side stepping a specific sex act u don't trust others with but wholeheartedly without a second thought let ur best friend do because u trust them and love them and care about their sexuality exploration journey. we could all learn to be like sadf!george. what a hero..... who else is crying rn...

last thing before i go! thank you thank you thank you SO MUCH for getting me to 700+ kudos before ch2!! its been?? 6 days?? should be 7 but an anon of mine has covid and it was their birthday :(so this one is for them. get well soon anon. also i got over 100 comments on ch1 and that is SO CRAZY WTF?? this is the most passionate response i've ever gotten on any fic. but also since most of the people who know it so far is dteambler it also feels like a secret club? if ur on twitter n u have influence please tell ur friends <3 hopefully i can hit 800 kudos after this chapter!! and then more!! but ofc more importantly i love LOVE all ur thoughts. so please send any u have. i love comments long or short and idc how many times u reread this u r welcome to comment again!! love u all so so much and im so excited to see what u all think <3

blowjobs and bacon bits

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He doesn't get a response.

Not for an hour. Not after two had passed. Every single hour after that was pure agony, no matter how hard he tried to distract himself. No constant stream of mindless entertainment was able to keep the thought from wriggling to the forefront of his mind. *Why won't he say something?* George catches a terrible night of sleep, jolting awake a few times only to fall into disappointment once again, upon seeing that same message left on read.

Yeah, *on read*. It's ridiculous.

He starts to panic about it. He reads the text over and over again, jumping to a different conclusion each time. It's not a weird thing to say, is it? *I need you*. Oh. *To come back*. Well. It could be an emergency. Yeah! It could be an emergency! What if there had been an accident at home? Why *isn't* Dream replying to clarify if it is an emergency? When you really think about it, this is super messed up on his end.

Then again, he probably knows that George would've sent way more texts and calls if it had been an emergency. Also, there is no emergency to begin with. Unless you count the one in his pants. But strictly speaking that isn't all that urgent either. Just... desires that haven't been attended to. So maybe it's a good thing that Dream hasn't replied to clarify things. Telling him it's nothing would've been far more embarrassing.

But even then... why leave him hanging? The Dream he knows is clearly aware that George just wants to see him again. That he... misses him. Stupidly enough. The Dream he knows would tease him for this. That's preferable to silence. Ugh... so what is it? Could Dream be uncomfortable? Is it possible he thinks George misses Dream in a weird way and that he has feelings for him or something like that? What if he's blaming it on their entire arrangement and plans to end it as soon as he gets home?

George doesn't know what to feel about the whole situation. Obviously, he doesn't cry—it's not exactly a crying matter—and he wouldn't cry for such a silly stupid reason. Instead, he mopes about their house like an empty shell for hours and hours, until Sapnap rushes over to him in the living room, yelling in announcement that Dream is on his way home.

Dream walks through the door, engulfing George in a hug that ends too quickly, before he moves over to give Sapnap a hug, too.

It appears Dream came home at a rather unfortunate time. Sapnap vaguely explains how he's about to leave to do a stream at Punz' house. George knows about this, because he turned down his request to come along. He simply said he wasn't in the mood, and it would be weird for them both to be there if Dream wasn't there too. It's a bullshit excuse, obviously, but Sapnap let him get away with it, and didn't push things any further, even though he usually would've in a situation like that.

Perhaps he too could tell the real reason why George wasn't feeling up to it.

And that reason is standing right in front of him now. Stupid Dream. Annoying Dream. It's almost embarrassing, in all honesty, but George thinks it's justified. How could he be in the mood to

entertain after getting ghosted like that? How could he be in the mood to laugh and smile and jibber jabber on camera after Dream ditched him with barely any warning? And for so long?

(A few days is long, okay, shut up.)

“George, I have to talk to you,” Dream says with a hand on his shoulder, slowly directing him to the stairs as Sapnap walks away. “Let’s go upstairs.”

Oh, good god. This is a terrifying thing to hear, especially after what happened yesterday. If George was nervous and insecure about the ramifications of being left on read before, his mind goes into overdrive now. He runs through every possible scenario that could potentially happen as they enter Dream’s room, his heart doing all the screaming he can’t.

Dream closes and locks the door behind them. This unnecessary action throws George off even more. Why the need for this extra layer of privacy? Is Dream about to yell at him? Or worse, give him some awkward speech about how *it’s not George, it’s him*. Some spiel about how things have gotten too weird and they can totally still be friends but he just doesn’t want to mess around anymore.

This sucks. He’s not ready. Things will never be the same again, will they? And George is about to lose one of the best things to have ever happened to him (and his penis).

Interestingly, none of that happens. Dream doesn’t even say anything, just stares at him. They just stare at each other. A moment later, he reaches out to touch George, stroking his cheek and then his jaw like he’s never seen him before, like he’s fragile and so easy to break and he has to be careful. Like he’s a masterpiece, so beautiful, one you want to poke and prod but shouldn’t.

“Dream?” He finally asks, because this is all killing him. The silence is killing him. If he’s about to get rejected and thrown aside, he’d much rather have it over and done quick, not dragged out and confusing and torturous like this. He doesn’t know what to make of this.

“I’m going to do something,” Dream says. “If you don’t want it, push me away, okay?”

George doesn’t say anything. He just gives a tiny nod as his heart pounds away, and Dream leans in to kiss him slow on the lips. George kisses him back like he’s been holding his breath for days, and he finally gets to exhale now. Dream kisses George like his mouth is poison, but he is a man that craves death. All he does is want more, all he does is take more.

The kiss fills him with so much relief that George lets out a small cry. He keeps kissing Dream to distract himself from the eruption of emotions that rumble his chest. The stress. The delight. The feeling of *finally*. The feeling of stupidity, and how he thought the worst would happen only for him to get kissed like this, so eager, so wanted. Dream pushes him against the wall and he wants to stay there, held up by whatever Dream desires of him, everything that George wants to give him without question.

The kiss gets less chaste as they go on, and eventually they have to stop before things go too far, before their clothes get ruined by their passion. And really, passion is just a nice way of saying they might cream their pants and that would be so embarrassing. They pull apart like they both realize how dangerous they were being, with the shock of a power trip.

Kissing Dream felt like a power trip, too.

They’re gasping a bit and catching the breaths they neglected to take. The kiss was really that all-consuming. It was good. It was amazing. It’s one of the best feelings George has ever felt in this

world. His head is spinning. He wants to kiss Dream again.

“I uh,” Dream pipes up. “I wanted to try that. I have for a while now. Sorry for laying it on you so suddenly,” he clears his throat, biting his lip. George wants that stupid lip in his mouth. “I hope that’s okay.”

George takes a deep breath. And then scrambles for a response. He should say *it’s fine*, say *I really liked that*, say *you’re such a good kisser*. Instead, he says: “Why didn’t you answer my text?”

“Oh,” Dream responds. “Does that not... answer it?”

“What?” He scoffs. “How does that answer it?”

His feet shift left and right. “I mean, honestly speaking, I wasn’t meant to be home for like, at least a few more days.”

He came back early for him.

“Oh,” his cheeks burn, they’ve been burning since the kiss. “Well, you should’ve answered it still. I thought you hated me.”

Guilt swarms Dream’s face like locusts. “George. I could never hate you. You know that.” From the expression on George’s face, it’s very clear he doesn’t. “George, you know I love you.”

Those words hurt to hear, the effortless delivery leaving tiny stabs everywhere. George hates that he feels this way, hates that Dream means it the same casual way he always has. But he shouldn’t. After all, what’s so bad about being loved as a friend? He shouldn’t care, he doesn’t usually care, but today of all days it pains him just a little bit. It reminds him of old feelings, things he’s cast aside by now, but the long gone wounds reveal their scars once more. So no, being told that he is loved doesn’t fix things, even though it should.

“Great,” he simply says, trying to mask the discontentment in his voice, and Dream pulls him back in. Not for a kiss, but for a hug.

“I’m sorry,” he apologizes. George inhales deeply as his face is pressed into Dream’s shoulder. He’s so glad he knows what Dream smells like now. He’s known since their first hug, of course. It’s just nice remembering. Having it invade his nostrils so beautifully. How he went years without knowing this, how he managed to cope, he doesn’t understand. Past him is so strong.

“I should’ve,” Dream continues in a soothing voice, running his hand up and down George’s back. That stupid honey-coated voice that could get anyone to do anything, believe anything. “I know how scary that was now. I just didn’t know what to say. I was... worried I’d say something that would be... I don’t know. Dumb. Whatever you were scared of. I was scared I’d do that by replying. I was going a little crazy when I was away.”

George titters in a frail sound. “Me too, actually.”

They pull away from the hug. “I nearly yelled at, like, seven different old people.”

“What?” George wipes something away from his eye and snickers more genuinely now. “What’d you do?”

“Long story,” he dismisses. “It’s fine, no old people were actually yelled at. Just not in the mood to get into it. But, yeah.” He rubs the nape of his neck. “For what it’s worth—I had the hardest time being away from you. I wanted to come back, I... I really missed you.”

It makes him giggle. “Missed me so much you had to kiss me?”

The look on his face is so fond. “Exactly.”

“Hey, Dream.”

“Yeah?”

“Do that again.”

“You’re not allowed to do that anymore, by the way.”

“Hm?” Dream’s head pops up with the eagerness of a puppy, licking his lip. If he had a tail, he’d wag it. “Don’t do *that* again?” His voice is so sly, like he clearly knows George isn’t referring to what he *just* did. “Aw, why not? You seemed to like it so much while I was doing it.”

“Not that, idiot,” he dismisses with an eye roll.

“What changed your mind?” He continues, almost ignoring him. “Was my performance unsatisfactory, George? Did you fake it?”

“No, I meant—“ his face crinkles up—“what? How would I fake it?”

Dream giggles, but it’s so low, so delicious. “Exactly. You couldn’t. According to blowjob statistics—“

He cuts himself off with a very hard wheeze, clearly unable to continue his line of thought because he’s so tickled by his own stupid joke. It makes George laugh too.

“According to *what* now?”

“Uh,” Dream calms himself down, all smiles still, trying to regain composure. “100% of all uh, GeorgeNotFounds. Never fake their orgasms. And lose their entire mind every time I go down on them.”

“That’s not true. I don’t lose my mind.”

“Oh, so *that’s* not losing your mind? I’d hate to see you go actually insane, then. Wonder what I’d have to do to make it happen.”

“Shut up,” George interjects, feeling flustered. “You’re annoying. And you’re not allowed to leave me anymore. Uh, leave us.”

Good save.

“Hm?” He raises his eyebrow. George wants to kiss it. He wants to kiss everything, kiss everything on Dream, do it all again. He’s so painfully nice to look at, and whatever drug that mouth and body of his is laced with should be illegal.

“No more super long trips where you leave the house for forever and ever, basically.”

He chuckles. “I was gone for a few days, George.”

“That’s unacceptable, Dream. Sapnap and I could have died. What would you tell our parents?”

“That... you’re two grown ass men who should be able to take care of yourselves and that it’s not my fault if you die outside of my supervision? And uh... my condolences, probably.”

This stuns him for a good moment. When he responds, it triggers a hearty cackle from Dream.

“Well, no—“ he tugs on him—“no, idiot. Listen. I can take care of myself, but Sapnap’s a life hazard. He nearly burned down the kitchen yesterday, Dream. I just moved in, I don’t know this house. I came from a completely different country with completely different protocols. What if there had been an actual fire? What would I have done?”

“I dunno, called a wambulance?”

“Dream, just—“ he sighs as the other man continues to lose his shit—“take us with you next time. It won’t be awkward or anything, and if Sapnap doesn’t want to go just take me. I don’t care, and besides, I’m not missing out on whatever five-star hotels you were probably sleeping at—“

Dream’s all mellowed out now. “I wasn’t staying at—never mind. Uh, okay. I’ll keep that in mind. For the future. I don’t think I’m leaving or. Expected to go anywhere though, not any time soon.”

“Good.” George relaxes and smiles, pleased to get his way once more. “Now suck my dick again.”

“What?” He scoffs, and it’s funny. “You just had your turn, dumbass. How are you ready to go *again*? If anything, you’re supposed to suck my dick now.”

“Wah, wah,” he mocks with exaggerated expressions. “Shut up. Deal with it. Not my fault my dick like... reloads better than yours or something,” he continues in a snide voice. But he giggles a moment later at the way Dream pouts so pitifully, like it’s oppressing him just to be denied, like he’ll die if his dick doesn’t get sucked right away. So deprived, so needy. George laughs his way into a kiss square on Dream’s lips, feels him relax into the contact and kiss George back, humming in delight. He continues to oblige the younger man, and those lips trail down Dream’s neck, proceeding to kiss him in other places. His advances elicit murmured words of encouragement, helpless little moans, and greedy hands.

Later on, they bicker for hours over lazy cuddles in bed, arguing over who loses their mind more, trying to determine who’s more embarrassing when they’re getting sucked off. It ends in a rather embarrassing tie.

“Where do you see yourself in five years?”

He has this far off distant gaze. They’ve just been lying in bed together now, as they have been for the past few hours. Neither of them have suggested doing anything else, nor has anyone tried to leave. George can’t make himself go. All that discipline he used to have when he’d creep out of Dream’s room in the middle of the night, when they were making sure Sapnap never caught them in the morning again... it’s gone. But it’s also midday, not the middle of the night, and Sapnap isn’t home. Maybe this is okay. Maybe that’s why George is staying. Laziness, no fear of consequence, and also he’d be hanging out with Dream anyway. What difference does it make if they’re sitting on the couch watching TV fully clothed or lying in bed together in various states of undress?

Yeah, exactly. They're doing what they always do anyway: scrolling through their phones, messing around on social media, watching videos. Although, George will admit this has been somewhat of an interactive experience. Every now and then, Dream will laugh at a funny TikTok he sees, leaning over to show George. Either that or George is already moving over to peek at his phone, demanding a replay. Dream's hearty chuckles never fail to bloom flowers in his heart, landing like sweet blows to his chest. George's head, on the other hand, rests very comfortably against Dream's chest half of the time. It's nice being so close to his warmth, breathing in his calming scent. The arm Dream casually wraps around him every now and then feels so nice too.

There's also a war going on in their text messages. It's unspoken, not verbally acknowledged in any way, but they keep sending each other stupid memes and funny tweets, going out of their way to find stuff that'll make each other laugh. George isn't sure what the goal is there, but every time Dream cracks up against his will upon the buzz of his phone, he counts that as a point, a win in his book.

So forgive George for not immediately catching what Dream says when he said it.

"What?" he murmurs, into the sleeve of his own hoodie. Oh. This is Dream's hoodie, actually. He put it on a few minutes ago when he got cold.

"I said," Dream starts off, an expectant tone. "Where do you see yourself in five years?"

"What's this, some kind of interview?"

"What?" Dream gives a short scoff. "No, 'course not. Just something I thought of asking."

"Hm," George stretches awkwardly, putting his phone down. He doesn't answer. They're all tangled together, limbs and everything, and Dream's to his right, his left hand sort of atop him anyway, so George takes it in his hands. Touches it. Plays with it. Inspects it and admires it too, sort of. It's the current object of his fascination.

"You're touching me," Dream observes, tone halfway between a question and a statement.

"Yeah, never done that before," he retorts all sarcastic, and it makes Dream laugh.

"Not my hands, not like this usually. You know, George, my hand isn't your toy. Can't just play with it like I'm not even here," he teases. "What, you like, like my hands or something? Are you a hand simp?"

"No."

"That would make you way too busy, y'know, on top of your schedule of being a regular simp."

George ignores him. "How are your hands so *big*?"

It makes Dream clear his throat to hear this as George continues to play, this time comparing hand sizes. "Uh... I don't know. I was born, and I, and I grew up, and now I have hands."

"Huh. How do you play Minecraft with these stupidly large fingers?" He continues to investigate. "Does it make it harder or like, is it easier somehow? To reach the controls?"

He breathes deeply. "No clue. You've seen me play Minecraft."

"When?" He lets go of Dream's hand now, and he retracts like he's been burnt. It makes George feel a tiny bit bad. Maybe he had been a bit much. He ignores the guilt and distracts himself by

talking. “I’ve played Minecraft with you, sure, many years now. But I’ve been here like, barely, and every time we play Minecraft it’s to record and we do that in separate rooms as usual.”

“Huh,” Dream rotates his wrist and starts cracking his fingers. It’s a fun sound and a mesmerizing sight. “I didn’t realize that.”

“Show me,” he insists, and it befuddles Dream.

“What, like, right now?”

“Why not? Are we very busy right now?”

“Hm... touché.”

Dream loads up a game of solo bed wars. It’s quite fascinating to watch, actually, and George isn’t sure why or how he hasn’t bullied Dream into doing this a lot sooner. There’s definitely a lot of bizarre ways in which Dream positions his fingers and everything when he switches between keys and swaps out what he’s holding, etc, toggles the hot bar, but one thing’s for sure: he is good. So good. He is incredibly cracked at the craft, and it’s just so unbelievably impressive to watch how precise his movements are and how quick his reactions are. George gasps a shaky breath when Dream makes an almost impossible jump and clutches a perfect landing despite getting nailed with fireballs.

“God, that’s hot,” he mumbles before he realizes what’s been said.

“What?” Dream asks without looking away from the screen, immersed in the game, invested in his own victory.

“I said pog.”

“Oh.”

Dream wins the entire game, of course, his bed somehow managing to stay intact for the whole duration. He whoops and cheers when he wins, and then George takes him to their other bed to engage in a different kind of war.

Their chests gently rise and fall together. Dream drags his sinful hand up and down George’s torso. A gesture so filled with care, so affectionate, George would sink in it like water if he could. Dream’s hand finds George’s own and they entwine together like lost vines finally coming home.

“Your hands are so small,” he comments.

“And?” George prompts with slight attitude, but it’s very much light-hearted. “Does it confuse you how my fingers could *possibly* reach the keys? Are you about to ask me to show you how *I* play Minecraft?”

The soft dulcet tones of Dream’s chuckles make him grin at the memory of what led them here, again and again and again.

“No,” he says, voice so beguiling, it’s shocking how he felt all that from one word. His smile gets more mischievous. “I was gonna say... crazy how you can wrap your hand around my cock with

fingers that small.”

George doesn’t even blink before he responds. “Oh, it’s easy, actually. If your cock’s that tiny any hand can wrap around it.”

His entire face falls like a collapsing building in a catastrophic earthquake. “George...” his voice whines into a groan. “That’s so mean. You’re hurting my feelings.”

“I don’t care,” he declares. “Get muffined. You deserve it. Don’t get all capital D colon on me now.”

Dream pulls the most endearing and pity-inducing expression he can anyway. It almost works, but he’s cheating, because he’s nuzzling up to George and touching him in the most unfair ways, making devil deals with his skin, producing irresistible sensations that must be the work of demons.

“Take it back,” he says in a voice so tiny, like his hand isn’t on George’s thigh right now. “Tell me my cock is big.”

“No.”

“Tell me you love me,” there he goes again. “Tell me my dick is so big and that you love me.”

George turns to look at him, sees eyes so bright and full of innocence that you wouldn’t believe the words the mouth beneath it could utter.

It makes his lip shudder just to say: “I’m not saying that, you idiot, why would I say that?”

“Because it’s true?”

His voice makes George want to die, come back just to see his face, and then die again, because Dream looks so earnest, it almost feels real. The moment almost feels real, Dream’s request for ridiculous joke confessions and stupid statements almost feel sincere.

“Shut up,” is what he settles on saying instead, and the lids of Dream’s eyes flick down, his gaze dropping focus. “You... you’re dumb.”

“If I’m so dumb, George, then why are you having so much sex with me? Seems pretty stupid of you.”

“We’re not having sex—“

“Are we not?” Dream scoffs, returning his indifference with tension, and for a second, he actually sounds upset. But he can’t be. He couldn’t possibly. “If this isn’t sex, then what is sex to you, George? I don’t see you wearing socks.”

He’s a bit stumped. What’s all this, then? “Uh... I don’t know. I... I guess we are, then.”

“Is gay sex only gay sex to you when it’s like, what, dick in ass?”

“I don’t *know*, Dream,” he says, quite tilted-sounding now too. He feels cornered, and he doesn’t like it. “Maybe. Maybe not. But you’d be too chicken for that either way.”

“Who says I am?”

If a pin dropped right now, you’d hear it.

George's phone starts to ring as he opens his mouth, so he instantly decides it's much better to lean fully into this call like it's the most urgent matter in the world, and heaves a sigh of relief when he sees that it's Sapnap.

"What'd you want, idiot?" he says before Sapnap can get a word out.

"George, you're so mean to me." Sapnap's words strike a chord in his mind, and like a record player, he starts to recall over and over, the way Dream had sounded when he said those words too. "Why do you hate me? And why do you hate Punz, tell me every single thing, right now."

Dream is just staring at him. He's just been staring at him and it's so open yet mysterious. It's so ravenous and brazen. If eyes could bite, Dream would be eating him up right now. George can barely process anything that's going on in both the situations he's dealing with, one in his ear, one right in front of him: and so fucking cute, it hurts.

"Huh?"

"See, I told you," Punz' voice comes through the speaker now, and it starts to make marginally more sense. "George, we're still live by the way. You should come over some time."

"Invite me then."

They get into an impassioned three-way debate upon this that's thankfully short, and George scrambles to change the subject once they're done fighting over who hasn't invited who where and who hasn't accepted what, and who's not made real efforts.

"Uh, Dream is here by the way. Because we live together. And uh, we were working on something. Do you want him on speaker?"

"DREAM!" Sapnap yells over the phone halfway through George's intuitive attempt to turn his phone on speaker mode.

"What are you still doing at Punz's house?" Dream says almost immediately. "Are you moving out?"

"To a place where I'll have to pay rent? Hell no," Sapnap retorts with prompt speech. "I hate it here, I wanna go home, but Punz is like, holding me hostage or something. He's using me for clout and subs."

"Hurry up and end the stupid stream," George chimes in. "I'm hungry, go get us food on your way back."

He's not exactly lying, truth be told. The second they end this call George wants him home ASAP so that he doesn't have to face whatever awkward situation this might become. And all that... sex. Is really working up an appetite.

"See chat? I told you guys they need me. That house falls *apart* without me, okay--"

"Well, I wouldn't say that--"

George is able to chuckle at this, and it helps cut the tension he feels in this bed.

"Whatever! Shut up, Dream." They hear Punz laugh now too, and the slightly distant sound of Valorant. "Okay, so, we made a deal with chat. We said they'd have to send in questions to ask in donos, and then we randomly pick some. If you guys answer something, then, boom, I can go

home. Sound good?”

“Sounds stupid actually, but okay.”

“Go ahead, Sapnap.”

“Uh, okay,” he seems to be checking through what anyone would assume to be the biggest stack of questions ever. “Hm... I guess this one’s pretty good. Here we go: Dream and George...” he slowly starts, fancying up his voice. “Do you guys believe in Jesus?”

“What?” They both scoff.

“There’s no way that’s one of the questions, you made that up yourself.”

He groans, tired sounding. “Ugh, fine, I did. But all these questions are either weird or boring. It’s all either no spice or way too spicy—”

“What, like, questions asking if George and I have been having sex or something?”

Awkward laughs filter in through the call and George thinks if he holds his breath long enough he could hopefully die.

“Probably, yeah.”

“Yeah, well,” George speaks up, voice hesitant. “Dream wishes.”

It fails to make the atmosphere any less tense. If anything, things are worse now.

“Oh...” Dream trails off, voice lilting in a foreboding manner. “I have to wish for it now?”

George doesn’t know what color his face is at the moment. Based on Dream’s expression, it could very well be the darkest shade of red imaginable.

“Huh? You guys are idiots,” Sapnap says, telling them off, which is such a fucking relief, because George has no idea what to say. “What are you up to right now?”

Dream looks right at him. He might be the most insane person George has ever met. “Good question,” he says. “Hey George, why don’t you share with the class?”

He is seriously crazy and demented for saying that. Like they should study him in a lab to figure it out. He needs to get a grip, like, holy shit.

“You tell them,” George says, because telling the truth and making up a lie both sound like they’ll blow up in his face right now.

“What the hell is going on with you guys?”

“We’re editing a video,” Dream lies, with a terrifying lack of effort, as if they’re not both pretty much naked in bed together right now. “I mean, *I’m* editing a video. George is pretending to help. But it’s my video, so it’s fine.”

“Oh,” Sapnap remarks. “Am I in it?”

“No,” George says, because it’s impossible for him to be, since the three of them haven’t filmed any videos together for Dream’s channel recently. Not anything that hasn’t already been uploaded. Pretending otherwise would pretty much be admitting to Sapnap that they’re lying. See? George is

so smart. “We filmed it while you were gone.”

“What the hell?” He complains. “Why didn’t you guys put me in the video?”

“Because someone wanted to go to Punz’ house and do a stupid Valorant stream—“

“How was I supposed to know you’d be back today?” Sapnap retorts, only realizing a moment later that it could be a mistake. “Oh wait. Was I—“

“It’s okay,” Dream tells him. “I was away with my family, guys. I’m back now anyway, so it’s fine if chat knows. I came back early because Sapnap and George were losing their minds and crying like little babies when I wasn’t home.”

“I think that was just George,” he says with a laugh, and they hear Punz snort too. He seems to be in another round of Valorant. Typical.

“Oh, right, right,” Dream plays along, making George want to collapse into the ground. “George told me he’d kiss me if I came back early, so, you know, I grabbed the keys.”

He’s obviously lying, and his tone is playful on purpose so chat knows he’s joking, but the joke is so painfully close to the truth that it has George in a chokehold.

“Shut up,” he tells him off, and Dream just winks, like it’s their little secret. “That’s not what happened.”

“If I come home early do I get a kiss too?”

“Leave the dumb stream and get me dinner,” he demands. “Then... we can negotiate.”

“You’re gonna kiss Sapnap? What the fuck, George?” Dream protests in a low voice, and he actually touches George like any of this is real. George feels like a rock skipping over a lake, so jumpy and uncertain, like he’s about to sink to its depths and never be seen again.

To be honest, that doesn’t sound too bad.

“I hate you,” he simply tells Dream, and it actually gets him laughing enough to stop. George takes control of the situation. He wants this all to stop now, he wants them to not be talking like this in front of chat. It’s scary to joke like they have been this entire call when many of the jokes aren’t quite rooted in lies anymore. The reality of everything they’ve been doing makes it feel weird to kid around. “Not negotiating anymore,” he tells Sapnap. “Get back home with dinner or else.”

“Or else what?”

“You’ll find out. Now hurry up, idiot.”

He hangs up the phone. Dream is still staring at him with a big loopy grin.

“Look what you did,” he says in an accusatory voice. “Now we have to film a video.”

“Sorry,” Dream feedbacks, appeasing him with a kiss and taking the device out of his hands. “Are you mad at me?”

“No,” he says. “No,” he concludes again, after thinking about it. “Just... a little weird hearing jokes about us having sex when we’ve actually *been* having sex. Especially right after. Like, we’re not even dressed.”

“So don’t pick up the phone next time,” Dream says pointedly, and George realizes he knew exactly what he had been doing. It makes him cringe just that little bit more. “We’ll be okay,” he assures anyway, sensing George’s tension. “Just don’t think about it and have fun with me.”

Dream indulges him with a soft, playful kiss, one that transfixes George and transports him out of the state he was in, melting all his sharp edges and stiff insecurities. None of it feels like it matters when he’s being taken apart like this in Dream’s arms.

The kisses no longer have much of a playful edge once Dream starts touching him. Fingers splay over his waist and rip a moan out when that nasty hand wraps around George’s length, stroking him slow. Those lips start trailing his neck and it begs so many questions.

“What’re you doing?” George murmurs, barely bothering to enunciate. “Sapnap’s on his way.”

“Not for at least another hour,” he stops whatever he’s been doing to pull George into his lap. “We’ll be quick.” He slides his hand slow, up and down his thigh, presses a tantalizing kiss on his jaw. “Right?”

“You’re killing me,” he slurs with difficulty. “You’re gonna cut it way too close.”

“Sorry,” he kisses him anyway, and George kisses him back, like a man who will always fall into temptation where Dream is concerned. “I just want you right now,” he begins to lean George down on the mattress and presses his wrists above his head. Being restrained has never felt this good. “So let me use you, okay?”

His agreement gets cut off with a groan, the second those stupid lips get to working on his collarbone. He keeps nodding as Dream kisses his way down that body, putting his mouth slick over where George likes it best.

“Know what?” George cricks his neck slightly. “I never ended up answering your question.”

“Hm?” Dream’s stirring the pot, literally, filling it with the pasta that he needs, to cook the cheesy pasta that George had requested for lunch today. He’d whispered for it half-awake against Dream’s chest as they woke up, voice groggy and tummy rumbling. He got his request approved with a kiss to his forehead. Living with Dream is the fucking best. He just does what you say and cooks what you want for you whenever you ask for it, apparently.

“That pretentious job interview-sounding one,” he prompts. “About where I see myself in five years. Why’d we never circle back to that?”

“Oh,” Dream recalls, opening and closing his mouth with a nod. “Yeah, I remember. We never circled back because I assumed you didn’t really have an answer. Didn’t wanna push.”

“Huh,” George stares blankly at the fingers that sprinkle salt into boiling water. “I guess you were right. I don’t have an answer.”

“Okay,” he says hesitantly. “Why… bring it up then?”

“Don’t know,” he shrugs. “Why’d you ask in the first place? Don’t you already know?”

Dream's head quirks at an angle. "Know what?"

"We've talked about this. We'd live together, right? And then... get houses next to each other if we stop."

"Well yeah," he says. "That's the current plan. But five years is a long time, and, that's something all three of us were talking about, in like a... I dunno. Just one of those things you say because it sounds fun. But I wanna know like, your personal plans for the future. Or dreams, maybe. Beyond five years. Five years was just a jumping off point. I wanna know what you'd do, or... where you'd be. Ideally." He thinks about it for a moment. "Never mind. Just... forget about it George. You probably haven't thought much about it. But it's a good thing to think about, if you ask me."

George leans against the kitchen counter with a breathless exhale. "I don't think I really need to think about it much. I'd still be here in five years."

Dream halts his kitchen movements, standing in front of their half-opened fridge. "Here? You mean like... living with me?"

"Uh... yeah." He starts to get a little worried. "Am I not allowed to?"

"It's not that you're not allowed to..." he trails off. "I guess... I just didn't expect it."

"What'd you expect?"

Dream stands there for a few seconds, looking like he hasn't heard a word he's said. But George knows he can't have been muted. This is real life.

"I don't know what I expected," he settles after a while, shrugging. "But it wasn't this, is all... I'll say. I just thought you'd have other life plans. I think even before you flew here, part of me always thought you'd move back to England at some point."

"Why would I?" he questions, and he's almost offended, because it nearly killed him just to get here. How could Dream think he'd just hop back there after all the trouble and anguish he went through? "Dream, my job revolves around you. I need to be near you for work. Doesn't make a difference what 'life plans' I've got. If anything, *you're* my life plan. Idiot."

"Well... don't do all that just for work," he awkwardly states. "Live where you want to, y'know? I mean... who knows? Maybe in five years we won't even be relevant anymore. Maybe we'd be on some other career path. Or we could make enough money to retire, and we wouldn't have to work together anymore. What would you do then? If stuff worked out like that?"

George chews over this. He never thought this deep into it, not this far. For the last two years of his life, all he's worked towards and dreamed of was to finally move here. And now that he's here, shouldn't he just get to like... not think about things? At least for the time being. To be fair to him, it hasn't been all that long since he's moved here.

"I mean..." he exhales, a little tired sounding. "I don't think we'll be Minecraft YouTubers forever. But I didn't move in with you to be a Minecraft YouTuber, I moved in because... that's what we said we'd do. And it's better this way, even without taking work into consideration. And working with you—" his tongue clicks in his mouth—"it's just good. I wanna keep doing it. I wanna... be part of all the stuff you get into. Whatever it is."

Dream gets this smirk on his face. "What a relief. And here I was thinking I'd have to start my OnlyFans account all by myself—"

His nerve gets rewarded with a smack from George, who scoffs at him amidst scattered laughs. “Stop,” he grins against his will. “We’re not doing that. It’d flop anyway.”

“Flop?” He raises his eyebrows at once and starts cracking up. “I’m not saying we make millions but come on—flop? No way. Think of the video titles. ‘Small cute British twink gets absolutely *pounded* by tall, sexy, muscular—“

“Shut up!”

He hides his face in his hands for a moment, taking a deep breath at the visuals his mind produces, in complete disbelief at the lewd act Dream describes—one that they technically haven’t partaken in yet. An act Dream isn’t... opposed to trying. Oh god.

“I’m just saying,” he shrugs, after that laugh he always does. “From an objective standpoint, I mean. You could find loads of people willing to pay to see that, just, just, algorithmically.”

What a fucking nerd. Talking about the OnlyFans algorithm of all things. Maybe they really could conquer an adult platform with that brilliant mind of Dream’s. And George won’t lie, that body of his is pretty damn brilliant as well. It’s not exactly gonna hurt his chances of blowing up in the gay porn industry. Wait... what the fuck? Who cares, this is all so stupid. Neither of them would ever make an OnlyFans, even thinking about it feels ridiculous.

“You’re so annoying,” he proceeds to complain. “I meant the other stuff you actually talked about. Y’know. Writing, acting, directing, all that creative stuff. You’ll wind up doing all that. Everything’ll happen just how you want it to, okay? So... stop thinking about this. Nothing needs to change. And if we got so rich we could retire that would be even better. We could do anything we wanted just for the sake of it. It’d be fun. Mess around all day.”

George paces over to the fridge after he says this, grabbing some apple slices to munch on as he waits for noodles to boil. He offers one to Dream, who chews on the accepted fruit in silence. The man seems to have descended back into uncertain waters. The island counter in their kitchen could very well be an actual island, given the way Dream looks: so cornered and trapped as he cooks, like he’s surrounded by deep ocean waves.

“I know, I know...” he quietly acknowledges, sighing as he swallows. “I just... can’t help but consider every outcome. It’d be nice to do all that in the future, it would be nice to retire young and have fun all day, or whatever you said. But... who knows, right? Dumb stuff happens all the time. I might not end up achieving everything I set out to do. Maybe one day it’d hurt your career to be tied to me like that.”

“It won’t come to that,” he asserts, finding all this unexpected. Dream’s always been so self-assured about YouTube, so certain about his ideas, talent, abilities. Never to the point of arrogance, but he never seems to reach such levels of insecurity either. Perhaps that’s what living with Dream really is like, maybe the presence of a screen and a voice channel has held back and filtered from sound some of the thoughts he let go unsaid. George is glad he’s now privy to this version of Dream, the Dream who can’t run and hide and blame it on shaky internet connection. The Dream who won’t always believe that everything’s going to be okay in the end. It’s not ideal, but it’s honest. And that’s all he wants from Dream at the end of the day.

“You won’t disappoint us or anything dumb, you... you never have.” A hand of his slides onto that sturdy shoulder, hopefully providing some assurance. But he doesn’t want to be weird about it, so he takes that touch away after a moment. “We’ll be fine,” he continues. “And, even if something like that did happen... it doesn’t matter. We’ll be here, and you’ll, and you’ll get through it. Like you always do. You’d make things better again.”

“You’re that confident in me?”

George doesn’t know if he should say it. But he rarely sees him like this. Today, Dream needs this sincerity. “Yeah. I guess.”

He continues to stir as he thinks.

“So...” his shoulders slump down. “You wanna keep working with me in the future, no matter what I do. And you want to keep... living with me?”

“Well... yeah,” he gulps a dry breath as his fingers tap away soundlessly on the countertops. He thought that was obvious. Does Dream want to kick him out of the house or something? Bye bye Gogy? This line of thought is beginning to unnerve him. “Is that so hard to believe?”

“Not hard to believe,” Dream corrects. “Well, maybe it is. I find it kind of unrealistic, is the thing.”

“What about it is unrealistic?” George narrows his gaze, unable to believe the words he’s hearing. “It’s just a few years. There’s no one I see myself moving away from you for. Like, I’m not saying we couldn’t live with more people one day, it just... doesn’t make sense to live apart.”

“I just feel like... you’re gonna wind up changing your mind,” he remarks with a shrug. “You just got here, so it feels great, but at some point the novelty’s gonna wear off, y’know? Maybe in a few years you won’t wanna live here anymore, you could... wind up moving somewhere else in America. Or back to England. And that’s fine. It’s normal to change your mind and want different stuff. Not to mention five whole ass years later. You’d be thirty, George.”

“And?” he scoffs, because this is starting to get annoying. “What, you can’t have roommates when you’re thirty? You just, magically teleport... away into a house by yourself? And then what?” He scoffs again. “Just start dying alone? Is that what you want?”

“Obviously not, that’s, that’s not what I’m saying,” he assures, voice panicky, hands stretching out as he sighs. “It’s just that... people tend to, mm, I dunno. Go through... big changes? At that age? Life transitions, and all that crap. Stuff like settling down, and getting married, and—big, big permanent stuff. It’s weird to say. Because not everyone cares about that, it’s just a thing that happens. If it’s not something you’re interested in, that’s *more* than fine—“ he carefully emphasizes—“I just wanted to... like... get an idea of what you might want. I wasn’t tryna like, pressure you or, make you die alone or anything.”

He ends it off with a tentative chuckle, running his hand through his hair, like it does anything to mask the awkwardness of the situation.

The implications of his words start to sink in like knives slowly plunging into the wounds they make. “Is... that what this is?” George hesitantly asks, mouth going dry as the back of his throat starts to sour. “You want to get married in five years and stop living with us?”

“I didn’t say that—“

“Okay, good,” he bites hard on his lip. “Don’t do it.”

This seems to tick him off. “Don’t—don’t what—*get married*? So I’m not allowed to want that?”

George takes in a deep breath, face falling into his hapless hands with a groan. He tries to collect himself. “Not... that’s not what I meant,” he clarifies to appease his firecracker of a friend. “I didn’t say don’t get married, I meant... don’t stop living with me.” The admission makes his skin crawl all over with untraceable hives. But he can’t stop now. “It wouldn’t be that bad, right? We

could get a really big house, something even bigger than this place in the future. All the space either of us could need, and more, and... we wouldn't get in each other's way, but we could still find each other whenever we needed to like... eat, or do something fun. If you wanted privacy or you get sick of me you could put me all the way on the other side of the house," he shrugs. "Lock the door or something. But I think it could be good. Living together's good right now, I think it could... continue being like this."

George only realizes after he's finished that he's completely rolled over their whole idea of getting houses next to each other in the future. Maybe he sounds too eager and maybe he's embarrassed to have laid it all out like that but it's... the unfortunate truth. The more he thinks about it the sadder he gets at the thought of moving out and living apart from Dream one day. Being less accessible... he doesn't like that at all.

But apparently, Dream doesn't care. All those late night conversations where they talked endlessly about how nice it would be to finally live together... George must've been talking to himself. In reality, Dream's just praying for the day he can finally kick George out, have that fairytale wedding, and sixteen thousand children.

"Wow," Dream's mouth falls open, like he's amazed, and George can't tell why that is. "Living together... indefinitely. That's really what you want?"

George hates to confirm his desperation, but he can't bring himself to lie. "Yeah. I think it'd save us money, better than... buying multiple houses all lined up together. And it would be fun. But you clearly don't, and that's fine, so—"

"No," Dream retorts immediately, shaking his head for good measure. "No, I like the sound of that, actually. I think it sounds awesome. I think it's amazing... and I really wanna do that. I always want you around, George. Don't think I could... imagine any part of my life without you."

Oh.

"So..." he sighs deeply. "Why'd you say all that? I thought you wanted me gone. I thought..."

"Sorry. I'm sorry," he continues, after George fails to complete his sentence. "I guess sometimes the thought of you changing your mind and leaving gets... scary. And it's easier telling myself that you're gonna wanna leave someday, no matter what, so I'm not as... upset, if it actually ends up happening."

"Well, I'm not, okay? Don't be stupid." He rolls his eyes with an endeared shake of his head. "I'd go back for visits and all that, definitely, but I went through all the trouble I did because I want to live here. Permanently. Preferably with... you."

It makes Dream chuckle and beam with the fluorescence of their ceiling lights. "You'd really be okay living with me even if I got married?"

George's feet shift from side to side. "As long as you and whoever you were with are like, fine with it. I mean... obviously we'd make sure the house is structured so that it wouldn't feel weird."

"Huh. Wouldn't it, though?"

"What?"

He looks up at Dream, and something in his mind is telling him to prepare, to be ready for Dream to tell him he's crazy, he's insane, and that won't happen, that he's kicking George out the second his wedding bells chime. A part of him wants to be told this.

Dream's eyes widen with something indescribable. "I'm just saying... if my future spouse wanted us to live with their best friend... I'd be suspicious."

"What's there to be suspicious about?"

He snorts, like he's just told a dangerous joke. "I mean for starters: we've had a lot of sex."

"How does that matter?" George's face scrunches up from the thought. "If you're married I'd assume we wouldn't be having any sex, not at least for a couple of years. And how would they even *know* we had sex?"

"I would probably tell them. Or maybe they'd see that half the internet thought we were dating for most of our careers and wonder if everyone was right."

He clears his throat. "Well. They'd be wrong. The internet's the internet—everyone knows there's... not actually anything going on. It's not real. So, they'd be fine if we just explained that. But if you tell them we had sex they'd just jump to all the wrong conclusions. Which would be your fault."

"My fault?" Dream exhales harsh through his nose. "How would it be my fault?"

George gives him a pointed look. "It'd be your fault because they'd assume we were having sex like... in a normal way."

Dream is just chortling away now. "Normal way?"

"You know what I mean," he tiredly emphasizes. "They'd think we got horny and randomly hooked up or something, when that's not what happened at all. I guess you could explain it, but any normal person would find it weird, maybe. I'd just not say anything about it if I were you."

He nods along, realizing that it's a valid point. "True, true... I guess we don't really need to worry about it too much. I might not even get married. Or... I mean, who knows? Maybe I'd marry you one day, and then we'd have absolutely nothing to worry about."

What?

He doesn't expect this. Is Dream... what is he saying? George can't breathe at the thought. The statement barrels over him and crushes his lungs, making him so devoid of air he can't respond. His heart goes into overdrive, his mind begging for this moment to make sense.

"Or... I could marry Sapnap. I'm sure he would understand," he adds, chuckling a moment later. It's a joke, and George doesn't know how to respond in a completely different way now. A part of him feels relief. Of course it was a joke. Of course Dream was just messing with him. He wishes he wouldn't, though, but at least things make sense now. No way would Dream actually consider marrying him. He wouldn't even do it back then, to get George moved in sooner. There's no way he'd want it in a real way.

"Ew," he manages to react after a delay, and Dream cracks up like there hadn't been this silence sitting between them for a bit. He's grateful for it. "Don't marry Sapnap," he continues in disgust. "No matter what you do."

"What's wrong with marrying Sapnap?" He asks in a patronizing manner. "Why can't I marry Sapnap?"

"It's just, it's just gross," he insists with a shrug. "Marry literally anyone else," he suggests. "I'd

rather see you marry someone off *Craigslist*, that's how weird it'd be. I'd marry you myself, like, a thousand times, just to make sure that didn't happen. He'd make a terrible bride anyway. You couldn't pay me to attend that wedding."

"You're so mean, George," he rebukes, failing to show any sort of malice. He shakes his head with a resounding chuckle, and he seems to emit joy, endless joy, the kind that grows on trees with how ample it is. "Are you saying you'd be a better bride for me?" He teases, mind running wild with ideas. "You'd put on a white gown, toss a bouquet, wear a wedding veil—everything?"

"Not for you," he says, like it gives him power. Power, despite how Dream's making fun of him. "You wouldn't be able to carry me over the threshold anyway."

"Oh, you sure about that?"

He shouldn't have challenged Dream, or maybe he should've done it sooner, because in the next moment Dream scoops him up the floor with a laugh. He quite literally sweeps him off his feet, and it makes him gulp, makes him hold his breath, because he's never been carried like this before. He feels fear from the uncertainty of this situation, but Dream's arms feel sturdy under his knees and beneath his back. All he can do is blink as he finds the words.

"See?" Dream snickers a bit. "Told you I could do it."

"Yeah, very cool," he brushes off in an agitated yet nonchalant sounding voice. "I get it, so you can put me down now."

"Admit that I'm strong first," he wets his bottom lip. "I bet I could totally throw you on our like, wedding bed. Fuck you till morning."

Something burns through George's core, his entire being catching fire, and it makes him look away, something Dream laughs at when his gaze sharply averts. It sucks that he's being made to admit something when he can barely bring his mouth to form words at the moment.

"Fine... you're strong," he feebly murmurs. "Now put me down, idiot."

He exhales when Dream does as such, legs turning to jelly once they feel the ground beneath them again. George hangs onto the counter to recenter himself for a moment, and looks up to see Dream stretching and shaking out his joints once he's back to normal.

"Oh, god... that was a mistake," he groans as he rotates his wrists. "I thought my arms were gonna break."

"You idiot," George says, voice at half-strength, palming his face in disapproval. Slowly, he steps forth to massage at Dream's stupid biceps. He's doing it to help out of pity, obviously. It's definitely not an excuse to touch him. "Why would you do that if it hurt? You're so stupid."

"Had to prove you wrong somehow," he insists, shrugging. "Guess it's time to start working out again, lift more weights. I've been neglecting our gym because of you."

"How's that my fault? If you wanna work out more, work out more. Don't use me as an excuse," he spews out without a pause, folding his arms. "See, this right here is why I shouldn't marry you. I'm glad I didn't do that to get myself here" he teases, finding it amusing. "Dodged a bullet right there."

Dream isn't nearly as amused. "Oh, is that so?"

“I mean...” he shrugs, deciding to die on this hill, because things have gotten a little too chummy around here, and it’s fun bullying Dream about random stuff like this. “Yeah. You’d be a terrible husband.”

“Okay,” he smirks, and George can tell he’s playing along with the bit, getting into the swing of things. “If I’d be such a terrible husband, George, then... why do you wanna live with me and be roommates for like... pretty much the rest of our lives?”

It shuts George up for a moment. “That’s... different. It’s irrelevant.”

“Is it?” He chuckles. “Is it all that different? I mean, think about it. You wanna live in the same house as me. And you don’t care whether anyone else is there, sure, but you just... need me there for some reason. Doesn’t that sound like marriage to you?”

He holds his breath. He’s not sure why he might bother breathing, because there’s something so dangerous in the air right now.

“It doesn’t,” he hesitantly says, and provides no explanation.

Dream drains the pasta when it’s done boiling and starts putting olive oil and garlic in a pan.

George’s mind starts to wander: what would being married to Dream... be like? Would it be more of this? Private little mornings (this is obviously figurative, given their sleep schedules), cozy and locked away in their home, far away from anyone else. Forever. Stolen kisses. Meals... cooked for him whenever he wanted. Nights spent in the same bed. That’s what people do when they’re married, right? Interestingly enough, it doesn’t seem all that different from their current lives. Ever since Dream got back from that family trip, they’ve been sleeping in each other’s beds every night, almost as if they can’t help it. He likes it, he won’t lie, likes how warm and soothing and comforting it is to hold Dream in his arms, or to be wrapped up in those hands of Dream’s.

Getting married... would not change their lives all that much. There’s almost no point to it, honestly. But at least no one else would get to if he did. And quite frankly, the thought of Dream dating someone else, much less being *married* to someone, and having them be around and in the way all the time—that just sounds annoying. Dream’s said the same thing about George dating someone. So it’s not weird, right? That George wants all of Dream’s attention. That he hates the idea of someone else stealing Dream away from him, being less important.

The only problem is that it’d never happen, whether he wants it or not. Because Dream would never seriously consider marrying him, not permanently anyway. The guy clearly wants to fall in love and have that classic clichéd happy ending. George is just... his best friend. And they’ve been sleeping together but it’s clearly not anything more than just... a physical thing. A matter of convenience. The need for a warm body to touch and hold and use to get off.

“If that’s not marriage... and you don’t wanna marry me...” Dream speaks up suddenly, now stirring cheese and pasta together. Lunch smells good. He wants to stop talking and just eat already. “Then why do you wanna live with me so bad? There has to be a reason. Enlighten me, George.”

He looks a little smug. George looks a little scared. It feels like he’s about to walk into a dangerous trap just because Dream doesn’t realize this isn’t meant to be a funny situation. He doesn’t understand what Dream gets out of making George seem like he wants to, or making him admit that he wants to... marry him. Just to embarrass him and tease him for a day? It’s ridiculous. There’s something wrong with him.

Still, George has to find something to say. He searches his mind for something equally ridiculous. Keeping it lighthearted, right? They're just messing around, after all. Besides, George isn't sure he could provide a genuine explanation anyway. He's a little confused himself. All he can say is that he's never felt this happy... living with Dream. And he doesn't want it to stop.

"I mean..." he slowly sniffs as Dream starts frying bacon bits in another pan. This smells so good. Maybe that's a good reason. "You're cooking cheesy pasta for me. And it smells nice."

Dream breaks out into a smile, looking pleasantly charmed. "I'm sure there's tons of people who could cook you food way better than I can. Hell, my mom makes better food than I do. You don't ask her to cook for you nearly as much as you beg me to make you stuff. Why is that?"

"Don't know," he says, bringing doubt to the equation once more. "I like your food."

"And you don't like hers?"

"No, I like her food too," George insists. He eats it every time she comes over anyway, which is often, but it's always because she was making it anyway, for all three of them. "It's really good. I can tell you learnt a lot from her. I guess... it's just more fun to bully you into cooking."

Dream rolls his eyes. "You're an idiot. I shouldn't waste my time making you food nearly as much as I do. What if I never cooked for you again? Would you move out?"

He thinks it over. "Guess not. I could always just order takeout."

It makes him smile again. "So... what's the real reason?"

George sighs. "I don't know. I guess you have... a lot of money. Why would I wanna move out when I had a benefit like that?"

"Money?" He says incredulously, almost outraged. "That's it? You wanna live with me for my financial stability?"

That is evidently *not* all there is to it, but George doesn't want to talk about this anymore. He's not saying anything else to rub Dream's stupid ego, certainly not at his own expense. And besides, he's starving. He just wants to stuff food in his mouth, he'd take anything at this point, he'd slurp the hell out of that spaghetti, straight from the pan, if he could.

"Yes," he says in a harsh voice. "Sure, whatever. Who cares. It doesn't matter, Dream. What matters right now is that you feed me." His stomach grumbles in assent. "Heard that? Feed me! Hurry up and cook, idiot," he walks to the cupboards. "I'll go get the plates."

Dream lets out a deep sigh that George pretends not to hear. "It'll be done in a minute," he says.

Chapter End Notes

hello hi. im so sorry. im seriously so sorry. i just made u guys read like. almost 11k words. I KNOW i know i said all the chapters were between 7-9k. ch3 used to be the shortest chapter. now it's the longest one. will it remain the longest? only time will tell. im so insane and crazy. i hope it was worth it bc im screaming and throwing up. please PLEASE comment. even if u comment the same thing every chapter i dont CARE im a WHORE for comments. or u could send an ask or something like that. whatever is

easiest <3 but u see i have massive issues and i love validation so much even if its a WOW (heart) or a YOWZA !! i take it and i love it and i cherish it. so take the comment section as like an attendance list awwwww (sorry for being needy)

THANK U SO MUCH FOR ALL THE KUDOS BTW. if u haven't left kudos please do. ik this fic is incomplete and u can never unkudos once u kudos so if ur waiting till the fic ends to kudos i get it but also please..... its a quarter after one im all alone and i need you(r kudos) now.....

anyway on to subtle bts commentary about the chapter to subtly remind u of what u just read: let's talk about the 'according to blowjob statistics' line! its obv a callback to when dream said 'according to god statistics only 50% of you are going to heaven!' so i'd like to say that my full line was meant to be 'according to blowjob statistics only 50% of you are cumming tonight!' or some shit like that but from the second i wrote it down i knew i could not make it work in its entirety. but i wanted to at least honor it here and remember dream's genius. god hes so fucking funny. i love him. anyway this chapter was so long i have a feeling some of u fully forgot the blowjob statistics line until i mentioned it. again, my fault.

ok im at the 'tell me you love me tell me my dick is so big and that you love me' line rn. yes i write my author's note as i look at the fic a final time in the ao3 chapter text box. anyway id just like to say sorry for transforming something he's actually said into That but also i would never take it back. i hope u like it <3 if u hate it please don't say it to my face say it like behind my back on a priv twt account ill never find or something uwu

oh ya BTW im circling back to the kiss scene. WHO SAW IT COMING. i remember one of u commenting sth like 'aww poor sadf!george wants to kiss sadf!dream so bad :(would be nice to see it happen at some point or by the last chapter!' or something like that on ch2 and i was like damn little do u know.....

i really REALLY hope u guys like this chapter. i get really paranoid every upload and im gen srs in so much shock at how well received its been so far. im a huge perfectionist but i never think im perfect but i also really love my work and i hope u guys do too!! feel free to yell about how mentally ill and crazy sadf!dnf are w me. like they are so messed up and sick in the head its not a joke (said by a person who gave them her mental illness). BIG KISSES TO ALL OF U. i am going to sleep now it is 3am. take ur time reading ill read ur comments when i wake up <3

swimming and shopping carts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“George, we have to.”

It’s a little unfair for him to be saying those words in that voice. The slight tinge of urgency that lends importance to the task at hand, only it’s fraudulent, something that lacks any real significance. George continues to stand his ground, which is ironic given how he’s actually lying down on Dream’s bed to protest. A deep groan, full of disdain and objection, rips from somewhere inside his weary soul. He’s aged a thousand years from this conversation already. And yet, there his legs go, kicking against the sheets like a child throwing a very rightful tantrum.

A part of him wants to scream until Dream caves and changes his mind, his sanity crumbling at the seams. But he decides against it. His throat is already half-hoarse from their activities earlier today.

And no, it’s not sex. They haven’t had sex all day. That’s what George came here to do, but Dream has all of a sudden decided to be the most annoying person in the world.

“We don’t actually have to,” he tirelessly retorts. “The only person who thinks we have to film right now is you. No one actually cares, Dream.”

He immediately scoffs. “Oh, right, I completely forgot,” he says, voice swimming in an endless pit of sarcasm. “My subs hate it when I upload. Our fans hate getting content.”

“Not what I meant,” his lips scrunch together. “Besides, this is entirely your fault—”

“My fault?”

“If you hadn’t told chat that we were editing, we wouldn’t have to film anything,” he continues. “And—”

“Okay, no,” he interrupts. “I only said all that because you told chat I was there and that we were doing something. I wouldn’t’ve said anything at all if you hadn’t picked up the phone, by the way. So, if we *were* assigning blame—which I’m not gonna do—this wouldn’t be entirely my fault. But that’s not the point. The point is: neither of us have uploaded a video in over a month. We were gonna have to get around to it at some point. Letting people think we were editing that day is just... giving us the pressure we need.”

“Fine,” George huffs. “I get that. But my point is that we can do all that *tomorrow*. It’s late.”

Dream snorts at that, his shoulders moving with the expulsion. “Late? How is it late? It’s ten.”

“Yeah, pm. It’s dark out and everything. Time for bed. Who works at night?”

“You say that like our most productive hours aren’t when it’s dark out. It’s just a video with you and me, we film those... literally whenever we’re free. Right now’s a perfect time. Sapnap’s like, playing Valorant or some shit, grinding to fucking... rank up to Diamond? Or keep his Diamond rank? I dunno, who cares. He’s busy, and we have to film the video in secret anyway, and who knows when else he’ll be busy again? All three of us hang out all the time, and he already thinks we’ve filmed the video. It has to happen soon. He’s already started asking when it’s gonna be up.”

“And we can do that tomorrow, which is still super soon, when I’m like... expecting it to happen and not ridiculously tired,” he insists. When will Dream get this in his head? Arguing with him is the worst. Even if you win it’ll take you ages to get there.

“How are you tired?” Dream asks incredulously. “You woke up at two in the afternoon.”

“It’s not about what time I woke up, it’s about what we did all day. Which has completely drained me.”

“We were messing around in the pool! And we didn’t even film it, it was just for fun. You barely even swam, you’re being—“

“Who says we didn’t film? I recorded that clip of you and Sapnap. I posted it to Twitter and everything. *And* I posted selfies of us at the pool, all the while making sure it was at an angle where we couldn’t get doxxed. When you think about it, I was completely busy today. Doing all sorts of jobs. Cameraman, director, movie star. All me, Dream. Have some... compassion. And let me go to bed. I didn’t come here to film a Minecraft video.”

He takes a deep breath after this outburst, meeting eyes with Dream and hoping he takes the hint. It’s honestly ridiculous that there’s even a hint he needs to leave. It’s usually like clockwork: George walks in, Dream gets excited, looks jubilant, starts putting his grabby little hands on him and they kiss, they get down to business. It’s honestly so abhorrent that they’re both fully clothed right now and discussing their other mode of business: the stupid one that makes them money.

“Well... you are now,” Dream says very matter-of-factly, and it slouches over George, those feelings of disappointment. “Just go back to your room, load up Minecraft, and join VC. It’s easy, George. You were gonna be in there anyway, sleeping away. You’re just... too lazy to go back.”

“Yeah, *sleeping*,” he emphasizes. “How is filming an entire video at all similar to being passed out in bed? Besides, I never sleep in my bed anymore. You make the house so cold. It’s much warmer in your bed.”

“Fine, then I’ll buy you more blankets,” he offers in an annoyed tone.

“Then it’ll be too hot.”

“What?” He sputters. “You’re... you’re being ridiculous.”

“And you’re being *annoying*.”

Dream sighs, sounding frustrated, but George doesn’t care, because he doesn’t get why Dream is being so insistent about filming this video right now. There’s a million better things they could do instead, and he’s not being understanding or listening to a thing George is saying. He’s literally woken up after two or three measly hours of sleep before to record with Dream, surely he’s proven his dedication at this point. Why can’t he let it slide... just this once?

“This is your problem, George. You won’t listen, you never listen to sense.”

Okay. That’s it.

“I’m the one not listening?” He says in the most incredulous voice. “How? I’ve literally said—I want to do this tomorrow. I didn’t say I don’t want to do it at all, I just, I wanted it pushed back. If anyone’s not making sense, it’s you! Why are you so obsessed with doing this right now? You keep bothering me about it, even though I’ve very clearly stated that I don’t want to,” he huffs, frowning and upset. “Are you not in the mood or something? Do you want me to leave? Because

you can just say it if that's what this is. There's no need... to pretend this is about being productive, or wanting to--

"That's, that's not what I'm doing--" he takes a deep breath--"okay, listen. George... it's just a video, okay? And it'll make both of us feel so much better if we just went and did it to get things over and done with. This is our job. We've been neglecting it for a while and that's starting to worry me. I know it seems like an annoying task, but it'll be over before you know it. We'll make it quick, okay? Do it? For me?"

George mulls over it for a moment. It almost convinces him, but it still feels stupid. Sure, a few months ago he'd jump at the chance to film with Dream, to be cool and productive and spend time with him, but now? That just feels like a waste of time. There's better and far more enjoyable ways to spend time with Dream now. He's not sure why they aren't entertaining the thought, he's not bothering to tell George whether he wants or doesn't want to have sex. He's just been running his mouth about work. Maybe it's time to be even more direct.

"Counter offer," he says after exhaling. "I'll work on that," he emphasizes, pulling the waistband of Dream's pants, letting it smack back against his hips. His eyes flick down then back up very quickly, sending a clear signal.

Dream's face seems to lighten up at this prospect, but he still rolls his eyes. "Oh, come on. You'd really suck my dick before filming a Minecraft video with me?"

"Why not?" he shrugs. "It's so much easier, and like, faster. You come so quick."

This makes him all vexed now. "Quick? I, I don't. Not *that* quick, right? I feel like I last long enough."

"You last, yes, but not for hours and hours," he points out. "Which is how long filming takes, by the way. Why can't we just do it tomorrow? Actually tell me. I don't get why you're being so difficult. I thought you liked having sex."

"Not when you're using it to bribe me so I don't make you work," Dream says, and the statement rubs George all wrong. The way Dream's behaving right now is so unprecedented, nothing like the man he's known these last few weeks. What's gotten into him today? "Look, I'm just... in the mood to record right now, okay?" He deflates in explanation, averting George's unamused eyes. "If we wait till tomorrow, I could be in like, a totally different zone, I might just not feel up to it anymore. I don't wanna risk that."

George sighs a little more wearily than usual, sensing some sincerity in this struggle. But ultimately, because he knows himself and because he knows Dream, he still thinks it's wrong. He's not sure what else there is to it, but he's not letting any of this slide. He's getting his way, because quite frankly, he's the only one making sense.

"Okay, but... you forgot something else there," he starts off. "It's great that you're in the mood and everything but *I'm* not in the mood right now. Like, definitely not. And if we record right now the recording's going to be all trash and you'll hate it and then we'll just have to record it again. If you're not in the mood tomorrow, then we'll try again some other time. It's fine. But we should both be in the mood to record if we're going to record. *That's* the whole point. Do you get it now, Dream?"

He seems to be getting other ideas. "You know what? That gets me thinking... maybe I don't need to be in a specific mood to record. And you're right, George. I could probably record the video tomorrow just fine. But we don't have time tomorrow, and we might not have time the day after

that, and we might end up busy as hell the whole week after. You know when we're definitely free though? Right fucking now, George. So please. It's just Minecraft. We don't need to be in a super specific mood to do what we always do, what we've done for years without much of an issue. I don't get why you're protesting so—

"Oh my god," he groans, slumping over in bed again like he's just been stabbed. "Stop! Enough! You're an idiot!" He clears his throat, exhaling after he says this all in quick succession. "This is... so unfair. You're making my life so hard, Dream."

"George—"

"No, seriously," he huffs very dramatically, chest rising like the sun that might come up if they don't stop talking about this soon. "You're forcing me to work when I don't want to. How's that fair? It's messed up, is what it is. What if this made me cry, Dream? What if I started crying right now?"

"You're not gonna cry," he mocks in a condescending voice, snorting for good measure. "You wouldn't, not over this, I know you don't actually care."

Well, that may be true, but George gets up and presses into Dream's personal space anyway, getting right up in his face. You could say he took it as a taunt.

"Doesn't matter," he tells him. "I could cry anyway. Make you crack. I bet you'd take it all back and apologize."

Dream's head cocks to one side as he stares back. He licks his lips once. "I've seen you cry," he points out. "It's not as effective as you think it is. And I can do it too, so, get fucked."

George composes himself with a heaving breath, trying not to get distracted by Dream. He hates how there's some part of him that finds this all fun. This side of him that Dream brings out, something no one else could replicate.

"That's... different," he swallows. "That's me faking it as a meme. You couldn't handle the real thing. You'd cave instantly, like the stupid little simp you are."

There is this ominous air to the way he plainly chuckles in response. "Oh, is that so?"

Dream begins to run those unbearable fingers through George's hair, bringing an energy between them that had hidden away earlier on in their conversation. This energy heats up quick, ever so palpable as that disastrous hand now descends to cup his jaw. That thumb of Dream's brushes against his cheek, agonizing in the way it makes him gulp. Now, he leans in, and George foolishly shuts his eyes.

What a scoundrel. He misses George's lips at the last second and moves to his ear. The warmth shifts and becomes torturous in its denial, dangling that intimacy right above George's nose.

"Go ahead, George, cry."

He blinks, breathing hard. "I..."

"Do it," he taunts in a whisper. "Gonna cry? Then start weeping, baby."

The pet name makes him whine with want. Hell is a place on earth and while it's not surprising that it's in Orlando, Florida, it's crazy that George finds it in Dream's bed, a place that's usually paradise. There's something about Dream's low whispered voice, his dangerous proximity, and the

perilous touch of his hands, that just might do George in. If this is all part of his ploy to make George do his bidding, then it's cheating, because it's working.

"You can't..." he gasps. "You can't talk like that."

It's all futile. It's all pointless. He knows Dream won't take any of it back, if anything, he'll only get worse. And he does.

"Why not?" He asks, slight whine to his voice. "Are you gonna cry even harder? Well go ahead, George. I could always make you stop anyway."

It takes him a moment, but George gets some tears to roll down his face, mouth gaping open to exhale. It's not that hard a task, given the situation at hand. Being touched by Dream is agony. Feeling his warmth and hearing that voice wraps him up in these inescapable forces, spinning that head silly.

"How? How would you stop me?"

"It's easy," he tells him, moving to kiss a tear away, placing light, dainty kisses, up towards his eye. He continues to kiss his way through the maze of George's face, attacking his nose, his cheeks, before landing like a grand finale (not the manhunt kind) on his aching lips. He keeps kissing those lips, putting George's pliant body in his lap and taking him as he pleases. It continues for a while until it reaches some sort of turning point, and Dream decides to push him off and smirk away instead of being a man and sucking his dick.

"See?" He continues, beaming a little breathless, like he didn't just display complete cowardice. "Just like that. And I'd keep kissing you, till you stop crying your dumb little eyes out. Isn't that horrible?"

He wants to tell him to shut the fuck up and take that stupid shirt off. But he plays along. For the moment. Just to see where this goes.

"Oh yeah," he lies in an even voice. "Sounds terrible, actually. I won't cry from now on."

"Good," Dream says in praise, moving in to kiss his forehead this time, like it isn't cruel of him to do. He kisses the top of his head after, and that feels worse, somehow, in the best way possible. His heart aches in a way that's so soothing. He takes a deep whiff of George's hair. "Holy crap that smells amazing," he remarks, sounding dizzy. "What the hell do you put in there?"

"Your mother bought it for me," George explains. "That's not even a roast, it's like, what literally happened."

"What the fuck?" Dream frowns, sounding betrayed in the most endearing way. "When? And why didn't she get some for me?"

"Because I was with her when she bought it at the store," he says. "I picked it out and everything, thought it looked cool. It was the most expensive brand there too but we didn't care because you basically have infinite money and we were using your card." He smirks after he says this. "How does it feel, Dream? You paid for the date I went on with your mum."

"Okay—*no*," he says sternly with a warning finger. It makes George burst out laughing completely, and he pulls away from Dream because it's too good. "George, you cannot say shit like that when we last had sex *with each other* less than twenty four hours ago."

"Oh, okay," George says with derision. "So *that's* the line."

“Yes,” he emphasizes. “That’s obviously the line. You don’t fuck a man then say you’re about to fuck his mom that you were just hanging out with the other day in the next sentence.”

“Cool, cool,” George nods far too many times. “So what about everything you’ve said about my mum? And everything you’ve continued to say even after you slept with me?”

Dream’s eyes shift in thought. “That’s, that’s different.”

“How?” He scoffs, but neutralizes his expression. “Explain it to me.”

“Uh, well, technically—I’ve never met your damn mother,” he says coarse and harsh. “I don’t even know what she looks like because you’re a sick little gatekeeper. If I did, I’d probably wanna fuck her—“

“What is *wrong* with you—“

“It’s the truth!” He exclaims, tossing his hands up in gesticulation. “Like, you’re clearly kidding about wanting my mom, but I know you’re hiding your crazy MILF-y mom from us—“

“DREAM—“

“—because there’s no way she isn’t mad hot! That’s the truth, and everyone knows it. You don’t pop out a stupid beautiful son like that without being some... insane goddess among men,” he exasperates.

This makes George blush, which is a bizarre way to feel in the midst of his rage. He wants to punch Dream in the face *and* he wants to slam their hips together. He’s not proud of the feeling.

“That’s why you’d never show any of us what she looks like, let alone... let us meet her, probably. Because the ‘fucking your mom’ jokes would stop being jokes when people make them with you.”

Never mind. He’s a fucking nightmare, and George looks blankly at him with a shrug, because there’s no winning here. He avoids eye contact at all cost without making it look deliberate, and folds his arms, putting distance between them.

It makes Dream sigh, looking apologetic. “I’m sorry,” he says. “That was... that was a joke, I took it too far, and I take it back.”

“I don’t care,” he coldly declares, and Dream gets more pathetic about it.

“George...” he whines, pulling him close, and god, that’s just cheating. “I swear to god, okay? I was kidding, I promise I won’t ever sleep with your mom,” he continues. “Pinky promise.”

“Shut up,” he mumbles, feeling himself wilt like a wither rose. If only Dream could take damage from touching him like this. He’s so annoying.

He kisses George again. “Come on,” he fervently implores, like that wasn’t bad enough. “Just forgive me,” he says. “Forgive me, George.”

“No,” he says, everything about it completely unconvincing. “You think you can just kiss me like, some idiot, and then everything’s just fixed.”

“I do think that,” he says without shame, and George feels this burn him from the neck down. “I also know you’re not actually mad. So stop pretending. I already said I’m not sleeping with your mom. I like you too much for that. And I care about... not ruining our friendship, obviously.”

“Yeah? Well I don’t,” he retaliates. “I hate you, and I’m seducing your mother—“

Dream explodes with a sharp, short laugh. “Stop,” he begs, pressing his face into George’s shoulder as he lets the giggles out. “You’re not doing that.”

“Fine,” George relents like it takes so much effort and deliberation to decide against, and Dream lifts his head up. “I guess I won’t do that. But in all fairness, I could probably pull it off. She did say I was her new favorite. Likes me more than you now.”

“She did *not* say that,” Dream says disbelievingly. “Like you more than Sapnap? That I could buy, but me? No shot. I’m her little boy. Her first son. Her precious baby. And I give her money, which neither of you do, so—“

“Wow...” George marvels in mock judgement. “That’s messed up, Dream. You’re saying you bought her love with your money? And that’s why she would like you more than me?”

“What?” His face scrunches up in complete bewilderment. “No, idiot. That’s, that’s so rich coming from you, by the way. You’re an actual gold digger.”

“How am I an *actual* gold digger?” He immediately questions. “At what point did you pay me for any of this? You know what? Maybe I should start charging. If we go by the hour—“

“I’m not *paying* you to have sex with me, are you crazy?” He shakes his head, scoffing for good measure. “You are just... such an idiot. Forget it, George. Let’s go back to talking about when the fuck my mom came over. I just can’t think of any point in time where the both of you were out and I didn’t know about it somehow. Was I working on something?”

“You were watching American football, actually,” George snickers. “You were too excited to notice, because some stupid guy kicked some stupid field goal and scored like, points, or whatever. Or was it a touchdown? I don’t know. I don’t care, it was dumb, so I left.”

“Don’t call Caleb Williams stupid,” Dream complains, and George feels his eyes roll back into his skull. Dream is such a loser and he definitely doesn’t feel any anger at the thought of him caring so much about that American football guy and talking about him this fondly. “He’s a game changer, and besides, don’t you always watch the games with me? I’ve seen you cheer. I thought you had fun.”

“I don’t know,” he shrugs. “Yeah, it’s cool sometimes, and it’s funny watching you scream your head off. But sometimes I need a break, and you almost never pay attention to me when we’re watching. It gets annoying, and that day your mum was over, so somehow I ended up going to the store with her. She’s a good driver. I helped her carry things.”

“Huh,” he does a slow, singular nod. “Okay. Glad you guys got to bond. Sounds like a cute time. I’m gonna... borrow some of your shampoo. Until she gets me some of that too. That okay?”

George shrugs. “I guess. Just, don’t use it all up.” He reconsiders this and thinks about how disastrously this could end. “Never mind. You might use it all up. You’re not getting any.”

“What?” He gasps, taking full offense at the decision. “Are you kidding me, George? You bought that with my money! I could just... go get it right now, and it’d technically be mine. Or I could barge into the shower and take it from you right before you use it next time. See how that’d feel, you prick.”

“Ew, that’s so gross,” he remarks, hugging himself and pretending to look disgusted. “Why are you barging into my shower while I’m naked? Are you a creep? Or like a pervert or something?”

“WHAT?” he scoffs very hard, looking enraged. “I’m not a pervert! George, I’ve literally seen you naked, what are you—”

“Fine, if you’re not a creep, then wait till we go on another grocery run,” he cuts in, completely unbothered. “Or like, order it online, like we do for most of the stuff in this house anyway. Truth be told, there wasn’t much we needed to get at the supermarket because of that. If you’re so desperate for store-bought shampoo and conditioner, you can go get it yourself. You’ve face revealed anyway... it won’t even matter if you get spotted.”

Dream calms down, even though he was never actually angry to begin with. “True. I—” something hits him—“wait. Why are we talking about this? Weren’t we, weren’t we talking about our video?”

“Oh, right,” he says in a bored voice. “Guess we must’ve gotten sidetracked. Entirely your fault, by the way.”

“How is it—”

George kisses him immediately, but it’s not because he’s a sexual deviant. He’s trying to remind Dream of what he did, the distracting things that sent them on this road. Dream melts against his mouth like he’s already admitting defeat. The kiss lingers a little while after the point’s been put across, but who’s going to be the judge of that?

“Are we clear?”

He asks this when their mouths separate, breath hot and inches away from each other, before George pulls away even more.

Dream’s lips press together like he wasn’t ready for the kiss to end, and he blinks to steady himself. “Uh... yeah. Loud and clear. That was my fault, I’ll call it what it is. But... I still stand by what I said earlier. We should uh... film. I mean, you’re very clearly just not tired. Come on, George. You’re flowing with energy, it’s perfect for making a video.”

“No,” he tells him outright, falling back down in bed. “I’m not doing this again.”

Dream sighs, getting down on his stomach to reach George’s eye level. “George... I know I’m being a little hard on you. But we need to have discipline, okay? We can’t just go back on everything we said we’d do when you moved here and abandon all those projects and let our channels collect dust. We need to make money—I need to make money—in order to keep. Housing you for free forever, apparently. You need me to stay rich. That’s what you want, right?”

George doesn’t know what the hell he’s talking about. “Huh?” He expresses as such. “Dream, I don’t care,” he says. “You could go bankrupt the next day, I’d still be here.”

“But you said—”

“Forget what I said,” he interrupts, dragging Dream over, pulling him close. George thinks he might go insane if he doesn’t get an orgasm within the next hour. It’s kind of strange, actually, because his sex drive never used to be this high, this reactive. But it’s convenient right now, because this might be the only thing that could get him out of Dream’s work boner (an actual boner). “Let’s meet halfway,” he tells him. “Have sex with me, and then we’ll do that right after. I’ll be good, and I’ll listen. Whatever you want, okay?”

Dream seals the deal without question, their mouths coming together with that magnetic pull, full of intent this time. George kisses him all desperate and sloppy and wanting, finding it hilarious just how easy it is to rile Dream up, getting him to want what’s in his pants instead of whatever’s in

their computers. Maybe George shouldn't have bothered arguing at all tonight. He should've just went in for that kiss the second Dream opened his blabber mouth. He should've just started taking his clothes off.

Then again... the tension of waiting, the question of *will they, won't they*, and all the sharp words exchanged... makes it all that much better, all that more fun now that Dream's finally pinning him to the mattress and having his way with him. George can tell this is somewhat cathartic for Dream too, like the self-denial and pain of not getting George to do his bidding all piled up and this is his way of making him pay. Of taking back that control.

And also, maybe he just really wanted to put his cock in George's mouth. Regardless of any of this. He isn't complaining, though. It's what he's wanted all day.

Clothes slip off fast, and then furious. George finds himself a whimpering mess under Dream as he tortures him, giving him what he wants but in the slowest, most agonizing way possible. He spoils George with kisses, being so close and so clingy with his touches and the sweet nothings he spouts. It's almost as if he didn't just spend ages tirelessly arguing that they split off to do work in separate rooms. Now, he looks like he wouldn't leave this bed even if you dragged him out of it. Looks like he won't let George go even if you tried to pry him away. Good. It's perfect. It's exactly how George wants him.

They get carried away, and take far too long having fun. It's almost easy how well Dream responds to him, how simple it is to convince him to go for one more round where they'll inevitably tire themselves out more, instead of stopping and being responsible. It's so fun being such a bad influence, being the person that makes Dream the workaholic abandon all his plans just so George will kiss him again, touch him again, save his life with that tongue.

When they settle down, get cleaned up, and collapse together to sleep for the night, George swears, at some point, he hears Dream murmur *why can't I say no to you?* before pulling him closer, as he's on the brink of exhaustion. The words almost feel sad, so weak, so helpless, despondent. Like he's disappointed with himself, like he tried so hard and yet... he couldn't. George would feel sorry for him if he weren't the person Dream is supposedly so incapable of denying.

The video ends up getting filmed and edited the very next day to compensate for how bad they were being. Like he had promised, George works hard, puts in his all, and makes all sorts of funny quips as they record. He doesn't do anything to distract Dream during the editing process, even putting in the effort to observe and give his input. It's worth it, really, because he gets to see that look of pride and relief on Dream's face when they're done, when he's playing back the finished video for George to watch, and when they get Sapnap in to see what they were working on. They post the video without looking back, and have fun little flings under the covers to celebrate. Views rack up like crazy every time they take a break to check, and George whispers praise he won't repeat elsewhere into Dream's eager little ears.

Everything is perfect and awesome again.

"This is... where you wanted to take me?"

Dream slams his door shut as he gets out of the car, walking over to George. "Well... yeah," he says, looking concerned. "Did you wanna go someplace else?"

It had happened so randomly. They don't go out very often, it's usually something they plan in advance, or, it's them going out to eat. George tends to know where they're going beforehand, is the whole point here. But Dream came up to him suddenly, so spontaneous and excited and full of smiles. He had his car keys, and asked George if he was busy, asked if he wanted to come along for the ride, go hang out wherever Dream took them. George said yes, of course. How could he resist that look? He could've had a million things to do within the hour and he would've still said yes.

They drove for a long time too. It was a very pleasant drive, don't get him wrong, but at some point George was half-convinced Dream was driving them to some secluded place to have sex. Instead, they're here.

"No, not really," he responds, looking around him. "I just—are we at a supermarket? This isn't... where your mum took me last time."

Dream rolls his eyes. "I mean, duh. I wanted to make sure we went somewhere far enough away."

George breaks out into a huge grin. "Aw, Dream. Were you jealous because I went to Target with your mum?"

"Shut up," he nudges him playfully. "Well, maybe. I wouldn't say jealous, more like... it made me realize I've never been grocery shopping with you. And it made me wanna just like, do it. For fun. Because you and I don't get to go out and just hang out somewhere... like ever. So I thought this would be a good place to start. We can go somewhere else if you don't want to though."

"No, this is fine, it's nice."

"Yeah, I mean..." he shrugs, smiling sheepishly. "Any place cooler and it'd be weird not to bring Sappap, right?"

George snorts, deciding not to question why they didn't bring Sappap. "Exactly. We should stop standing around, let's go in," he looks at Dream. "Will you buy me cool stuff?"

He's not sure what cool stuff they have at the supermarket, but he wants the assurance anyway.

"Sure," he beams, and it's warmer than sunshine. "Anything you want."

This makes his greedy heart grow three sizes.

"Buy me the whole store, Dream."

"No," he refuses with a chuckle, pushing the small of George's back so he keeps walking. "You're such an idiot."

"You said you'd buy me anything I wanted."

"Anything within *reason*."

"Buying a supermarket's perfectly reasonable," he contests in an ostentatious voice. "It's a good business strategy, think about it."

"You're not making me budge, George, give up. I know you don't actually wanna run a fucking supermarket. I mean, you can barely even run your own YouTube channel."

It makes George roll his eyes, but he decides to ignore that last bit. "Okay, whatever, but... that's

the thing. I wouldn't run it. We'd just own a supermarket. We could start it as a side business. Like MrBeast Burger, but we sell groceries, and we make like, so much money. I'm serious. Think about it, Dream. We'd never have to go grocery shopping again. How is that not a good idea?"

Dream ignores him in lieu of grabbing a shopping cart. It dawns on George how nostalgic this all feels. All those times in university, going on crazy late night runs to the supermarket with his friends, his housemates. The silly things they'd do, randomly hopping in each other's shopping carts, making games out of the mundane activity. Laughing too loud, getting warned by random security guards, pushing and shoving each other in reminder to behave, randomly blaming each other for being too loud. Oh, those were the days. George doesn't want to be back there at all. But he will admit there's a part of him that misses the chaos.

This drives him to grab onto Dream's shopping cart so that he can climb in, sitting right smack in the center of it and grinning wildly at the other man.

"What?" Dream snorts in reaction. "What are you, a baby? Get out George, people are gonna make fun of you."

"We used to do this all the time back in university," he explains. "There's barely anyone here, Dream, we'll be fine. Just push me around for a bit. It's... it's fun."

It shouldn't be so easy to convince him, but Dream begins to oblige him without another word. George continues to sit facing him, watching as Dream cautiously enters the building, turning into an empty aisle, occasionally looking down at George, who casts a well-behaved smile back at him just in case he changes his mind. It makes Dream grin extra wide every time their eyes meet, looking away immediately, almost as if he's shy. George is pretty sure he's just embarrassed. But looking around the supermarket, there's barely anyone here, which is remarkably convenient for them. George would probably be a tiny bit more ashamed if they were, he'd have gotten out way sooner if there were more judgmental eyes around these parts. But no one is watching them, which is so crazy and epic. It almost feels redundant for the supermarket to be this big when it's not being frequented all that much.

"So, your friends all babied you even back in college?" He asks, after a few minutes of wandering around aimlessly.

"They weren't *babying* me," George insists. "We were just having fun. We used to race each other and stuff, with like, someone sitting in the trolley. And someone else pushing it, obviously. We made a game out of it. I remember this one time, this guy, a friend of mine, pushed me so fast I nearly fell out," he giggles. "I could've gotten a concussion."

"That's so irresponsible," Dream frowns in disapproval, and past experience tells George that he's fighting the urge to ask who that guy was. It's just how he is. It appears that he isn't asking today. "How did you... not get in trouble?"

"We did get yelled at once or twice. It was funny."

"And incredibly dangerous," he shakes his head. "You could've gotten hurt, George. Or crashed into someone, and gotten them hurt."

"True," George relents. "But we only ever did it when there was barely anyone there. In hindsight we never should've messed around to begin with, but... I miss it. I haven't had that kind of fun in so long. There's this adrenaline you get when someone flies down the aisle with you, almost like they don't care. There's no feeling like it. Although, maybe—"

He doesn't get to finish his sentence, words turning into a sharp shriek when Dream takes off running down the aisle, faster than he ever remembers going. It stops almost as soon as it starts, and Dream only covers half the aisle, clearly out of worry that they might crash into something. But it doesn't matter, because it was so fucking awesome, and George's heart is pounding like a mallet on a whack-a-mole machine.

Dream bursts out laughing at him. "What was *that*?" he teases. "You sounded like you were getting murdered."

"I didn't expect that," he says. "But that was great, Dream. Do it again."

"No!" He instantly refuses. "I shouldn't have done it in the first place. I just kinda wanted to see your reaction. We'd cause a scene with you screeching like that. How are you always so loud?"

"Dream, please," he pesters him tirelessly. "I'll be good, I promise. I'll keep my mouth shut this time, because it's not unexpected now. Just do that again."

Dream groans so deeply and exhaustingly, but he relents and lets George have his way. This time, when he screams, it's really more of a prank, and he doesn't do it as loud, but it stops Dream in his tracks immediately.

"Okay, no, *no*—"

"That one was a joke. That one was a joke! I was just trolling, I swear, but this time—"

"I don't trust you anymore!" He snickers, jolting the cart as some sort of punishment, except it doesn't do anything. "Know what? Get out, George. You're just gonna trick me into doing that again if you keep sitting in here."

"Fine," he gives in, standing up in the cart, but he wobbles slightly and gets intimidated. "Uh, Dream?"

"What is it?"

"I'm scared."

"What do you mean you're scared? I'm grabbing on, you'll be fine. Just climb out."

"I don't know," he continues to stoop lower and hold onto those metal grilles. "I'm just scared for some reason. Could you help me get out?"

He doesn't question it further, and soon, strong hands grab under his arms and lift him out. It's a nice few seconds and they linger as Dream puts him down on the ground. They stare, and it's a heated gaze they share, the urge to do something they shouldn't in public building up. George feels every brush of Dream's hands as they gradually let go.

"Wow," he says, to fill in the silence, to justify the way they're looking at each other. "I can't believe you didn't drop me."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he says contemptuously. "Did you want me to? Because I can do that right now—"

"No," George smiles widely, expertly dodging Dream's attempts to capture him, sprinting to the other side of the trolley. "I'm good, thank you. Let's get cereal. I want to have cereal in our house."

"Alright, sure," Dream obliges, and they walk over to the cereal aisle, getting lost several times.

They end up really getting into the shopping. George has seen most of the brands and products they have here, either through the random quick grocery store runs he's been on since he moved here, or just through pictures and posts he's seen on the internet and messages with friends over the years. But he's never had the time to truly explore like this, to take his time, looking and reading and observing. It's a good thing Dream doesn't care, and besides, taking his time is half the reason they came here in the first place. What's even more fun than perusing the items is asking Dream questions, and hearing all his stories. It's fantastic, because a question as simple as asking what his favorite after-school snack was as a kid would launch the man into a long ass saga he'd spend ages describing in the most engaging ways. George could listen to him for hours and he does.

Eventually, however, they find themselves with a shopping cart full of groceries and no more aisles to explore. That's how they call it quits, queuing up to pay for their stuff. The only problem is, they forgot to get Sapnap his favorite cheese puffs, the one thing he asked for when he texted them earlier and found out they were at the store.

"Maybe we can just tell him to go get it himself?"

"Dream, just go and fetch it. We've been out for hours, he'll start asking questions if we come back after all that and don't even bring him his snacks. You can take your time, I think we're being held up right now."

This is true. The supermarket started filling up with more and more people the longer they spent in there. It's kind of annoying actually, but they're on the cusp of departure, so he pushes through, trying not to focus on his solitude, hoping Dream will return sooner rather than later.

A few moments after, he notices a tall man enter his peripheral vision. It's not Dream, and George starts to wonder if it's a fan when he introduces himself.

"Hi. I saw you across the aisle and then a few more times in other aisles and just... every time I saw you I got even more affected. Like there was no one else in the world but you that, that I could see," he states, awkwardly chuckling as he pushed his hair back. "I knew I had to shoot my shot, so this is me, shooting my shot."

Oh. Probably not a fan then. This is kind of awkward, but truth be told, it's not exactly an unfamiliar situation. He doesn't leave the house much, but he's had his fair share of encounters like this, where strangers would just go up to him or start talking to him in... in a weird way. Something like this. But he's turned those people down before, as painfully awkward as it had been, and he can do it again now.

"Uh... I don't know what to say. This is, this is awfully nice of you to say, but--"

"You don't have to decide now," he says with an understanding smile. "I know how sudden this is, but I'd really like to get to know you. It's no pressure though, so let me just give you my contact details. You can call me, text me, email me, slip into my DMs, whatever. You can also ignore me. I'll take my chances."

He hands George some sort of name card with various means of reaching him on it. The entire gesture is confusing him a little. He's been hit on by confident, forward people before, yes, but he doesn't recall situations where men go up to him and don't even check if he's... attracted to men or not. The way he's talking, this man doesn't seem like he's about to ask at any point.

"Uh..."

"God, this was such a bitch to find." Dream's voice makes his heart stop freezing over and causes

it to dash away from hiding, in sheer gratitude that he's no longer alone in this situation. "He'd better be fucking grateful once we're home," he stuffs the bag in the shopping cart, before looking up in perplexity. "Hey, uh. What's going on here?"

"Oh, sorry," the man apologizes. "I'm assuming you're his roommate. I was just asking him out."

"I see," there's this cutting edge to Dream's voice, almost poisonous. "It's a shame my roommate's taken then. You'll have to ask out someone else."

"Oh," he ruminates over this. "Oh..." he nods his head up and down in understanding. "My apologies. I didn't mean to make things so awkward. I didn't realize you were a couple."

"We're not a couple," George says instinctively, out of habit, and he realizes a second later what a strange dissonance this is, given how Dream's arm is wrapped so protectively around his shoulder.

"What?"

"Huh?"

George hears both of them say this at the same time. Thankfully, it's their turn at the cash register, giving him half an out. "Sorry. But I have to go. I've got to... sorry."

He rushes to put items within reach of the cashier like it's the most important task in the world, hands shivering like they're cold, even though it's not. He doesn't know what to do, and Dream doesn't say anything either, just stands there, lingering, arms sort of crossed. George is too afraid to look him in the eye. When he looks behind them, he realizes the man who asked him out is gone. Dream pushes past him to pay, grabbing as many of their groceries as he can carry. George trails behind him with the lighter bags, fewer in number, and awkwardly helps load everything into the back of their car.

Dream only speaks up once they're sat and buckled in their seats.

"Why'd you correct him?"

The question catches him off guard, even though it should've been expected.

"What?"

"Earlier," he clarifies. "That dude who was hitting on you. I gave you an easy out, but you went out of your way to make sure he knew we weren't dating. Honestly, that was kinda weird. Made things way more awkward."

"He still left," George weakly defends.

"Yeah, but he'd have felt way less worse if you had just let him believe you were with me. Like, what? Are you ashamed of me or something? Would rather die than let someone believe we were a thing?"

"No," George says before he can think. And then he thinks. "It's... it's too risky Dream. We're too well known, that guy could've secretly known us and like, tried to expose us if I hadn't denied it."

"Oh yes," he scoffs. "Because that's what'll make us dating seem undeniable—some random dude going on the internet to claim he hit on you, but couldn't get you to say yes because we told him we were dating. Even if we were dating George—and we genuinely had to hide it—how is *that* how we keep the secret? We could just as easily tell everyone that that dude lied, or, that we, that

we lied *to him* to make him leave.” He hollows his cheeks out when he exhales, cooling down, calming down from his heated words. “Look... I don’t want you to get the wrong idea. I wasn’t trying to like... pull a fast one. I wouldn’t tell strangers we were dating out of some... sick need to be your boyfriend, okay? I genuinely did that to help you.”

Oh. That’s... nice. He supposes. George doesn’t know what to say. He lets the words process for a minute. He wasn’t trying to be a dick when he said all that, he didn’t think Dream was trying to make a move or something crazy. Of course he’d never do that. He’s just a good friend. His best friend.

“Thanks,” he says. “And... I didn’t mean to do that. What you’re saying makes a lot of sense I just... I just got really panicked, and what was happening—it just all felt so... strange. I didn’t realize what I was doing.”

Dream’s eyes soften in sympathy. He puts his hand over George in concern, and he lets the touch linger, lets it comfort him. “Are you okay?” He asks. “Do you wanna talk about it?”

“It’s nothing,” he assures. “I just felt weird mostly because he seemed so... sure of himself.”

“Some guys are kind of cocky—“

“No, it’s not that,” he clarifies. “He just seemed so... like he didn’t even *check* if I was into men or not. He just went for it, and based the possibility of me rejecting him on me just, not liking him or something. I don’t know how else to describe it. Hm,” he ponders. “Maybe I could ask him. He did give me his contact details.”

“He what?”

George whips out the card, and starts dialing his number. It’s a tiny bit risky, but it’d take the guy being a smart hacker to do anything damaging, and the worst possible outcome he foresees is really just him having to change his number. No matter how hard he tries, he just can’t shake this curiosity. There’s no other way to handle this.

“Wait, what are you—“ Dream scoffs at his actions—“you’re actually calling him? George, what happened to him possibly secretly knowing who we are?”

“It’ll be fine, I’m calling him anonymously so he won’t get my number,” he says, brushing off the concerns. “Here, I’ll let you listen—“ he puts the phone on speaker—“you can help decide if he’s hiding something or not. Maybe he really does know who we are and that’s why he was asking me out so shamelessly, never expected a yes—“

He picks up the phone.

“Hello?”

“Uh... hello. It’s me. From the store. You know, the one you gave—“

“I remember you,” he interjects curtly. “I didn’t expect you to call.”

“I had a question.”

“Ask away.”

George doesn’t expect him to be so okay with it. He’s not even sure he expected to get this far. Now, asking feels a little weird. But he can’t just back out now. “When you were asking me out...

why did you just. It seemed like you already knew I liked men or something. Not that I do, or don't, but, uh, that's irrelevant. I'm just wondering why you didn't ask. Don't most people ask?"

"Oh. Hm..." he sighs. "I don't know. I just thought you looked so slay. You know, you just... looked kind of gay."

Dream bursts out laughing at this, and is unable to cut himself off in time to make it not weird.

"Ignore him," George feels his face grow red and kind of angry, in a sense. "What's that supposed to mean, what do you mean I *look* gay?"

"I meant more like... vibe wise. Sorry, if I got it all mixed up. But... gaydar, I guess? I see you and I sense it, kinda thing. I looked at you and just felt like you probably like men. Guess I was. I don't know. I can't tell if I was right or wrong now. I thought your roommate looked kinda like, like he was into men too. Which was also why I thought you were dating. Sorry."

"It's alright," George assures, feeling... better now? He's not sure, but he can't fault the guy for picking up a vibe. He can't fault the guy in general, honestly, on either of their behalves. "We get that a lot."

He chuckles to himself. "Yeah, I bet you do. Listen... I doubt you're interested in me. I don't know what else you want, but it's definitely not a date. This was nice and all, but I do have to go now. I don't really wanna talk to you if we're not gonna get involved. So... bye."

"Bye," George says, a little shocked at the abruptness and frankness, watching as he gets hung up on.

"Hm," Dream grunts as he makes a turn. The view outside the car window is mesmerizing. It does nothing to make him feel less weird about today's events. "Kind of rude, but okay. You're not missing out on a guy like that, honestly."

"Do you think it would've been funny if I asked him out after he said all that?" George says, in hopes of finding something lighthearted to distract themselves with.

It earns him a pity laugh. "Maybe. Mostly cruel though, after everything he went through with us."

"The real cruel thing would've been to go on a date with him," George snorts at himself. "Could you imagine?"

Dream doesn't laugh, he looks distressed if anything, confused. "I don't get it. What's so bad about going on a date with you? Feels like it'd be a good time."

That wasn't really what he was trying to say, but now he's curious to know exactly what Dream means by that. "And how would you know?"

"Well," he shrugs. "A date's more or less just hanging out with someone, right? I... hang out with you all the time. And it's always fun, I, I always have fun with you. So, yeah. Can't see... how it'd be that much different for anyone else."

This launches him into silence. But it's warm and safe, not cold and uncertain the way silence tends to be. "I see. That's nice of you, Dream."

"I'm just being honest," his gaze deepens in concern. "Why? Have you been on some bad dates before? Gotten drinks thrown in your face?"

“Don’t know,” George taps his fingers on the upholstery. “I haven’t been on too many dates. You knew that.”

“I do but like... why not? You never really explained that.”

“It was always random people asking,” he says, shrugging and leaning back. “Felt weird. I’d say no most of the time.”

Dream nods carefully, licking his tongue around his lips as he considers his next words. “And if it was... someone like me? If I asked you on a date would you go?”

“No,” he says instinctively, because Dream begs a confusing question that George doesn’t know why he’s asking. He starts laughing after that, in hopes of smoothing over the situation, making light of it, making a joke out of it, so his answer doesn’t seem too definitive, whilst also giving him enough plausible deniability to stay safe. The things Dream says, the things he asks... they’re so dangerous sometimes.

He pouts, making fake crying noises, and George is half sure he was just kidding around at this point. “George. Come on. Don’t break my heart like that.”

“Don’t care,” he says with that usual abrasiveness, chuckling at Dream, eyes sparkling in the early evening sun. “I would never go on a date with you.”

It doesn’t fail to make Dream smile, but he still continues on with his dramatic bit. “You’re so mean to me, George,” he playfully laments. “Why the hell not?”

“How does that matter?” He snorts. “Who even cares, you’d never actually ask me out.”

Dream brings the car to a stop at a red light, turning to look at him. It stops feeling so funny after that.

“Why do you think that?”

He clears his throat. “You just... you wouldn’t.”

“Okay.” He seems tense upon saying this. “But if, let’s say, I did. Is it still a no?”

His fingers fidget amongst themselves, threatening to sweat. “Why are you asking me this?”

Dream looks just as flummoxed, mouth gaping open before he shrugs. “It’s just... a question. For fun. Think of it as an opinion, on like, how date-able I am. It’s nothing weird, so just... tell me?”

“If it doesn’t mean anything, then why do you care what my answer would be?” George shifts uncomfortably, tone sharp in a way he can’t control. “If you want your ego stroked, Dream, go out and hit on literally anyone else.”

“I’m not trying to—” he cuts himself off—“never mind. Forget it. I, I’m sorry.”

The light turns green, but the atmosphere in their car isn’t quite so serene. They spend the rest of the drive in complete silence. This time, it feels so strange and lonely even though they’re together.

“Did you ever have a phase?”

Dream asks this, interestingly, as they’re making dinner for Patches. Well, Dream’s making dinner for Patches. George is watching, and cradling Patches in his arms. She is sniffing in curiosity, eyes wide open. Earlier, she had been napping peacefully as they watched movies.

“What phase?”

The question confuses him, and so he enquires with the slightest bit of hesitation. Dream’s questions have led them down treacherous paths recently, thrown them down pits that have been a bitch to get out of (meaning, they pretend it didn’t happen). George doesn’t know what to expect at this point.

“Like in college. You’ve been. Full four years and everything. An experimenting phase. Y’know. With uh... men.”

“Oh.” He understands now, but understanding makes him feel worse. He feels his skin freeze over. “Have you?”

“George, I never went to college,” he points out incredulously. “I’m literally college-aged and here right now.”

“Right.” Dream finishes preparing the food, and George gently lets Patches down, watching as she sprints towards her food bowl. It allows them to look at each other. “Am I your phase, then?”

Dream’s mouth falls open, but he still shuts up from the effects of George’s question, and all its implications. “I don’t... I don’t know, exactly.”

“Then I don’t know either,” he continues dismissively, paying more attention to the hungry cat again, watching her carefully just in case she chokes.

This is displeasing to Dream. “Why don’t you know? It’s a simple question, George. I just wanna know... if you’ve been with other men, or if I’m the first guy you’ve ever, like, tried stuff with. I get curious, and I think it’s pretty relevant given what I’ve been dealing with.”

“Why should I tell you?”

He says this in a snappy tone, and it makes Dream quiet for a moment. “Well, you don’t *have* to, but... I’d like to know. I’d like to know... why you’re doing this. Doing, well, me.”

“You already know that,” George says as he leans against some counter in the kitchen, averting his gaze. “I’m doing this to help you.”

He scoffs, annoyed by the standard unchanging stance, but what can George do about that, really? Dream’s supposed to be questioning *his* sexuality, not George’s. And if he can’t figure that out after everything George has done, it’s just not his fault. There’s nothing he can do.

“Wow, George,” Dream shakes his head, clasp and unclasp his hands, over and over again. “You’re so helpful, aren’t you? Just, such a good friend,” he says, through gritted teeth and clenched fists.

“Yeah, exactly,” George says like he didn’t register Dream’s tone, feigning nonchalance out of spite. “I’m awesome.”

“You’re such a good friend,” he continues, “that you’d let me kiss you. Let me, let me suck your

dick. You've sucked my dick. You'd—you'd let me fuck you in the ass too, wouldn't you? Just out of the goddamn kindness in your heart?"

He's angry. It's almost hot, it would be hot, if George didn't feel kind of pissed off too. He's not backing down. "I would," he says, staring him straight in the face this time, glaring. "I'm just that nice, Dream. How does that make you feel?"

"Oh, just so grateful. Thank you *so* much, George. I can't believe I have a friend who's so nice he'd let me do all that *just* to figure stuff out! Where else would I find someone like you?"

Every word he utters drips with sarcasm and restrained fury. It's loud. It's starting to scare Patches, who stops eating for a moment to look up at them.

"Nowhere," George says. "I'm one of a kind."

"Uh huh," he bites his lip. "So you just... don't care. You're doing this all just for me until... I figure it out. You have no stakes in this. You couldn't *possibly* care less if we stopped or not. When I kiss you, you feel nothing but compassion in your heart. Because you're just doing it all to help a buddy out? Is that it? That's how you feel?"

His heart is straining at the edges. He's never been more scared of Dream, than in this moment. The man is speaking at low volumes now, nowhere close to the way he yells, but it terrifies George ten times more than if he had been screaming his lungs out instead. He can barely feel his throat, barely make his mouth move. "Sure," he finally mumbles. It's barely a word when he says it. His face feels so hot, and his eyes are beginning to sting.

It takes a while for Dream to respond.

"If I figured it out tomorrow, and didn't need your help anymore," he says despondently. "You would just stop sleeping with me... and carry on as normal?"

There is a giant rock sleeping on his chest. It's weird how he's feeling this weight considering his upright posture. He feels out of breath even though he's been standing still this entire time. He hasn't been on a run in ages, yet his skin is all numb and tingly, burning at the edges.

"I guess." His mouth is running on autopilot at this point. "If that's what you wanted."

"And you don't want anything, huh?"

He takes a deep breath. "It doesn't matter what I want. I... I did this to help you." He's lying, and he knows it's a bad idea to, but it's not like he's gotten much of the truth either. Telling too much of *his* truth would be an inequivalent exchange. It's too scary, it's too scary to admit anything, to think about anything, especially when Dream hasn't admitted shit, either. They've said so much, but even more things go unsaid because of it.

"George," he seems to be on his last line. He cracks his knuckles with tension. "Do you like men or not?"

He licks his dry lip. "Do you?"

Dream hesitates. It makes George chuckle in disbelief. "Yeah, exactly. So don't go asking questions you can't answer, Dream."

He walks away. He stops feeling angry a few hours later, but that night, when he sneaks off to Dream's room, to hear an apology, to pretend none of it happened, to do something else, whatever.

He finds the door locked. He desperately knocks. He tries calling. He even texts the man. He gets ignored. He would've gotten worried if he didn't receive a tweet notification from Dream, something he very clearly did on purpose to let George know that he's fine but he's... getting rejected.

All George can do is accept defeat and trudge back to his room, left to sleep on his own for the first time in weeks.

His bed is so cold that night, he nearly feels sick the next morning.

Chapter End Notes

hi!! thank you so so so much for getting sadf to almost 1500 kudos!! and following me on twitter!! and tumblr!! if u haven't done so and wouldn't mind i have my accounts linked :) id love to get to 1k on twitter and 12k on tumblr!! also tyssssm to all the really cool writers and artists who have boosted and recommended sadf to ur followers :) i am genuinely so so grateful and owe sadf's success to all of u every single one of u who have been kudosing and commenting!!

as u all know i sort of ended up doing an every-six-day upload schedule instead of weekly, and some of u have asked how i keep up since its a very tight upload schedule and how i keep making my already written work even longer. i guess all i have to say is **THE COMMENTS REALLY HELP** and i am an insane person who remembers so many of u and i also keep track of how many people comment (in a very normal not insane way pls don't shame me words of affirmation is my biggest love language) so **PLEASE** know that ur comment matters and that if you've commented before u have made my day!! once again idc how long or short ur comment is, pls don't limit urself and feel **FREE** to leave essays in the comment section, also don't feel like ur comment sucks bc its short. i thought it was sexy so **POST IT** i will love it swear to god !

also to all the people who have dmed me u r all so sweet! don't be scared ur allowed to dm me anywhere on my accounts, send me asks, @ me, ur **MORE** than welcome to livetweet sadf god knows that is so fun to watch. and of **COURSE** ur allowed to make sadf fanart istg **SEND ME THAT SHIT** i wanna see everything. i wanna know everything. um. what else was i meant to cover. idk. moving on to the next paragraph

OH! btw, based on last chapter, if u ever think im making a super subtle totally not obvious at all reference to something, feel free to point it out in the comments! chances are, i was making a reference and u saw through me uwu

ok now my apology tour: im not sorry at all. fuck all of u. but also i really hope u liked this chapter i thought it was kinda awesome and i hope u guys think the same :(oh right. also sapnap had no lines this chapter. well. i feel like i don't have to say anything about that. im very... dynamic focused? meaning i like giving great focus to the main relationship in the fic and avoid adding any other characters to the mix unless its absolutely necessary or it is funny. u will see sapnap speak next chapter though <3 also **YAY PATCHES CONTENT WHO CHEERED!** im sorry for making her debut appearance in this fic something so traumatic (watching dnf have serious issues) but she had a good dinner i prommy... she was in dream's room w him at the end and she kept glaring at him when george was pounding on his door real not fake

oh about the shopping cart thing. yes i made that up bc i do that like i do w this whole story. but um basically i have this running theme/gag in many fics of mine where i HAVE to at some point make my characters go to the supermarket and person A pushes person B down the aisle really fast in a shopping cart. i hope u liked it :) also, yes, they weren't spotted by any fans. it just turned out like that hehehehe

also i hope ive made sadf!dnf's internal struggles and all that clear enough :) feel free to rant about them or psychoanalyze them in the comments i love seeing u guys pick them apart. whose side are u on for instance?? in the minecraft video filming fight. the car scene. and whose side are u on rn re the last scene?? sound offffff ily guys so much also ofc there's not really any 'sides' they're just human beings with emotions and perspectives and experiences etc etc but i thought giving u guys guiding questions would help make commenting even more fun

SEE U GUYS NEXT CHAPTER I AM SO TIRED I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT U GUYS THINK. i hope this made u insane. i hope u feel like screaming rn. feel free to yell !!

LAST THING: 750 of u r apparently subscribed to this fic?? that's so crazy omg like thats 3/4 of 1k people getting emails from ao3 that i just posted this. catKISS

pride and punishment

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's funny. George tried not to ruin things by keeping quiet. And... they got ruined anyway. Was this always meant to happen? Were things always meant to come to a head like this, with them pettily fighting, with him somehow pissing off Dream, to the point where he'd lock George out without saying a single word? That was so messed up. George doesn't know what Dream wants from him, doesn't know what he wants him to say.

Well. He might know what Dream wants him to say. But he doesn't know why Dream wants to know all these things all of a sudden, and not knowing makes him not want to say shit.

Still, though. Shutting George out like this is surely an overreaction. But maybe it's also temporary, and Dream will stop being such a bitch soon enough. He always drops it, right? Even for the worst of the fights they've had, Dream almost always comes back the next day, mood refreshed, and apologies dished out for anything toxic he might have said. Perhaps George was just extra spooked because Dream hasn't gotten this mad at him since they've moved in together. After all, not hearing from someone on Discord overnight is much less disconcerting than getting snubbed by someone you live with.

In the morning, he emerges from bed with newfound determination to kiss and make up. He gets lucky, finding Dream in the kitchen. He's awake too, stirring some eggs, buttering a pan. It smells very comforting, and George unwittingly walks towards that tasty breakfast aroma.

George yawns, trying not to make a sound. He's not sure what his plan of action is here. If he plays nice, will Dream play dumb? Would Dream come back to his senses and apologize? Would he pretend nothing happened and go back to normal, greet George with clingy touches and a big good morning kiss? Or... should George try and aggravate him?

"Hey," he says very carefully.

"Hey," Dream responds, sounding normal, sounding friendly. He doesn't turn to look at him yet, but his tone is still a slight relief. "Want some eggs?" He proceeds to ask, giving George the courage to press on.

"Yeah," he immediately agrees. He's a hungry man after all. "It smells good."

"That's from the butter," he explains. He still doesn't look at George. That annoys him.

"Cool," he says. "You missed the part where I asked."

And, boom. There you have it. Dream's finally looking at him. He's glaring at him a bit too. How perfect.

"What the hell?"

George is apathetic to that half-amused stare. He swoops into Dream's personal space now, trapping that man between the stove and his greedy hips, starving in more ways than one. It makes Dream raise his hands up on instinct, makes him on edge, wet tongue coming to the rescue of his dry lips.

He looks good enough to eat. And it's almost time for breakfast.

"Why didn't you answer the phone last night?"

The question makes Dream gulp, delaying his response.

"Oh, you, uh, did you call or something?" Another gulp. "Guess I must've missed it."

George narrows his eyes at him. What a fucking liar. "You missed it? So I suppose you also missed me banging on your door for like, thousands of times. How bad are your ears? That's got to be some kind of serious medical condition or something."

"I was just... really tired," he reasons, biting his lip as George grabs him by the waist. Good. This all still affects him. He was just being stubborn and petty for the night. Hopefully it won't persist. George will make sure of it right now.

"Oh, so tired," he mocks. "So tired you had to lock the door?"

"Apparently, yeah," Dream shrugs. "It was, was an accident, what else can I say? Also, my butter's about to burn. Can you move?"

George considers this for a moment. He's denying all ill intent, which could be a good thing? He's had his little tantrum, he's gotten his fun, or whatever satisfaction he felt from denying George last night. Maybe they could just move on.

He backs away, and Dream reaches for the eggs and dumps them in the pan, pushing them around.

"Just... promise me you won't lock the door again tonight."

"Yeah," he shrugs, "I promise," he says unconvincingly.

George calls him out on it instantly. "You're lying," he says. "That's your lying voice. It's not even your good lying voice."

"My *good* lying voice?"

"Actually promise me," he insists. "And don't lie to me again, Dream. I want to be convinced."

Dream sighs. Dream puts down his wooden spatula. Dream grabs George and roughly pulls him in for a soul crushing kiss.

This kiss allows George to learn what it really is like to have his breath stolen from him. Dream's hands roam through his hair, his neck, his back, his touch burning through his paper skin. George wants to be incinerated. He wants everything he's been missing out on, everything he yearned and dreamed for last night.

"That convincing enough for you?" He asks as he selfishly pulls away. George wants him back right now, in his bed right now, kissing him again right now.

But Dream steps away and continues to cook those stupid eggs. It's not enough, it doesn't feel enough. George wants eggs and sausage for breakfast now.

He wants to say something, do something. Drag Dream away once he's done with the eggs for a pre-breakfast activity. But he doesn't get the opportunity to, because Sapnap's unbothered footsteps begin tumbling down the stairs, interrupting any plans he had. Sapnap yawns loudly, stretching, still half asleep. George almost envies him. It would be nice to be this carefree, this...

stable. Like he wasn't struggling to fall asleep last night. Like he didn't feel like imploding from touch starvation.

Well. Maybe he was. George could never know for sure. But at least it isn't Dream's fault. Being attracted to Dream like this, wanting him, craving him this badly—it's got to be a curse, isn't it? Everything about it stresses him out, scares him, pisses him off. Dream permeates his thoughts so effortlessly and George can't get it to stop. If he could get rid of the urge to get into his pants, to kiss his lips, to hold him when night breaks into dawn... if there was a button he could press, take it all away, he'd hit it immediately.

But at the same time... would he?

"Dream..." Sapnap whines, in a voice that's half-awake. "Where the fuck are my eggs?"

The whiff of a very familiar shampoo wafts when he gets close to them. George narrows his eyes. Everyone in this house is copying his shampoo of choice, so it seems. He ignores it, and gets dragged to the table by Sapnap, who wants to sit next to him. The man gets clingy in the mornings. While he complains about it sometimes, George doesn't actually mind. He's grateful now more than ever that he gets to live with Sapnap, that he gets something so uncomplicated and comforting in the younger man.

It's... a little different from what he has with Dream. It's always been a little different, ever since he started to get properly close to the both of them, when they all became best friends. Both of them are amongst his closest friends in the world, so there's several overlaps in the way he feels about them.

But what he has with Sapnap is so easy, so natural. The things he feels for Dream though, sometimes? They throttle him to hell and back. He's standing in a desert island of his own devastation, and seas of guilt threaten to wash him up. He throws out punishing feelings he shouldn't have, and the waves throw them back in his face anyway, disturbingly loyal, sticking to him like a sheen of gross sweat. He longs to feel clean. He longs to be saved.

"Your eggs are right here, dumbass," Dream says to Sapnap, turning off the heat. George blinks slowly and watches as three plates of scrambled eggs slide onto the table. He takes a bite of his almost immediately, careful to blow on it heavily. God, he's so hungry. And slightly sleep deprived. He might be getting a little delirious. Maybe he should stop thinking, focus on shoveling eggs onto his mouth.

"Mm, I fuck with these," Sapnap remarks in a muffled voice, mouth full with food that he carefully chews now. "They're good."

"Thanks," Dream simply says, busy eating.

"What would you do if I said I didn't fuck with them?" George asks, mouth also filled with food, and it makes Sapnap snort whilst Dream just narrows his eyes at him.

"I'd tell you to shut up and be grateful I even made you breakfast, idiot." He shakes his head. "We have a lot of work to do today," he continues. "So make sure you're not still hungry until lunch."

"Work? Says who?"

"Says the schedule."

"What?" George retorts mid-bite. "Did we invent scheduling again or something?"

Sapnap gets up with his empty plate. “I’m getting orange juice. George, you want apple, dude?”

“Yes.”

“Get it yourself then,” he says, smirking as he pours himself a glass of juice. George remains unaffected.

“No, you’re getting it for me, the fridge is too far away.”

“No I’m not, fuck you.”

They bicker over this for at least a minute, before Dream groans and goes to get the apple juice, saying that he wanted some anyway, and pours out two cups. He pretends he can’t see the way George grins as he sips at his drink, having moved zero steps away from where he’s been sitting this whole time. He thinks all must be right with the world, and that Dream is back to his normal self again.

Apparently, he thought wrong. George finds this out the hard way at night, when he’s turning the locked handle of the door to Dream’s room once again. Second night in a row. God fucking damn it.

Dream lied. He tricked him, and he’s still doing this shit, for whatever reason, and he’s not even willing to be upfront about it. He lied about it to George’s face, which feels so pointless. If he’s still mad, he should just say it. It doesn’t even make any sense. Dream was perfectly nice and normal to him all day, and now that they can finally be alone... he locks him out?

George can’t help but pound his fists on the door again, angrily, in rapid motion. He takes his frustration out, but the door is really strong and sturdy and doesn’t break down at all, sadly. What’s worse is the complete lack of response he gets. He hears nothing: no footsteps, no rustled movements, no one on his way to let George in and apologize. He lets out a sound of anguish and slumps against the door. This is... the new reality, isn’t it? Dream’s never sleeping with him again. He’s just going to ignore him every night, from now on, refuse to talk about what happened in a candid way, he’s just...

Their arrangement is over.

He trudges back to his room and flops on his bed, covering himself with several blankets, many of which are newly bought for him by Dream. He hates how everything makes him think of him. Everything that surrounds him has ties to Dream he can’t unbind. But it’s unavoidable, really, given how he’s literally living in Dream’s house right now.

Their house, to be more accurate. Their house, where they’re meant to have separate bedrooms, and separate mattresses, and... for a while that wasn’t the case. Being in his own bed for a change is so foreign to George now, and he still doesn’t know what to do with himself. His back feels so cold as it goes unheld, and his hands feel so empty and devoid with nothing to touch. Dream’s meant to hold him. He’s meant to hold Dream. And they’re both alone right now because Dream is a stubborn asshole who won’t just chill out and be normal about things.

He’s so stressed out and full of thoughts that he almost fails to register his phone ringing away with a call. He’s tempted to just ignore it at first, until he realizes there’s only one person in the world who would make his phone *ring* at this hour.

He nearly falls off his bed scrambling to pick up the phone after that.

“Hello?”

He takes a deep breath after, trying not to go into overdrive. He has no idea why Dream is calling him and is very much aware that he could get hung up on at any moment.

“Hi,” he simply greets, and George keels over. “It’s me.”

His voice at this time of night sends George’s mind reeling. It also pisses him off a bit.

“You’re fucked up, you know that?”

“Woah,” Dream chuckles, sounding unbothered and cool for the most part. George hates him for it. He wants to hang up on him just to make a point. But he can’t. He won’t. He doesn’t have the strength to push Dream away, doesn’t have the strength to stop looking so pathetic. “So hostile, George. Did I do something to you?”

The words make him scoff. It’s really more of what Dream *hasn’t* done that’s pissing him off.

“You lied,” he says. “You kissed me, and then you lied anyway. You kept your stupid door locked. Why would you kiss me if you were going to keep doing that?”

“Can you blame me?” He says, and George’s heart stops. “Your lips were right there. So juicy. Ripe for the taking.”

“My lips were ripe?”

“I kissed you—” he illogically continues—“because kissing you—it’s fun,” he chuckles. “I just like kissing you, so I kissed you.”

“Fine,” he breathes dismissively, cheeks swirling with color. “Come over here and do it then.”

“Maybe,” he responds in consideration. George can sense him shrugging for effect. “Depends. Do you like kissing me, George? Does it, does it make your heart race?”

This is so embarrassing. “What are you on about? You’re—you’re derailing this whole thing, Dream. Don’t just go asking me stuff like that when you won’t even open the door. Why are you doing this? Why are you being like this?”

“To punish you,” he says very simply.

“You’re... punishing me? What for? I didn’t, I didn’t even do anything.”

“You’re not being honest with me. I wanna know... what you want. And what you like. And you won’t tell me.”

This makes him roll his eyes. “Alright. Fine. What I *want* is for you to stop being annoying. And what I’d *like* is for you to get over here already.”

A tired sigh rolls in through the speakers. “Not like that. I want the truth, George. Your truth.”

“Here’s the truth then: you’re an idiot. Boom. Happy? Just,” he groans, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Dream, just tell me what you want me to say, and I’ll say it. I’ve had enough of this.”

Dream stretches, yawning. “No.”

Okay, that’s it. He’s giving up, and he doesn’t care anymore. Whatever. He’s annoyed with Dream right now. He can be as stubborn as he wants, and George will be as stubborn as he wants too. He squirms in place, shifting to a more horizontal position. Dream may not be here physically, but

surely he can settle for something to take the edge off of everything.

He reaches for the problem in his pajama bottoms.

“Okay,” he bites his lip. “Don’t bother then. Keep being an idiot. Just... stay on the phone. And keep talking.”

George starts stroking himself, breath hitching at the sensations. He senses the shuffling and confusion on the other end.

“Keep talking? About what?”

Oh god, that’s perfect. He sounds so good right now. It feels so much better to hear when paired with fingers around his cock. It’s not Dream’s fingers, but given how shit his circumstances were last night, this is his only salvation. Sure, it’s a little messed up, but it’s better than having to jerk off in silence. He’s desperate, okay? His hands are eating up Dream’s voice with vigor, acting with a starvation.

“George?” Dream repeats himself when greeted with no response.

“Anything,” he dismisses. “Just say words, I don’t care.”

“I don’t get it, what are you—“

In his haste, a thumb brushes over his slit, ripping a moan from his lips. He doesn’t intend for it to happen, but he hears Dream go silent with realization when it does.

“You’re kidding. George, you’re—there’s no way.”

He seems to be on the brink of insanity. George sighs in delight and makes whiny little noises to get him there faster. He already knows what’s going on, so who cares, right? Very quickly, the situation makes George realize he isn’t all that powerless here. He has bargaining power too, and Dream isn’t all that strong or talented in the art of resistance. Deep down, he’s just a horny man who wants to get laid. And George knows him, knows what he wants, knows how much he hates missing out on a good time.

So he plays it up, becoming a moaning mess, all his inhibitions shot down. It doesn’t matter how pathetic he sounds, because Dream gets way worse with each passing second, just hearing him get off over the phone.

“Dream...” he whispers low and needy, letting out a small cry after. He hears the groan and barely audible cursing that happens, and it nearly brings a smile to his face.

“George,” he says, trying to sound tough. In reality, there is not an ounce of strength in that voice. “Stop that, right now.”

“What’s wrong?” George slows down so he can speak. “Hang up if you don’t like it. I’m busy.”

Dream scoffs like he’s upset, but the call doesn’t end. He can’t bring himself to pull away, to deprive himself of everything George is engaging in. He’s a wreck. He’s a mess.

“Well... I’m just not gonna talk then,” he argues, like that does anything. Like he’s not still listening in to George’s late night fun times. “Not gonna... let you take advantage of me like that.”

“Don’t care,” he dismisses. “Don’t need it. I...” he slows down, because his orgasm should stay at

bay for now. This is all part of his plan. “I remember what you sound like. I remember what you look like, and...” his eyes fly open. “I remember how it feels when you touch me.”

Dream makes an indiscernible noise of frustration. George can tell he wants to punch things.

“This was a mistake,” he heaves, sounding so tortured. “I should’ve never called.”

George ignores him for a moment. “Mm... you’re so good at that.” He lets his voice whine and twist as he goes faster again, chasing the effect it has on Dream.

Hilariously, he seems to have dropped his phone, and it takes George everything not to burst out laughing at how far gone he is right now, how broken.

Shuffling noises commence, edged with desperation. Dream’s got his phone in his hands again.

“Good at what?” He demands to know, desperate for the praise, even though the *what* being discussed is so painfully obvious.

“Touching me,” he pretends to sound anguished. Well, he is anguished, but he’s also playing it up so he wins. He has to play dirty tonight, or he’ll lose. “Doesn’t...” he snuffles. “Doesn’t feel as good right now.” He rolls over, biting his lip. “Better when you do it.” He’s barely even tugging on himself at this point, focusing on making this agonizing, making it hurt as much as it can for Dream to hear. “No, no one touches me like you.”

That’s when he hears it. Fumbling sounds, the cutting of the call. George wonders if he won or lost. But soon enough, he hears very fast and heavy footsteps approach his door. He can’t help but grin as Dream bursts in, moving like an animal hunting prey.

“Fuck you,” he says, swooping in to kiss the lips he likes so much.

George doesn’t say anything, offering nothing but an empty-headed smile. A smile of victory. Very meaningful lyrics of a very meaningful song rush through his head as they make out.

We got a number one Victory Royale

Yeah, Fortnite, we 'bout to get down (get down)

Ten kills on the board right now

Just wiped out Tomato Town

My friend just got downed

I revived him, now we're heading south-bound

Now we're in the Pleasant Park streets

Look at the map, go to the marked sheet

“I actually hate you,” Dream continues, taking George’s clothes off like he wants to burn them. He has a feeling they’re about to mark up these sheets, just like in the song. “You’re making this so hard.”

“Good,” his voice slurs after a while, hands running over Dream’s bare back like it’s free therapy. Having him here is such a sweet relief. “Not my fault. You’re too easy.”

“Shut up,” he retorts, biting a little harder on his shoulder. “I’m tryna like, teach you a lesson.”

“What’s the lesson?”

This pipes him down. It seems as though Dream isn’t fully sure what point he’s trying to make anymore. Whatever efforts he’s made so far have proven fruitless. He could either give up, or give in. This puts them at a little bit of a standstill. Dream wants to win, and George refuses to lose.

Hopefully, he stops all this nonsense now, since it’s very clearly stupid for him to try and mess with George by withholding something he can’t seem to go without.

“Yeah,” George snorts after the silence. “Exactly. See, this is why I didn’t learn anything,” he smugly declares, kissing Dream in a cheeky manner. “Too bad.”

Dream doesn’t say anything of substance after that, communicating through lust and touch instead, every kiss and lick placed against his skin so debilitating in nature. George takes it all with glee. He thinks it’s all over, he thinks he’s worn Dream down enough to stop being stubborn, to go back to what’s normal, *their* normal. But as he finds out the next day, that’s all wishful thinking. Dream takes things up a notch, goes back to avoiding him. In an even more horrid turn of events, he refuses to spend any alone time at night with George at all cost. He continues to lock his door, silent and unyielding no matter what George says or does. And he definitely, definitely doesn’t make or pick up any calls.

It sends a clear message: George may have won that battle, but he sure as hell hasn’t won this stupid war.

Things aren’t that bad.

Okay, fine, they’re pretty fucking bad. This sucks. Only getting to hang out with Dream when other people are around is literally the worst thing ever. Obviously it’s not as bad as living alone in England, but George has gotten too used to having it that good. He’s spoiled rotten, he’ll admit it. But he literally doesn’t deserve to be treated any other way.

It’s all so lonely. Being by himself at night. And it’s not just the sex he’s missing out on. This is all making him realize just how much time he spends with Dream, hanging out, one-on-one. He wants all those inside jokes back, all that intimacy, all that joy.

It’s... it’s annoying. Having to pretend. Acting normal in front of everyone else, because Dream doesn’t give any indication that there’s anything hostile going on between them. He bickers and banters with George just as much, making him laugh and grabbing him by the shoulder like they’re buddies, dragging him close like there’s nothing wrong. The worst thing about it all is acting like it doesn’t hurt when Dream’s touch lingers. When their eyes meet, saying things their mouths fail to do.

The only thing George is able to do about it is persist: he continues to be annoying, refusing to let Dream be when they do get a random moment alone. He badgers Dream to put an end to all this bullshit, reminding him of what they’re both deprived of. Tempting Dream with sex worked once,

right? So who's to say it won't work again?

Right now, they're at Disneyland filming a vlog with several of their friends. George takes a leap of faith when they get tasked with buying drinks for everyone, away from any prying eyes, safe from any recording cameras.

"Sleep in my room tonight," he shamelessly demands, telling Dream this in a concealed voice.

"Why?" He says, like he's open to the pitch, open to letting George convince him. That's probably the worst part of it all. Sometimes it feels like Dream's dangling a piece of cheese over his head and George is an out-of-reach mouse who can't figure out why he keeps pulling the cheese back at the last second.

Still, it doesn't mean he can't try. He beams in the most charming way he can, trying to be creative in his persuasions. There's only so many different ways he can say it, but he continues to make sincere efforts.

"Because I want you to," he says, batting his eyes adoringly. "Because I'm... asking nicely."

Their eyes meet, causing Dream to turn sharply away, clearly on purpose. He's trying to avoid the effect this has on him. Trying to hide that soft heart of his, how easily penetrable it gets in the face of weakness. George is counting on that, wants Dream feeling bad for him and pitying him. Enough to crack. Enough to spend the night with him again.

Dream takes a deep breath. Wow, he's so brave. "And... why should I give a shit if you're asking nicely?"

George ponders his next words carefully. He doesn't know what Dream wants from him. Why can't he just tell him what it is? What he's got a stick up his ass over? George is too scared to guess. He's afraid he'll get it wrong, especially since there's every chance Dream doesn't know what he wants either.

"Because you like it when I'm nice to you."

"That's true," Dream concurs with a shrug. "Doesn't mean I wanna... go all the way to your room. And sleep in *your* bed, when I, when I have my own."

George doesn't answer and they start buying drinks, walking over to an empty bench afterwards. Everyone's on a scary roller coaster they're both too scared to get anywhere close to. They sit across from each other, sipping their ice slushees. Poetically, George is sucking down a blue one whilst Dream has a green flavor.

"Let's swap," George suggests after a minute. The others are gonna take a long while and he's already getting bored of his own drink. Dream obliges him without question. He stares at George as he tries the green drink. "Hm. They sort of taste the same."

He hands the drink back, and Dream traces at the ring of condensation his cup has left. "Uh... yeah," he shrugs. "They're both pretty much just sugar and ice and coloring."

He looks like he wants to say something else. George grins when he figures out what it is.

"You want to make a joke about how we just indirectly kissed, don't you?"

That deer-in-headlights expression says everything. He crumbles like a cookie. "What?" He scoffs, like that does anything. "No I didn't."

George's smile doesn't falter. "You did," he teases. "But you won't say it because you're mad at me."

"I'm not mad at you."

"Okay. If you're not mad at me—let me sleep in your bed tonight. With you," he adds, just in case this situation twists into one where they swap beds. That would just be pointless.

Dream takes a long drink of his green slushy. He stops and presents George with an optimistic smile.

"I have a question."

"What is it?"

"Why do we have to sleep in the same bed?"

George gives him a very pointed look. "You... you already know why."

"Do I?" Dream playfully smiles, wide and knowing. "I don't think you've told me, actually."

George lets out a groan, plopping his head on his folded arms. "Dream... I can't. We're... we're in public."

"You said the rest of that in public," he points out, taking another drink to make a point, licking his lips to be cruel. "What if someone had heard you? They'd think you were tryna have sex with me or something crazy like that."

"Oh yeah, crazy," he drips sardonically. "Because we would never have sex. Now that's just ridiculous."

"Yeah," Dream agrees like he doesn't even care. "Exactly."

George is in a mine cart rolling slowly towards a lava pit, and he can't dismount no matter how hard he tries. He doesn't know how to turn this situation around. Who knows how long it'll be before he gets to spend this much time alone with Dream again? He just... wants to convince Dream. Right now. But he doesn't know how. He doesn't know what to say, he wants to scream from the frustration of not knowing what to do. How much more desperate and pathetic does Dream want him to be?

"Dream... please," he continues, begging, in a last ditch attempt. "I'll... be good. I'll do whatever you want, I'll do all the work—"

He bursts out laughing at this, thumping his fist on the table for effect, genuinely tickled by this. Great. At least someone's happy. He ruffles George's hair and ignores the glare in his gaze.

"Ah, that's funny," he says, as if it's at all necessary. "You're cute."

George bites on his lip. "Oh, I'm so cute, aren't I?" He ignores the warmth clinging to his cheeks. "If you really thought that, you'd be having sex with me. Idiot."

His arms fold, and he takes a drink without using his hands.

"That doesn't even make any sense," Dream argues. "What? I'm just supposed to have sex with anything I find cute now?" He points to a puppy waddling down a path several feet away from them. "That dog over there's cute. You don't see me trying to fuck it."

He can't even find it in him to sigh or show exasperation anymore. "Why are you... being so difficult?" He asks despondently. "Like, you like it. You literally like doing it. Why do you keep ditching me and avoiding me when you like having sex with me?"

"You say that like you don't remember," he snorts. "We were just doing all that to help me experiment, right?" Oh. George can sense it. The venom in his voice. "According to you, anyway." It's a painful reminder of why this is all happening. "I mean, since it's all just an experiment... why do it more than necessary? Like... if you're just helping me, shouldn't you only fuck me when I ask for it? Unless there's, well. Something else you want."

He seems almost hopeful when he stops talking to peer at George. George, on the other hand, is stunned into a spell-binding silence. It's... hard for him. To think of what to say, to know the right thing to say, and at the right time. Words are just hard sometimes. Feelings are hard to express, and they're embarrassing to show. There's always something holding him back. By the time he can even begin to part his lips, however, Dream's already moved on.

He sighs. "Yeah, that's what I thought."

George leaves the matter alone after that, but a few days later, an opportunity rises again, and he refuses to miss out on it. They're bingeing an anime in the living room, and Sapnap's passed out cold on the couch because he's seen it before. Dream seems focused on the show, looks like he's enjoying himself, and it's peaceful. It's really nice and he looks so good and George feels so... famished.

He can't help it. He's pressed up close to Dream anyway. He sinks in and places a kiss on his cheek.

Dream looks almost startled when he turns to look. A little curious, too.

"What are you doing?"

George only shrugs in response, offering a smile as he plays dumb. "What'd I do?"

Dream rolls his eyes affectionately and turns back to watch TV. "You're an idiot."

That's rather ironic of him to say, because Dream starts looking like quite the idiot after that. George trains his eyes on the television, mindlessly processing the content, pretending he doesn't notice how Dream keeps turning right to look at him, like he's expecting to get kissed again. Like... he's looking forward to it.

Eventually, George placates his silent demands. He kisses Dream on the neck this time, dragging it out, keeping things soft. Dream pretends to disapprove again. He clears his throat and sighs like it makes any sense.

"George..." he says it slow, with a little authority, but it doesn't feel like a warning. "He's literally right there."

Sapnap is snoring away. It's peaceful. George can't see his face, but he's probably happy. He's also exhausted, and George knows him well enough to know he won't wake up that easily. He continues to tease Dream, mess around.

He slides his hand up Dream's thigh and feels him shudder beneath his touch. "What's wrong? Am I doing something he shouldn't see?"

He says this with snark, challenging Dream. He hovers soft lips over that pretty neck, blowing

slightly to agitate him.

“Yes, you idiot,” he whispers. “What if he wakes up?”

“He won’t wake up,” George tells him. “If you’re that scared, let’s just leave.”

Dream only sighs. George is getting tired of it. “Go ahead and leave if you want to, George. I’m staying put.”

“Fine,” he continues, being difficult. “I’ll stay. You’re welcome.”

“Suit yourself.”

The uneventful conclusion to this interaction bothers George. He leans against Dream a few minutes later, pulling his arm over, cuddling with him. It earns him a pointed look.

“What? What is it now?” George says before Dream can ask. “He’s not the only one who’s tired. Just,” he yawns. “Let me use you. Or am I not allowed to?”

His words get Dream taking a big breath. “Yeah, okay. Sure.”

George shuts his eyes, because he won’t lie, Sapnap being tired usually means he’s tired as well. But he gets fidgety after a bit. He gets his hands on Dream’s hand, and starts playing with it. The effect it has on him is instantaneous and hilarious.

“Why are you like this?” He asks, like he’s suffering just to be touched, like the more gentle George is, the more he hurts, the more he suffers. George experimentally pulls that hand up to his lips, planting kisses on all his knuckles. He looks up at Dream, who’s shutting his eyes like seeing is believing, and if he doesn’t look, then that means none of this is happening.

“Tell me to stop if you don’t like it.”

Dream exhales like it’s agonizing to breathe. “That’s the problem. I do like it.”

George stops what he’s doing to be kind. He tries to think of something good to say, something cool maybe, something that won’t feel lame.

But he doesn’t get the chance.

Dream pulls George in by their twisted hands and kisses him like he can’t take it anymore. They haven’t kissed in days. The solace his lips bring is so healing that wounds he didn’t know existed go away. George murmurs, delight rumbling his chest of stormy clouds, and his reaction makes Dream’s hand shiver as he holds his cheek. He moves it away now, sliding fingers around George’s softly clothed waist, his touch worthy of a lightning strike, so electric.

Sapnap makes a noise of discontent, rolling over, and it wakes Dream up from whatever trance he was in. He mouths a curse and looks disappointed in himself.

“Fuck,” he curses out loud this time, clicking pause on their show. They’ve lost track of the plot by this point. “I... I shouldn’t have...” he sighs. “I’m getting outta here.”

Perfect. George stands up to follow him, but Dream shakes his head, pushing back at him, lightly shoving him back on the couch. He’s gentle, but it’s still rude.

“You’re not following me,” he says, as if the rejection weren’t obvious enough already.

George doesn't pout or cry or complain. Instead, he licks his lips, wanting Dream to hate himself for this decision. He wants to make it hell, make it bitter.

"I won't follow you," he tells him, as if it were his idea. Like he wasn't trying to follow him just a second ago. "Go ahead, Dream. Leave. Be all alone. Have fun... thinking about me."

His voice is heavy with implications and it makes Dream tighten his fist. George smirks for a moment because it's obvious that Dream is feeling conflicted enough to turn around, horny enough to take him with him.

"Yeah... whatever," he says, unconvincing enough for it to be funny.

And yet, it still hurts to see him walk away.

It hurts more with each passing minute. Dream's gone, and the television's silent, paused on the scene that marks the moment he decided to leave. George has no choice but to stew in his brooding emotions. A part of him wants to plant his face into the couch and break it. Another part of him wants to start kicking and screaming until Dream comes back or he passes out, whichever one comes first. But there's no use in being childish about this, he knows that deep down. He knows that chasing after Dream and barging into his room, breaking down the door (because it's sure to be locked) will not solve whatever issue Dream has with him. And so the solution is to distract himself. He takes a deep calming breath and resolves to have fun instead. Under no circumstances is he allowed to think about what Dream might be getting up to without him, what he might be doing to relieve his tension from earlier.

A gravelly snore erupts to his left, and George finds his distraction in a passed out Sapnap. He shakes him awake, because he has to go back to his room later to sleep anyway, so George is genuinely doing him a favor when he demands that the groggy half-awake man play video games with him. Thankfully, it's not much of a tall task. The shorter man nods and is more than happy to oblige him so long as George agrees to share some late-night food delivery with him. It's a breath of fresh air compared to how Dream's been as of late.

Unlike Dream, Sapnap's perfectly compliant and just does as he's told, because what he wants is on the same line of thought anyway. It's so uncomplicated. He doesn't pretend he doesn't want to play video games with George when it's so clearly fun and so obviously something they both want to do. They don't talk in depth about *why* they want to play video games or why they want to play said video games with *each other* either. They just load up the damn Xbox. It's so simple. Why does Dream have to make things so hard and complicated?

They're talking casually over dinner.

It's a miracle, actually. They've finally found a good sushi place, it's one that just opened a few miles away from their house, and George is so relieved he doesn't have to eat trash Walmart sushi whenever he gets a craving anymore.

The fact that Dream winds up loving sushi is a huge bonus too. Obviously, George told him he'd like it once he tried the good stuff, but he has to admit... deep down he was a tiny bit worried that Dream wouldn't like sushi. Not that Dream *has* to like sushi, but it doesn't feel right. It's something he loves so much, it's his favorite food, and Sapnap loves it too, so the thought of

Dream just not understanding and vibing with something like that troubled him. Thankfully, he has nothing to worry about. Once again, Dream loves something he loves too.

Ideally, George would want Dream to love sushi and also stop being a little sex-withholding asshole, but he can't win everything. He convinces himself between bites of sushi that it'd be bad to kiss Dream after all the raw fish they've been eating anyway.

Besides, who needs sex? They're having a perfectly nice conversation, at a perfectly nice table, where they're all in perfectly high spirits.

Somehow, the conversation steers towards George's work visa in America, and how lucky he was to obtain it when he did, and how much better things are now that he's living with them.

"Yeah, you're welcome," he remarks over the chewing of rice and salmon. "Your lives were horrible before I got here."

"I wouldn't say it was *horrible*," Dream corrects, because he's annoying and stupid. "It's definitely better now that you're here, though."

"Oh, so you hate me," he swallows, creating problems on purpose. "You hate me, and you want me deported tomorrow, I see."

"Dream, you're fucked up dude," Sapnap chimes in to dramatize the situation for fun, because he also enjoys being a menace. "Don't worry Gogy," he continues passionately, doing that bit where they love each other. "I'm not letting them take you away. We're, we're signing the *papers* before something shitty like that happens. And we are never getting divorced."

"Yes," George agrees accordingly, putting his heart into it. "Thank you, Sapnap. At least someone at this table's trying to keep me around."

They both pretend to weep now, exaggerating their expressions, acting like the world is ending as they put more sushi into their mouths.

"Oh, give me a break," Dream shakes his head. Slowly, they both drop the act. "So you're allowed to marry him, but I'm not? Come on now, George."

"Oh, *come on now*, Dream," he retorts back in a mocking voice.

"Wait, what was that last bit?"

Memories flash through George's mind and he rushes to cover things up in a flurry.

"Uh, it was. It was nothing—"

"George said it a while ago," Dream interjects immediately, not letting this go. What a fucking snitch. "He said, he said I can't marry you, said he'd rather see me marry someone off of fucking *Craigslist* than watch us get married. Isn't that the most fucked up thing you've ever heard?"

Sapnap turns to him scandalously. "George..." he bemoans in that faux emotional voice. "Are you tryna tear us apart? You hate Dreamnap, man?"

George only scoffs, not joining in on the bit this time. "I mean, I guess, but that's not, that's not what I meant. Why would I want the two of you to get married when you're literally the only two potential people I could conveniently marry if I ever needed a green card?"

Sapnap gives him a nod for his efforts.

“Okay, that does make sense.”

“Yeah, ‘course it does.”

“Oh yeah, mhm,” Dream stirs his iced green tea with the metal straw, clinking it against the glass. “Great save, George.”

He rolls his eyes.

“Whatever,” he continues, absentmindedly eating and speaking at the same time. “You wouldn’t want to marry Dream anyway. He gives terrible blowjobs.”

“I—WHAT—“

Thankfully, the unforeseen statement plus Dream’s reaction is laughed at raucously by Sapnap, and George joins in to make sure his freudian slip gets tossed aside as soon as humanly possible.

“You’re such a bitch,” Dream huffs with a shake of his head, and George can only chuckle because treating this as one huge joke is of crucial importance. “That, that is despicable, honestly. Who judges whether someone’s marriage material by something as superficial as that? You’re messed up, George.”

“I mean,” Sapnap shrugs. “He kinda has a point. Marrying someone who’s terrible at blowjobs would suck balls. But like...” he takes a sip of his tea. “How do you even know Dream sucks at blowjobs, man? Maybe he’s really good. Saying that just makes you sound... kinda... y’know...”

Instead of looking remotely as panicked as George feels, Dream piles on and seems to enjoy the scrutiny. “Yeah, George. How *would* you know that?”

His lips stiffen up, but he thinks quickly enough on those feet. “I mean... how else? Your dad told me,” he tells Sapnap.

The quip makes him snort. “Wait, let me lay this all out,” he says, gesturing. “So you’re telling me that Dream’s been sucking my dad’s dick. And not only has my dad been absolutely hating it—he’s also been telling you how bad of a job he’s doing?”

George just shrugs. “Yeah, I mean,” he says as smoothly as possible. “That’s what happens every night. He hasn’t been improving. It’s a real thing, that’s, that’s why Dream tweeted about it that one time.”

“I did, I did tweet that,” Dream concurs. “That actually happened. Only difference is, that I uh, I did a fantastic job. Your dad thanked me. He keeps calling me to set things up again, it’s getting kind of—“

“Shut up,” Sapnap interrupts petulantly with a slight frown. It’s funny how this low key gets to him sometimes. “I’m literally fucking your mom tomorrow. Both of your moms. At the same time.”

“Alright,” George says in an unbothered voice. “Go ahead. Fly to England tomorrow. Good luck finding her.”

It makes Dream guffaw at the way this situation turned around. The rest of dinner goes on without much of a hitch. George thinks everyone’s cool and chill. A part of him is happy, at peace. He thinks maybe it’s fine that he no longer gets special alone time with Dream at night. He’d like it

back very much, but he'll live. Perhaps just getting to laugh like this all the time is something he should be grateful for.

Later that night, George is editing a thumbnail for a video when Dream sort of barges into his room.

"Hi," he says.

"Hi," George responds, like this is a normal occurrence, and not completely out of the blue given their current circumstances.

"What are you up to?"

"I'm making a thumbnail for my video," he says, trying not to get his hopes up. A few days ago, Dream came in while he was editing and asked the same thing. All he had to say back then was *cool, good work*, and then he left like a motherfucker. It destroyed the momentum he had for the rest of that day, it was terrible. Especially since George was only editing because he thought being on his best behavior would make Dream so proud he'd reward him somehow (it was a stupid idea and hasn't worked).

"I see," Dream remarks, and interestingly, he properly enters the room this time, sitting down in the chair next to George's. "So. You... think I'm bad at blowjobs, huh?"

Now, this is interesting. George can't help the smile that stretches up when he hears this, can't help the warm feelings that color his cheeks pink. "Oh yeah. You suck at... sucking dick," he says, letting the words be playful. "Don't know what I was doing going to you for that."

"Oh, right," he scoffs indignantly. "Because you're the world's leading expert on what a good blowjob feels like. I must've missed the part where you slept with, like, literally anyone else... other than me, these, these last few weeks. In order to form this goddamn comparison. Yeah. Good for you, George."

His sarcasm is so annoying. It's also completely unnecessary and very rude. Who does he think he is? "Well... maybe I did and maybe I didn't," he shrugs, creating reasonable doubt to get back at him. "It's my life, Dream, only I'd know that. Why do you care about who I've been having sex with?"

This clearly seems to bother him, and his arms gradually wrap closer to his body, making him look smaller. "Yeah, right. We're pretty much just... together all the time. I'd know if you did something as drastic as leave the house to go get laid."

"Hm," he swipes his nose. "Would you? We haven't exactly been spending as much time together lately," he says as pointedly as he can. "Not at night, especially. How'd you know whether I left the house or not? Hook ups don't exactly happen during broad daylight."

He makes an excellent implication, because Dream genuinely looks so pissed off right now. George welcomes the feeling, and just looking at the way he tries to hide it sends spikes of pleasure down George's spine, burning him to the core. Dream exhales a long, pained breath, tightening his fist and twisting it around so tight he hears knuckles pop and bones crack. A depraved, dark corner of George's mind starts praying really hard that Dream succumbs to desire again, taking him where they stand, and making it as rough as he is enraged.

"Whatever," Dream spits instead, shrugging, but it's still a little hot. And George is just glad he's still here. "I know you only said that because you wanted to get under my skin."

“No, it was just the truth. Just couldn’t hide it anymore—“

“You’re an idiot,” he interrupts. “Fuck off, George, you know I’m good. Do I have to bring up all the times you begged for it? I didn’t even make you do that.” His chair shifts closer and he pulls George’s chair in swiftly. “You just wanted it so bad, like some... some desperate slut.”

George loses his breath at that. “Shut up. You’re lying. I don’t... I don’t remember that.”

Dream leans back and moves a tiny bit away now, aware of how being that close to George affects him too. “Yeah, sure you do.”

“Doesn’t matter if I do or don’t,” he asserts. “If you think you’re so good, so good it doesn’t matter what I say—why are you here? Clearly, something about what I said bothered you. So go on then, Dream. Are you gonna get lost, or are you gonna prove yourself and suck my cock?”

He swallows hard in response, tongue reaching out to wet his lips. George wants that tongue in his mouth so bad he feels his sanity leave his body.

“You’re a horny bastard, know that?”

It makes him scoff. “Oh yes, as opposed to you, who’s horny for noble and righteous reasons.”

Dream chuckles weakly, grinning at the remark. “Yeah, exactly.”

George scowls at him, making a face, before turning back around to (pretend to) do his work. This conversation doesn’t feel like it’s going anywhere, and it doesn’t look like Dream’s gonna do anything about their tension. He’s tired of trying and trying to make something work when it’s out of the question at this point.

He hears Dream sigh behind him.

“Why do you look like that?”

George turns back around. “What?”

“Your stupid face,” he exhales. “Those fucking eyes. What the hell is wrong with you? They’re like... crazy. The way you look is so crazy.”

“What was that about my eyes again?” He can’t help but ask, and his smile just gets so inadvertently wide. Dream shakes his head and looks away. Perhaps there’s still hope.

“God, don’t make it worse.”

“Make what worse?”

Dream lets out a frustrated sigh, hands running over his face before he gets up and starts pacing around the room.

“Dream?” He’s concerned, his heart is thumping as he asks.

He freezes in place. “I should leave,” he announces, like he’s trying to convince himself. “God, I should leave, it was a mistake to come here,” he groans, pacing again. “I don’t know why I even walked in, I never wanted to walk in, I’m stupid, I’m so stupid when it comes to you.”

He walks to the door this time, and George leaps up after him, barely reaching Dream in time as he opens the door. George slams into him on accident, making them crash into the shutting door.

They kind of stay like that for a moment, and George tentatively puts his arms around Dream, pulling him closer. It's like he's giving him a hug, but from behind. It feels foreign but right somehow. He's never done this before. Dream's heaving with difficulty, unable to contain himself, like the very touch of George corrupts, makes him the foolish man he resents being so much.

"George?"

"Stay," he commands, strong-willed yet weak with desperation, a plea. "We don't... we don't have to have sex, okay? Just, don't go. I... I miss you."

The words slip out against his better judgement, but Dream relaxes against his touch now, and even leans into his grasp, so clearly it's the right thing to say.

"I don't know why you're doing this," George continues. "But you're not explaining it to me, so I don't care. It's fine. Whatever. We don't ever have to mess around again, and I won't try and tempt you into it or ask. I just want us to hang out again. Can we please just... hang out again?"

Slowly, Dream turns himself around and they lock eyes with each other, for the longest stare off ever. He starts threading his fingers through George's hair again, like he's his favorite doll to style and play with.

"You missed me?" He inquires with a suggestive but sincere eyebrow.

George can't help but chuckle. "Was that all I needed to say?"

He shrugs, looking needy. "Maybe. I don't know. I just... just tell me, please? If you really missed me. If I heard that right."

"Yeah, I mean, I did," he sighs and scoffs, it's somewhere in between. "Was that not painfully obvious? I..." he blinks away, mouth moving on autopilot right now. "I missed you, Dream. A lot."

Dream looks like he might cry, but instead of crying he leans down to kiss George, capturing his lips in a fit of passion.

George kisses him back like a crazed man, chases his lips like it's fire in a snowstorm. He thinks he might actually be on fire, truth be told, because Dream's burning him up so good with that kiss and igniting him with his warm, addictive hands. Perhaps running his mouth without thought is a smart thing after all, his failure to be wary or careful is rewarding him with a mouth against his own.

"Missed you too," Dream peppers in between kisses. "So much," he moves slow this time. "You have no idea."

He shifts them both, pressing George onto the door now, and grinding against him so devil-like, butterfly kisses everywhere on his face and neck like he's a gorgeous flower in spring.

"I wanna fuck you so bad," Dream whispers into his ear, making his intentions clear, and making George's knees weak. The words alone are enough to crush him, break him to the core, his body surrendering to the pleasure, the absolute obsession he has with Dream's touch. "Want me to fuck you, George?"

"Mhm," he nods vigorously. "Want you to fuck my mouth," he says without thinking again, because he doesn't care anymore. His walls are all down, his filters are off, he just wants Dream so bad he'd remember to get on his knees before he remembers to breathe.

He curses again, over and over. “You can’t just say shit like that,” he grabs George’s hand and rubs it against his bulge, groaning from how good it feels to finally just let go. “You don’t know what you do to me.”

“Show me,” he gasps, breath ragged. “Show me what I do to you, show me—“ his eyes shut as Dream unbuckles his belt—“show me how good you are.”

Dream puts those big hands on his shoulders and slowly starts pushing him down.

They’re lying in bed right now, and George is still coming down from the high of his very intense orgasm. His breaths are catching up with him too, just barely out of reach right now as he relaxes, regains his senses, stops burning from all the exertion. That was so fucking awesome. If Dream ever tries to withhold sex from him for any more stupid reasons moving forward, he might have to chop his dick off. For now though, he forgives. Dream took care of him in the most enthusiastic way, like George’s climax was his own, and it’s a feeling he’s never felt to this intensity with anyone else.

A few minutes later, George reaches over to touch him, look at him, show some form of appreciation—but there’s something wrong. Dream has this faraway gaze in his eyes. His stare ambles around, moving along the walls, across the ceiling. It’s not the weirdest thing he could possibly be doing, but Dream is usually looking right back at George after sex. Or at his phone, at the very least, if he hasn’t given him attention for a long while.

He’s thinking. He appears to be agonizing over something, and that worries George. Even poking at his shoulder doesn’t seem to shake him.

“What are you thinking about?” He snaps his fingers right in front of his face. “Dream? Hello?”

This gets his attention now.

“Oh, what?” He shakes his head and comes back to earth. “Sorry, I was just... it’s nothing. I’m fine, what’s up?”

That clearly wasn’t nothing. George moves closer in, even more curious now. A touch of paranoia. “Nothing’s up,” he says. “The only thing that’s up is whatever you were thinking about. It was clearly something. Come on. Tell me. Tell me right now.”

Dream inhales and exhales, like he’s stalling. “Alright,” he starts off. “I guess there’s no point in keeping it from you. I was... I was just thinking about. This. What we’ve been doing. And realizing that it... probably needs to stop.”

George’s heart falls like an anvil in Minecraft: fast and deadly. His head feels like it’s taken a great big hit as well. The world starts swirling around him. Dream saying this is simultaneously the last thing he expected, and the first thing. It’s like he’s in a horror movie, living out a nightmare.

“Never mind,” he decides instantly. “Don’t tell me anymore. I didn’t hear anything.”

It gets him a pointed look, a preachy, annoying as hell expression that George wants to rub away if he could. But this is Dream’s real face, not a drawing in Microsoft Paint.

“George, I’m serious,” he continues. “I know this is sudden, and I know it’s... probably confusing. But that’s the thing. It’s confusing. The more I think about it the more I’m like—what am I doing? It’s like I see things a little... more clearly now? Now that I’ve—“

“Had sex.”

His shoulders shrug one at a time. “I guess. Yeah.” Man. George should’ve never let him come. “I mean... you were definitely confused this whole time, right? I think I let it get too far. It feels like we’re using each other. Or I’m using you, or... I don’t know. I just feel bad, and just... what this has all done to me. I’ve never been like this. It’s scary. I don’t know if I like it. Like, just think about it: You only told me you wanted to hang out again. And then I immediately had sex with you. Like... is that not crazy?”

George doesn’t know what to say. Why does this have to be so hard? This is terrible. Of course it was all too good to be true. Dream’s all... scared off now. George wonders how much of that is his fault, wonders what he did wrong.

“I mean...” he sighs, searching for a reason to give. “To be fair, you were trying to like. Prove to me that you were good at blowjobs. And you did. Good job, Dream.”

Maybe it’s possible that Dream changes his mind. Maybe he’ll stop being an idiot if George can talk him out of it. There’s every chance Dream is right, and that they shouldn’t keep hooking up like they’ve been doing. Perhaps George would agree if he reflected on it like he had. But he definitely doesn’t want to do that right now. If not getting laid is the smart thing to do, George wants to be a fool.

At least... just a little while more.

Dream scoffs, shaking his head. “Yeah, you see? That, that’s just like ridiculous. That’s insane, like—how is that healthy?”

“How’s it not healthy?” George deflects, refusing to look at him. “We haven’t... been getting sick or anything. We’re fine. It’s... it’s good.”

His efforts earn him a pity laugh.

“Look...” he grunts, sitting up a bit. George doesn’t follow suit. A part of him is already bracing himself for everything. He’s going to get kicked out of bed, he’ll have to sleep alone... just when he thought that hell had ended. “George. We’ve... we’ve had our fun, right? Obviously this feels really good, but it’s not just about feeling good. We started doing all this for a reason. To like... figure stuff out. For me, at least. But we’ve done it hundreds of times now. And I can’t keep lying to you, or myself. I can’t... pretend it’s still necessary. You’ve done your part, George. And I’m like, super grateful. I really am. But obviously it’s enough. It’s more than enough, and everything I’m meant to figure out... I can just... figure it out on my own by now.”

George’s eyebrows scrunch together at that. “Wait, do you still not know?”

It trips him up a bit. “That’s... that’s not the point. The point is—eh... it gets dangerous.” He takes a moment to collect himself. “Yeah, like. Because we’re best friends and all that. And I’ve seen the movies. That shit always ends so horribly. And it almost did, like, look at what happened. We got into a fight, and things were like... weird. Between us. I don’t like that. I don’t like being that crazy, and feeling that crazy. I don’t want you to have to deal with that. I don’t wanna put us, and our friendship, into like... a strange position. We have to be responsible.”

George takes a long moment to process this. Dream doesn't continue, and recognizes that he needs time. He seems to be struggling with the decision he made too, almost like he hates it a bit, but thinks it's the smart thing to do, the safe thing to do. And George has to admit. He's thought about it before. Things could get really weird, he's not stupid. But maybe not... yet. Things don't exactly have to end *yet*. He has something else in mind, just one last thing.

"I... understand what you mean," he starts off. "But to be fair, I haven't done everything I could to help yet."

Dream gives him a curious stare. "And what's that?"

He shrugs. "I mean. There's more to sex than just... what we've been doing. And I think... until we've done that. We're not done. And I think we should do that."

Dream gives a choked laugh, telling George that he definitely understands what he's talking about. He composes himself in a way that assures George—he can tell he doesn't find it ridiculous, doesn't hate or want to mock George for suggesting it. Because well. Of course he doesn't.

"George." He says this in a clear, calm voice. "Are you sure we should do that?"

"You asked me what I wanted, right? This is what I want."

"Wow..." his mouth doesn't close, he's in awe, looking like a nimrod. "Okay. I see. I get it, George. But... if we ever ended up doing that. I don't think I'd ever be able to leave you alone."

This makes him lag for a second. "I don't understand what that means."

Dream slides down, getting close to George again. "It means..." he says, voice getting all smooth and slow. "I'd get hooked on you. Beyond saving."

He drags the tips of his fingers over George's skin, and for someone who's meant to be convincing him to stop having sex with him forever, he seems to be doing a terrible job.

"Maybe I don't want you to be saved," he says.

Dream chuckles back in response, warm and low. "Be careful what you wish for, George," he tells him, and they look at each other. "Because if I ever got to fuck you like that..." he gulps, and George only wants him more now. This is making his head dizzy with want. His body might as well be a railway station. "I think. I'd get addicted to it. You know what I'm like when I get obsessed with something. I would want you all the damn time. You'd hate it. You'd get sick of me."

Now, he's dragging a single finger up and down George's chest. He sure as hell feels sick, but not for the reasons Dream suggests.

"I wouldn't," he insists, because this crazy man he lies with is already making him half-hard. Words cannot describe how much he likes Dream's obsession, how much he craves for it to be centered on him. "What difference would that make anyway? You're already obsessed with me."

Dream rolls his eyes, flicking him on the arm. "I am *not* obsessed with you," he emphasizes, like he's making an official statement. "You're an idiot, George."

"Sure," he haughtily responds. "Tell that to all the times you've stared at my ass. I have eyes too you know, I can see you looking. Every time. You suck at hiding it."

And, there he goes. “O-okay,” he fumbles that already. “To, to be fair—I’m not always looking. Some... sometimes! I’m just conveniently behind you. And my eyes just happen to be... just... looking in that direction. Like on the floor or something. Doesn’t mean I was staring.”

“Tell that to a judge.”

He rolls over in defeat. “Fine. It’s a nice fucking ass, happy? Is that what you wanted to hear? That it looks good enough to eat, that—that it has no business looking that good?”

“You’re jealous, aren’t you?” George smirks at him, being playful. “You wish you had my dump truck instead of that... flatty patty.”

He falls into a shell-shocked silence. His eyes are filled with horror, pure derangement, like he’s just seen a ghost.

“Take that back.” He spouts such frail words. “You don’t mean that. That’s not... that’s not true. You can’t possibly think that. Please say it isn’t true, George. I don’t know what the point of life would be if I didn’t have a fat ass. I should just kill myself, right?”

“Doesn’t matter if it’s true or not,” George says, because he can tell Dream’s only half-serious, doing it all for the dramatics. “You make up for it anyway.”

“With what? *Personality*?” He scoffs, rolling his eyes.

George’s hand dips down and drags over that clothed bulge. Dream’s breath shudders at the contact. “With this, idiot.”

“Oh my god.” He heaves, stricken with want, placing his hand above George’s, holding it gently. “You think so?”

The reaction makes him snort. “You’re an idiot.”

“No, tell me,” he says, wetting his lips. “I wanna, I wanna know everything. Just say it, real quickly.”

“Say what?”

“Everything you love about my dick. Come on, just tell me. It’s easy. Come on.”

He is so insufferable. George takes his hand away just to make a point. “You haven’t given me any reason to love it. Maybe I’d have something to say if you put it to use.”

Dream’s eyebrows quirk up in question. “You mean, like right now?”

George reaches over to the bedside drawer, dragging it open. The contents of it reveal some condoms and lube that he remembers Dream sneaking into their shopping cart all those weeks ago. He never brought it up, so George had a feeling he was stocking up just in case, but it gave him ideas. Ideas that he wants to come to fruition.

“That’s up to you,” he says, shutting the drawer again. “I said I wanted it, I didn’t say it had to be now. I just—I’m ready—like, whenever you are. I—“

Dream shuts him up with a kiss, pulling him into his lap. Things get heated very quickly, and when they touch and press their bodies together, there’s a new, elevated tension and excitement that didn’t exist before. They also giggle a bit, alternating between fast desperation and slow

tenderness. Soon enough, George is lying on that sacred mattress, getting marked up on his neck and collarbone with Dream's possessive lips and tongue.

"Do you need a pillow to grab onto later?" He asks, over a gentle kiss to his jaw.

"Why would I need that?"

He smirks all silly. "Maybe not a pillow. But you'd probably need something to, y'know, muffle up all the screaming you'll be doing."

He even winks. What an idiot. He's so dumb. George can't believe he's hooking up with him. Maybe it's not too late for them to permanently stop having sex with each other forever.

"I'm not going to scream. I might even yawn, actually."

Dream's eyes darken over with something to prove, and he pulls open that drawer with a bitter force.

"Oh yeah?" He taunts, already tugging down George's boxers. "Well, we'll see about that."

Chapter End Notes

shows up 6 days late with no starbucks to even show for it because truth be told i don't really like coffee

HIHIHI i am not apologizing btw. i really REALLY hope u liked this chapter. i think i'll always have some level of fear that everyone will hate a chapter before i see the comments and what people think but i gen srs am proud of this one :(i hope i did a good job in communicating... the confusion and mental illness and internal conflict and drama etc of sadf!dnf's situation. i foresee people getting a little frustrated with sadf!george and a little thrown off/confused by sadf!dream. OR it could be the complete opposite. or both. idk. orrrr you could feel like you get what's going on based on your own experiences and people you've known in your life. it's ok to be confused and it's ok to feel like u get it. all i can say is that navigating a situation like sadf IS very insane. let's all be insane together <3 i wanna hear ALL ur thoughts. even if u only have one or if you have a thousand and need to describe it across 3 comments. feel free to ask any questions u have. i might not answer them on purpose but if it's something i can point out within the text of current sadf canon (aka u are confused bc u skipped over a line or forgot a paragraph) i most certainly will help :D

random thing: if u notice i always refer to dream and sapnap as dream and sapnap. this is a writing choice i've made, because i thought it was funny, and also it playfully reflects how george p much always calls them dream and sapnap. i think i've made other random choices because i thought it was funny. do note that this is a fictional story despite the real inspiration from the content creators! im really just here to go crazy and project my mental illness (dream gets half my problems and george gets the other half and whichever half goes where depends on their irl vibes ig) and tell my very stupid terrible jokes (that i hope u laugh at! if u don't thats ok but at the end of the day im just here to hopefully entertain and cheer u up) AND therefore if i like. make a character behave or talk in a certain way or say something that doesn't agree w ur view on things, please know that it's all just story and characterization choices. don't take it

to heart :) let's all live and let live!

and by that i mean: please don't cancel me for the flatty patty joke. that is sadf!george who said that, not me. whether i think dream has a flat or fat ass is something i do NOT want to comment on. also whether cc!george thinks dream's ass is fat is a whole other story. sadf!george and cc!george are not the same. hashtag no cancellations for mich 2022!

btw fun bts fact: the scene where george insinuates that dream had sex w sapnap's dad was written before dream tweeted saying that he was going to have sex with sapnap's dad. i edited it to include the tweet lore and also its like such a small thing but i hate that i wrote a scene related to this before dream made a tweet about it. going dark

also i hope u liked sapnap's appearances in this chapter!! some of the lines i've given him are my faves. like idk if u remember the line 'doing that bit where they love each other' but its something sapnap said on stream once that i found SO funny. please tell me about ALL ur fave moments and ur fave lines and ur fave scenes etc etc!! ik it can be hard to remember everything so no pressure to say EVERYTHING but!!! whatever u remember will make me very happy <3

remember that i was kind this chapter. sort of. this is like. well. its not a cliffhanger. technically. but like damn like. what. u wanted to read about them having sex or something? is this story about people having sex with each other or something....? yeah. that's what i thought.

anyway from here on out. idk if i can keep to the prev 6 day upload schedule anymore. obv i already broke it but literally in 12 hours i have my first class of my new semester GHJHJGH don't worry though im not that conscientious a student. BUT it does mean i'll be slightly more busy. i'll try to keep to a sunday upload schedule but if i can't i'll let u guys know! as always follow me on twitter and tumblr for updates!

LASTLY tysssssm for 2200+ kudos!! this is my most kudos'd fic ever which is CRAZY. also thanks for 1200+ subscriptions!!! that's so many of u. mwah! i'll see u all in the comment section! OH also to that person who commissioned sadf art, YOU SAVED MY LIFE. it was the best day ever when i saw it. anyone whos ever made sadf art i love you LIKE CRAZY make as much as u want n def TAG ME if u do!!!!

lastly lastly: if u want a fast way to get notified for sadf, turn notifs on for my alt on tumblr quackitydream :) send any sadf asks to my mcyt blog, dreamquackity!

condoms and confessions

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I love you.”

Oh god. Oh god. Oh god.

The words slip out and he gets stricken with awareness only a moment later. This is the most horrifying realization he’s had in ages, feels like making a fatal mistake he never saw coming.

Yes. The words came from his mouth. George’s. Something akin to a balloon starts expanding in his chest, filling him with dread, and it’s about to pop. Honestly, spontaneously exploding to death right now would be a great turn of events. He’d die, and he won’t have to face whatever the hell he just said.

Why did he say that? What’s wrong with him? He can’t make heads or tails of it at all. It’s the worst time to say something like that, he can’t even hide it or blame it on the heat of the moment, can’t count on Dream being too busy stuffing that damn cock in and out of him to not have heard, to have been blissfully unaware.

“What?” Dream asks, reaching over to throw the condom in the trash. This humbles him even more. He really told a man he loved him while he was tying up a goddamn condom.

“Nothing,” he hastily says, because he’s still a little bit frozen in the body and the mind, and he’s trying to put all the pieces together, trying to find out how he was cursed and stricken with such low levels of luck.

Because he wasn’t even thinking it! He wasn’t even thinking about love, he wasn’t, he wasn’t thinking about anything, honestly. His body is still calming down from one of the most earth shattering experiences of his life, he... he wasn’t going to say it. He’s usually an expert at not telling Dream he loves him. And now he’s throwing it out there willy nilly for a bit of dick in the ass? What’s next? They do a little bit of barebacking and he asks Dream to marry him?

Good lord. This is all so fucking frustrating. This is all so mortifying. He doesn’t know what he can even blame it on. It wasn’t like he had been thinking the words over and over in his head or anything. Maybe if he had been... he wouldn’t have spat them out so carelessly.

“You... sure it was nothing?” Dream continues, and it propels George back into the stormy waves he forgot all about, and now they’re about to engulf him. They crash over, trying to drown him.

One thing’s for sure. He can’t deal with this right now.

“I have to shower,” he mutters, very awkward and matter-of-factly, but he doesn’t care. He grabs enough clothes to put on, and stumbles out of bed. Standing up is a bit of a rocky experience. He loses balance for a second, and it’s not like he can’t feel his legs or anything, it was just, it was just sudden, and he got unsteady. Dream definitely notices this but it’s whatever, it’s fine.

“You okay?” Speak of the devil, and there he goes, holding the sides of his hips with steady hands. “Shouldn’t you rest a little more?”

“No, I’m fine,” George claims, and that’s sort of true. He can definitely walk to his shower without

any foreseeable mishaps, but Dream's touch is killing him. "I just want a shower now."

Dream lets go and he walks all the way to the door before he speaks again.

"George, I have a shower right here," is what he says. "You don't have to go all the way to yours."

"You can use it," he responds, already turning the door open, barely resisting the urge to just run away. "I'm good with mine, I like it. All my like... stuff is in there."

Dream thankfully doesn't say anything else, and George barely makes his escape with his wits about him.

Then again, is it really an escape? As he reaches his bathroom and locks the door behind him, he realizes how temporary a reprieve this all is. And is it really a reprieve to be alone with such dangerous thoughts and impending doom?

George can barely bear it as he strips his clothes off again, a painful reminder of how Dream did it better, and of everything that followed. Unfortunately, nothing about his moans, his aching pleas, nor his rigorous demands for more were anywhere as embarrassing as what he said after the fact.

Hot water steams onto his ravished skin, and looking at all the marks on his body left by Dream makes him want to shed it all off like a snake. The reminder is too painful, but then again, maybe he should treasure the reminder, because that's all it's going to be from now on, isn't it? A memory, something that won't ever happen again, because he's gone and screwed all of it up now.

This was... everything Dream was afraid of, wasn't he? And now George has gone and proven him right.

How will he defend himself now? How will he save the situation, given all the promises he's implicitly made, about how it'll all be okay, about how they can still be friends and it wouldn't be weird?

He takes deep breaths, scrubs at his reddish skin, and rubs clammy hands against his even redder face. He tries to calm down. Maybe he doesn't have to take any drastic measures, maybe he doesn't have to fake his death or claim momentary insanity.

Perhaps... he's overthinking this out of fear. After all, Dream had been pretty nice to him earlier. And he didn't immediately confront him about what was said, so maybe... he didn't even hear it. Oh, George hopes to god he didn't hear it. He can just pretend nothing happened in that case.

Yeah! Nothing happened. Nothing at all. George is just taking a normal shower after a normal anal sex session. Wow! He is rubbing soap on his body because he likes being fresh and clean after sex, not because he's suffering from inner turmoil.

He should probably wrap this shower up and get back to their room, because in this perfectly regular situation he's in, Dream would be thrown off if he took way too long.

He stops taking his time after that, rushing out the shower stall once all the soap is washed off.

George wipes himself dry and steps out the bathroom. He jerks in shock when he opens the door. Two feet away stands Dream in the hallway, rubbing a towel through his damp hair.

This is something he failed to account for, and it launches him into a whirlpool of uncertainty once again.

“Hey,” Dream says, giving him a cloying candy smile. “You took a while in there, you okay?”

Fuck. He took a while? Jesus fucking christ. So he was already screwed. Maybe he should’ve just stayed in there all night somehow, slept in his bathtub.

Now, he has to deal with... whatever this is.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” George says, trying not to rake his eyes over Dream’s shirtless body, trying not to notice the shorts that hang nice and low on that pretty waist.

It’s not even that he’s never seen Dream like this before, it’s just... such a casual context.

“You sure?” Dream persists, tongue rolling out with teasing words. “Not wobbling even a little?”

“I can walk just fine, idiot,” he retorts, rolling his eyes. “I’m starting to think I gave you an ego.”

“You might’ve,” he says, tone so lilting. “Too late to take it back though.”

“I’m taking it back anyway,” George insists, and he gets greeted with a frown. Dream puts his towel around George’s neck and uses it to pull him close. Close enough to kiss. Like he doesn’t even care.

George’s heart is in such a precarious position. He’s grasping onto it with the tips of his fingers, about to lose it to Dream. He holds on so tight it begins to pound in protest and he feels it all over his body, trembling just that little.

“And I’m gonna pretend I didn’t hear that,” he whispers in that silky voice, before pulling away and sliding his hand into George’s, dragging him along. “Come on now, back to bed.”

“Already?” George scoffs, trying to ignore how flagrant a display this is, how it spits in the face of all the secrets they want to keep. They’re holding hands in the hallway, and it feels so forbidden somehow, even though they’ve done much worse in spaces that are even more inhabited. Honestly, kissing might feel less illicit. Getting his hand held is too normal an activity to be evoking such feelings from him.

“Just... how bad is your sex drive?” He continues in a concerned and judgmental voice.

“For sleep, idiot,” Dream chuckles, tugging him even closer. “Let’s go, I’m tired as fuck.”

“You go,” he tells him with that pitter-patter heartbeat. “I... I have to go get changed first.”

It makes him look sad when he lets go, and George almost feels bad, almost gives in and takes his hand again, but he mostly feels confused as he walks over to his room.

Dream... is touchy with him. Obviously. That’s not new, that’s never been a shock, and they literally just had penetrative sex, which is just about as touchy as you can get, especially given the way they did it. Full of... tender kisses, agonizing touches, everything his heart desired.

There’s just. This feeling. George feels strange, George feels weird, and as he pulls on a new pair of sweatpants, he realizes that feeling is *guilt*.

Why does he feel bad? He should feel fine, because everything is fine, but... something inside him claims him to be undeserving.

He also feels doubt. Does Dream know? Does he not know? Would he be acting like this if he did?

George isn't sure if he wants the answer to that question.

He gets fully dressed and can't move. He flops onto his bed and lets out a sigh. Maybe he should just stay here. Maybe Dream's passed out asleep already, and won't even notice that George isn't there. Maybe he should just sleep here, and in the morning he'll forget what happened and feel normal again.

His phone buzzes with a tweet. He looks over, spotting a notification from Dream's private account.

hi, is all it says.

It makes him scoff. What an idiot. Something in him senses that this tweet is meant for him, and he unlocks his phone to reply to it. Why Dream couldn't just text him, he doesn't know, but he plays along.

What happened to being tired

George ignores all the replies that almost instantly flow in, ranging from key smashes of excitement to intense allegations that unfortunately hold some truth in reality.

A minute later, Dream's opening his door and crawling into his bed, dressed soft in his sleep attire. He wraps an arm over George's torso, face planting into the mattress.

"You're so lazy," he complains. "My room's not even that far away."

"I was busy," George says, making that up. "I was replying to a tweet. Your tweet. You haven't replied to me, by the way."

"Don't need to," he tells him. "I already found out everything I wanted to know."

"And what was that?"

"That I'm welcome here," he simply says, kissing George on the cheek. It spreads all over like a disease.

"I never said you weren't welcome here."

"I know," he shrugs. "I just... needed to make sure."

"Why?"

He goes quiet after that. George gets this foreboding feeling in his stomach, and then it finally happens. The sinking feeling he's had is real.

"I heard you... okay? I heard you tell me you love me."

He knew this whole time. From the very beginning, and he was just pretending he didn't. Why?

"You were acting weird so I thought I wouldn't bring it up, but I think it's better that I do. George—it's okay. You don't have to be scared. If you were. I get it. I really do. There's nothing weird about it, like, like you've said it before anyway, so who cares. I've said it. I say it all the time. I love you. See? I love you. I just did it again. You were just... being grateful to me, right? I mean, if someone just gave me the best sex I've ever had, I'd be grateful as shit too. I'd *definitely* tell them I loved—"

“Shut up,” he interrupts, nudging him with an eye roll. “That’s not true.”

“It’s not? You mean that wasn’t the best sex of your life?”

He shuts up himself for a second. “It… it wasn’t.”

Dream pouts, moving in closer because he’s so… he’s just. So. So very him.

“Okay. When was the best sex of your life then? Tell me all about it.”

“I don’t want to.”

He frowns comically, turning the corners of his lips down in almost impossible angles. “Fine, don’t. But… tell me, George. Did I… did I at least do a good job?”

George doesn’t show him any sympathy. He knows he’s just acting like a kicked puppy to farm compliments. Unless Dream blacked out and clean forgot everything that happened while they fucked, there’s no way he doesn’t know he did a good job. He’s being an idiot.

“It was acceptable,” is what he winds up saying as a result.

“It was *acceptable*?” He sneers in a disbelieving voice. “That’s all I get?”

“Yeah.”

“Wow,” he exasperates. “I put my heart and soul into fucking you, and this is the thanks I get.”

George cracks up at this. “Heart and soul?”

It makes Dream chuckle just to see him laugh. “Yeah, exactly.”

“Well…” he shrugs. “Fine. Doesn’t matter, though. I’m not thanking you. Not for any of it.”

Dream lets out a sigh and George laughs in his face for it. It earns him a narrow-eyed look.

“Keep laughing while you can, George,” he says. “The next time you come running to me for sex? I’m gonna make you eat your words.” He drags his knuckles over George’s body, and he stops laughing as much. “I’m gonna make you beg, gonna make you… admit everything you won’t say. You’ll be telling me over and over again how good I am, mark my words.” Dream turns over and straddles him now, and George goes breathless. “Hm?” He grins, moving low and close to him, their bodies pressed close. He smooches his neck because he’s the worst person ever. “Thoughts on that?”

“I think…” he gulps. “You’re an idiot.”

“Well, yeah,” Dream prattles on, hand caressing his face now. “But I didn’t ask if you thought I was an idiot.”

Sigh. It’s all George can do. His body is a wasteland that Dream’s made permanent claim to, so it seems. Something George will let him take as he pleases. The hold Dream has on him is so humiliating.

“I hate it,” he tells him. “I hate you, actually.”

“No you don’t,” Dream instantly retorts, eyes filled with glee. “You love me, remember?”

Speaking of embarrassing things, this makes him instantly cringe and curl up, and all the evil evil bastard Dream does is cackle like a witch. There's something seriously wrong with him.

"Fuck off."

"You don't mean that."

"I do. You're messed up."

"Well," he shrugs. "I am a little messed up, I'll admit. But you like it. You *love* it."

George shoves at him, picking up a pillow and half-heartedly tosses it at him, but Dream only continues to laugh.

"You're an idiot," he starts off bitterly. "You're dumb, you—"

Dream catches onto his wrist, grabbing it. "I what?"

George loses his train of thought. "You... you, uh..."

His sneaky hand slides up from his wrist to interlock with his fingers. He brings it up to his lips and kisses it. "Yes?"

George doesn't speak.

"Tell me you love me again, George."

What the fuck?

"No."

Dream pulls in closer, gently leaving a trail of kisses from his collarbone to his shoulder.

"Why not?"

He heaves, and the action of breathing itself is just so harsh on his lungs. "It's just... it's not going to happen."

His hands encircle that waist, pressing them together so soft and slow. It hurts more than getting slammed against a wall, the things it does to his pitiful heart.

"You've said it before," he says. "Come on. Just do it like you did earlier. Do it for me."

"I'm not... doing anything for you."

Dream's head leans to the side. "I'll make it worth your while," he negotiates. "Please?"

"You're so greedy," he complains. "You always want... so many ridiculous things."

"Can you blame me?" He chuckles. "When it comes from you it's worth it."

George heaves again, trying not to let his breaths match his heart rate. "If I kiss you right now," he suggests, "will you shut up about this?"

It makes Dream smile all silly, something that corrodes all of his anxiety away. "Yes," he says obediently, and George leans in for a slow one.

Gradually, Dream drags both of them down to the bed again, and George lies atop him, melting, relaxing, falling, flying.

“Hey George,” he says when they stop. “Guess what?”

“What?”

“I love you.” And then he giggles. “It’s okay. You don’t have to say it back. I wanted to say it, because... because I can. Because we’re allowed to love each other, right? We always have. So like... it’s okay to say it. If you want to. You shouldn’t have to hold it in. The world won’t end just because I know you love me.” His lashes flick as his eyes roll, and his smile widens again. “I know you’re gonna keep being a little shit and not tell me you love me on purpose anyway. But I just thought I’d say that. I don’t... really care. I don’t care, if, if I’m the friend who says it all the time, and you’re the guy who rarely ever does. Because I mean it every time. And I know you really, *really* mean it when you say it.” He gives him one last peck on the cheek. “Good night, George,” he yawns. “Sweet dreams.”

Dream shuts his eyes after that, making sounds of slumber.

George stares at the ceiling for a while, unmoving and barely blinking. But he succumbs to the feeling of exhaustion too, soon enough.

George wakes up alone.

It’s not a completely unfounded occurrence, it’s just... not exactly common. And he definitely did not expect it to happen, especially given the events of last night.

He thought he’d wake up to warm arms wrapped around him, keeping him safe, keeping him close.

Apparently not.

It’s not a big deal. It’s not a big deal! He doesn’t care, obviously. Why should he care? It’s not like he’s disappointed or anything, not like he was expecting early morning cuddles. Or anything.

Dream’s probably... busy. Yeah. There was just something so pressing that he couldn’t stay in bed with George, coaxing him into consciousness. Maybe he’s downstairs making breakfast for George, and it’s a surprise. Yeah, that’s why. That’s a good thing. Dream isn’t avoiding him. That period’s done and dusted, gone with the wind, right?

If George’s fingers tingle with nervousness as he hastily brushes his teeth, it’s... no one’s business.

And hey, he finds Dream easily enough. The piercing sounds of their newly purchased blender give him away easily, and George makes a beeline for the kitchen.

Dream looks pleased with himself. He’s carefully pouring what looks to be a banana smoothie into a tall glass. He’s pulled out all the stops, plopping a silly straw into the mixture, sticking a slice of banana onto the rim of the glass, which weirdly works the way you’d expect a lemon slice to, just differently, a little more messy.

“Hi George,” he greets amicably, waving as he walks over.

“Thanks for the smoothie,” George responds nonchalantly, attempting to grab the drink that Dream pulls away and takes a sip of. “What?”

“This is my smoothie,” he contests. “I made it all special just for me. Get your own.”

He is aghast with shock. This is unprecedented. Dream is so cruel and mean.

“Why didn’t you make one for me?”

“Why?” He sips, making ostentatious efforts to pretend, to be dense. “Did you want one?”

“Yeah, obviously.”

“Okay,” Dream says, putting down his smoothie, that George immediately grabs to get a taste of. “I’ll make one for you.”

“Yeah... you’d better,” he continues, mouth half-full before he swallows. “This is good. I like banana.”

“Oh, I bet you do,” he chuckles as he retreats to the fridge to get more ingredients.

George decides to ignore it this time, and continues to drink as Dream comes back. “I think you should make another one for yourself. I’m about to finish this one.”

“What? No, that’s mine, give it back—“

George abandons the straw and drinks directly from the glass itself, chugging what was admittedly not that big of a smoothie anyway. He can definitely finish another one. He sets the empty glass down with a laugh, lips messy with the smoothie.

Dream leans in and kisses him, sucking whatever’s left of the drink off his lips, smacking his mouth together when he pulls away, pleased with himself.

“What was that?”

He’s red in the face.

“That was me taxing you for the smoothie you stole,” he says accusatorially. “There’s only so many bananas in the world, George.”

He doesn’t say anything yet. George takes a finger and swirls it around the rim of the glass, picking up the smoothie that still clings to the inside, and pops it in his mouth, sucking it clean. He stares at Dream the whole time, watches as those eyes descend into anguish and some sort of panic. He watches him suck in a tormented breath, and George smiles in satisfaction as he stops.

“Make two smoothies, Dream.”

He doesn’t complain after that. But what he does do almost immediately after making the two smoothies is even stranger.

“Okay, bye George,” is what he says, picking up his smoothie and walking away.

George has to stop mid-gulp to swallow and look up at him. “What?” He questions in bewilderment. “Where are you going?”

“To take a bath,” he points, saying this like it’s obvious, like George should’ve known, like *of*

course he was going to go take a bath. Like this isn't sudden. Like he has a specific bath time and it's right now and George was meant to be aware of this.

"By yourself?"

Dream snorts at him. "Uh... yeah? How else? Don't people usually take baths alone?"

Oh. Alone. He wants... to be alone. Without George. Voluntarily. Those feelings he felt this morning, when he first woke up, they come back now, rushing in tenfold and rendering him silent.

Well. Not physically silent. He just feels like he'd be speechless if he weren't about to keep questioning this.

"Why'd you make banana smoothies if you were going for a bath then?"

"The smoothie's for the bath," he explains, taking a sip, looking refreshed. "So I have something to drink when I'm in there. I mean, I can't be drinking my own bath water, right? That's gross."

He huffs. He's seen Dream's bath, he's well aware that he can have drinks in there and live it up, but...

"I get that," he says. "What I'm not understanding is why you're taking a bath at all."

"Because I wanted to relax. We're not working today, remember?"

George knew that, of course. But you see, he thought they'd be relaxing together. He knows how gravely mistaken he was now. And yet Dream looks so innocent that he'd feel bad bargaining otherwise. Still... something about this is not sitting right. He doesn't understand the nauseating feeling, gets sick of the insecurity, so he sends Dream on his way.

And there he is. Left alone, with only a smoothie to remind himself of what had been. He was planning on drinking his smoothie slowly this time around, but being on his own is now agonizing.

It's not that he can't be alone. It's that it feels especially deadly and annoying right now, because he didn't think he'd be alone today. He doesn't have anything in mind to do. Usually, he'd have someone to be talking to, something to distract himself with, but he knows even if he scrolled through his entire list of contacts right now, he wouldn't want to talk to any of them. And it's not like he hates all his friends, it's not like he gets bored of them. It's just that... right now... none of them are Dream. And he feels so bitter, so determined to make up for lost time, that anything that *isn't* getting to hang out with Dream just doesn't make the cut.

Now that he's gotten to meet and spend the days with his best friends, getting denied and deprived of that experience really sucks. Sapnap's gone right now, something he double checks, off to play basketball with Punz. He sent that in the group chat earlier, so George can't even hang out with him if he wants to either.

He's well and truly alone.

It's not too much to ask, is it? To get to spend time together? He shouldn't even have to ask it, does he?

It's a dumb thing to be agonizing over, he knows. In any other normal situation, he wouldn't really care if Dream were taking a bath. But today just... the timing of it is just... and the way it happened just... felt so weird.

That's when it hits him.

Dream never said he couldn't come in, right? Maybe this is just, just one big surprise again. Even though the smoothie was never a surprise. And this would be a weird premise for a surprise. But it doesn't matter. The point is that Dream wouldn't care if George was there or not, and if George showed up, they'd probably end up doing something together, he'd probably be invited to join in whatever Dream gets up to.

Right?

George goes up to Dream's room, and the door to his bedroom is unlocked (a good sign). The door to Dream's bathroom is also unlocked (an even better sign).

This is all going according to plan. This is a great idea.

He goes on in, and Dream's in the bath, like he said, bubbles and suds floating over the surface, blocking most of his body from view. Not that he cares, but Dream's bare, broad shoulders are perfectly visible as he uses his phone, as are both his arms. It's a tasty sight.

He looks a little startled when George comes in, which tells him Dream didn't intend for him to intrude at all.

"Oh... hey George," is all he says, before going back to whatever he was doing.

It's such a mundane greeting. Neither welcoming nor annoyed. It infuriates George, because he'd much rather have Dream get irritated or mad or something, tell George he shouldn't be here, have some sort of reaction that George can work with. He'd much rather argue and fight to be here if he's not going to get coddled.

It's crazy. It's ridiculous. It makes him feel insane, and strange for caring this much. And then he remembers everything that happened last night, and everything Dream warned him about.

Only problem is Dream isn't the one who's addicted, the one who's needlessly affected and clingy. It's *him*, and coming to this realization is... embarrassing to say enough.

"Your smoothie's all gone," he says, pointing out the first thing he can start a conversation over, the empty glass.

"Yeah, I finished it earlier."

"Shouldn't you be getting out then?"

Dream looks up from his phone. "No... why would I? My water's still warm."

George walks up to the tub now, dipping his hand in. "I think it's cold enough to get out. You might start to freeze if you don't."

His words result in a chuckle, causing Dream to turn around fully to face George. He wears a grin on his face, forearms leaning attractively on the long edge of the tub.

"George." The name rolls off his tongue in that euphonious voice. He could say it a hundred times, in a hundred different ways... there's always that same, haunting effect. "Do you have a problem with me being in this bathtub?"

"Um," he clears his throat, trying to sound composed. "No. No I... don't."

“Okay,” Dream says, like he doesn’t believe him, but he’s not bothered by it. “So... you won’t mind if I stay in here and enjoy my bath, for... as long as I wanna be in here, right?”

“Uh... sure,” he assents, awkwardly moving over to the toilet bowl, pulling the lid down to make some sort of makeshift seat. He watches TikToks for a few minutes, but something in him explodes, and he gets up again.

“I think you’re being weird,” he declares.

Dream’s eyes shift and narrow at him. “I’m weird for... wanting to take a bath?”

“It’s not the bath,” he scoffs. “It was never about the bath, it’s... this is weird because you left me all alone to drink a smoothie you made for me, when the normal thing to do would be to sit and finish our smoothies together before either of us did anything else. The normal you would’ve stayed and hung out with me, maybe even for the whole day. You were... you were avoiding me again. Which is dumb enough already, but... what’s even like, dumber, is that you made this, this huge deal about it. You were like ooh, George, if we have sex, I’m gonna be all obsessed with you, better watch out. And then, boom, the next day, you like, ditch me. What the hell is that? You’re not... you’re not making sense.”

Dream doesn’t say anything, or attempt to interrupt him at any point during his outburst. He sits, motionless, with an expression that George is too afraid to peek at. After he stops talking, he stays rooted in place, hands fidgeting with each other, skin numb and heart palpitating as he awaits a response.

“I’m... gonna take a shower,” he announces, squatting and draining the tub in one swift motion. The water goes down and Dream looks up at him, eyes earnest and reserved. “Do you wanna join me?”

He steps into the stall without looking back, and George doesn’t even think before tugging off all his clothes and following behind him as quickly as possible.

The shower water falls on them like rain. It’s because their showers are all built with that feature. George realizes it’s perfect for covering two people in water, such that Dream can sort of wash off the suds that got on him during his super soapy bubble bath, and George can... stand close by and stare at him.

He gets drenched in the process, and when Dream turns off the tap, he turns around, looking very appreciative of what the shower’s done to George’s hair.

He smirks, swiping his wet fringe out of his forehead.

“What is it with you and my hair when it’s wet?”

“I just... think it looks good.” He stops touching it now. “Sorry. For that. And for everything else.”

“I didn’t say you had to apologize for that. But for the other stuff, yeah. Good. You should apologize for ditching me.”

“Well...” he licks his lip. “To be fair about that. I wasn’t *trying* to ditch you. I don’t think I ever like... intend to ditch you.”

“That’s a load of bullshit,” he says. “You avoided me on purpose for weeks. Do you have any idea how that was?”

“Yes,” he says with a hard emphasis, and it carries a bitterness and agony that George resonates with. “That hurt like hell for me too.”

“Then why did you do it?”

“Because, George...” he sighs. “You confuse me. And I... I confuse me too, so. It was just a hard time and... I don’t know if I could ever justify it. Not in a way you’d... never mind. Whatever. Point is, it won’t happen again, okay? I promise.”

George would lean against the wall, but the shower wall’s wet, and he’s naked, so that would just feel gross, in all honesty.

He averts Dream’s gaze and the sigh he gives out is laced with disappointment.

“Yeah, well. How am I meant to trust that? How do I know you won’t just change your mind again and just, decide you don’t want anything to do with me, that you’ll just stop... everything.”

He doesn’t go into detail, folding his arms and biting his lip. He’s still afraid of it. He can’t find it in him to believe in Dream right now, and maybe he’ll always be waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Interestingly, Dream bursts out laughing. When he stops, he sighs with a bittersweet grin and says: “George... I fucking suck at staying away from you.” He shakes his head. “It’s impossible! I don’t know how the hell you do it, but I’ve never craved someone the way I wanna be around you. If I ever stay away from you, it’s... it’s because I think it’s a bad idea. Or I need to not be distracted, or I have to focus on something important, or... yeah. The fact that a lot of important stuff I need to do requires your help is, well, unfortunate. I just... wanna be with you all the time. I should get sick of it, but I don’t. I don’t know how that even works. I try to get it under control but then I fail, and I go running back to you, and... I let myself go too far. It keeps happening. No matter what I tell myself. I can’t... do what’s smart. I can’t do what’s right. All I am... is someone who wants you, George.”

Hearing this is... captivating, to say the least. George takes a small step closer.

“Maybe that isn’t so bad. Maybe... I like that you want me.”

Dream’s hand sneaks through his wet locks of hair again, greedy in the way it plays with his jaw. George’s eyes slide shut from the sensations. How could he not know how much this kills him?

“Really? You do?”

“Yeah,” he sighs, blinking slow at Dream, a twinkle in his eye. “You’re always that cringe, doesn’t mean I want you to stop. Doesn’t mean I hate it. I’d tell you if I hated something you did.”

“Okay.”

“And what I hate is when you avoid me, so remember that.”

“Okay, okay—point noted,” he cajoles, laughing as he kisses George on the forehead. “I’ll make it up to you, okay?”

“How?”

“How do you want me to make it up to you? Tell me what you want, George.”

Dream starts peppering kisses on those raw, inviting shoulders, as he waits for him to think.

George hums at the sensations, letting himself relax, letting himself be at peace. Maybe all he really wants is to stay in this moment. Doing anything else would involve leaving this safe haven of theirs, scented soaps lingering in the air they breathe together.

“I want... you to keep doing that.”

Dream sucks at the skin on his neck, and George groans and reacts like a horny teenager.

“Like that, George?”

He quite possibly has the most dangerous voice he’s ever heard. So smooth in delivery, the velvety tones surely crafted by the gods somehow.

“Yeah...” he murmurs, like he’s begging for mercy.

“And what else should I do?” He cheekily proposes, sliding his hand onto George’s aching cock. “Something like this?”

George whines in pleasure at the delightful drag of Dream’s touch, gripping onto him for dear life as he nods rapidly.

“More...” he demands, a minute later. “I want more, Dream,” he insists, in a voice that sets something off. He lets go, stops jerking him off, and in the moment it makes George cry out, having been on the edge of release. “Why...”

“Shh... you’re okay, come here.”

Dream crashes their lips together and kisses him like it’d kill him if he didn’t. George presses even closer to him, meets his wet skin with a strangled moan, liking this new setting very much. They should take more showers together. It would probably save water too, be good for the water bill that Dream pays. George is such a good roommate for helping him save money like that, saving the earth too, while he’s at it.

“I’ll give you more,” Dream says in a way that’s almost like a taunt. George tries not to get off too fast, tells himself to be patient, to wait for more, even though it would feel so good to come right now, and they could just wash everything off down the drain and it wouldn’t be a hassle. “I’ll give you anything, anything you want.”

“Good,” he praises in a whisper, gasping as Dream’s hands reach behind to grab his ass. Still, he welcomes the deviant behavior. “I’m—I’ll be asking for lots of things.”

“Oh, please do,” he says, smirking as he leans into George’s ear. “I have a feeling I know exactly what you want next.”

They don’t stay in the shower for very long after that.

“There you are,” he says when he finally tracks Dream down. This house is far too big sometimes. Today, he gets up to look for Dream and finds him doing laps back and forth in their pool.

He looks down at Patches, who’s cradled lovingly in his arms. She’s the one who woke him up, funnily enough. He went to get washed up and she waited for him outside the bathroom, so how

could he resist picking her up and taking her along with him? Right now, they're exchanging looks, and hopefully she knows what he's thinking. George rearranges the way he holds her, and Dream emerges from the water with a grin, pushing through the currents to get closer to him.

George no longer gets panicked when Dream leaves him asleep in bed alone to go do something else, but he still finds it very annoying, because it's evident that he's doing this on purpose.

"See that, Patches?" He coos at her, pointing at Dream with his free hand. "That's a man who isn't getting laid tonight."

"George, what the hell?" Dream's frowning now, his expression genuine and somewhat horrified. "Don't tell her about that stuff."

It makes him scoff. "Don't what? Tell her that we have sex?"

He immediately shushes him, like he's just said a swear word and they're five years old. "George, come on," he implores. "Enough of that. She's a little lady. And a baby, at the same time. She's *my* baby. I don't want her hearing about... crude stuff like that. We gotta protect her."

George isn't sure if Dream's kidding or messing with him or genuinely serious about this, but the whole thing is so endearing it starts to eat away at George. Now he's caught up in it, feeling bad that he might've corrupted Patches somehow, even though the assumption that she actually managed to understand every exact thing they were saying is far more absurd.

"Fine," he says, putting Patches down, and she moves a considerable distance away before curling up on the ground, as if aware of their pool's splash zone. "We'll protect her."

Dream gives him a million dollar smile. He could probably buy a million dollar smile. "Thank you. Now get in here, idiot."

George wants to protest, but he knows he'll lose anyway, as someone who wants to be close to Dream more than how he doesn't want to be wet.

He takes off his shirt, and steps in with his shorts on. Dream wolf-whistles at him before gravitating towards him when he's in the water. Thankfully, no one is around, so George doesn't have to die from the embarrassment.

"Hi," he greets, like he's been missing him.

"Is this a bad time to tell you Patches was in our room the entire time last night?"

Dream's face goes ashen with disbelief. "What?"

It makes George drop it immediately, laughing out loud in a way that Dream understands and rolls his eyes at.

"You're an idiot," he tells him. "I wouldn't have let you keep going if I had seen her," he assures. "But consider that revenge. Maybe you'll stop running away and making me look for you all the time now. Why do you keep doing that? It's so dumb."

Dream kisses him on the cheek with an insolent giggle. "I mean, come on," he looks him up and down. "You're not the only one who likes being wanted. Isn't it incredible how you always come looking for me, over and over again? How you always want my attention?" His tongue is playful when he kisses George on the lips this time. "Turns me on, I won't lie," he whispers. "It's hot. And I always know what you come looking for." His gaze deepens. "I'm that good at it, huh?"

His words hit like a bottle of cider, chugged at top speed. George can only hope he survives this. He immediately denies it. “No. If anything, I’m like... better than you.”

“Better than me,” he repeats. “At sex?”

“You heard me,” he licks his lips hastily. “And I meant what I said earlier, by the way,” he adds. “You’re not getting laid tonight.”

“That’s fine,” he says in a voice that’s clearly not. “It’s still day time, I mean, we have plenty of time to have sex before that.”

“Yeah. Too bad you decided to go for a swim. Like I said, you’re annoying.”

“I could always get out and wash up,” he shrugs. “Would take... fifteen minutes tops.”

“Fine. I’ll allow it,” he says, sounding nonchalant, but his skin is already buzzing with anticipation. “Go ahead and do that then.”

“Only if... you admit I’m better at sex than you,” he grins, and George is already groaning. “Okay, okay fine,” he grabs onto him, so he doesn’t leave. “At least admit that I’m good at sex. Come on. It’s easy. Just say it, and then we can go.”

George lets out a deep sigh. “What is it with you and me admitting stuff? Has no one ever told you you’re good at sex? Is that it? You’re deprived or something?”

“Oh, I’ve been told,” he says without missing a beat. “I’ve been told plenty,” he winks. “I just wanna make you say it. Because it would be awesome, and I deserve it, and... it’s fun watching you squirm.”

“Well... it’s annoying. And it’s weird. Who even just says something like that, like, what am I meant to tell you? That you’re cracked at it? That you’re some kind of... sex genius?”

Dream nearly goes red from laughing his head off at this. “I’m cracked? At sex?” He starts guffawing at this again, in complete stitches over George’s phrasing.

“I was just giving an example,” he insists. “I didn’t say you were, I was just explaining how ridiculous it would sound to be like, talking about it.”

It’s not even that funny. Dream’s desperate need for praise, constant and unending praise, might quite possibly be his downfall. And yet it’s... kind of adorable. How much he chases it, how much he pesters George. It’s annoying and relentless but there is an endearing angle to it all.

He shakes his head. “Nope, too late,” he says. “You think I’m cracked at sex. You think I’m a genius at like, making you come and stuff. Which I am, to be fair.”

“No you’re not,” he continues to deny, even though it’s a losing battle, and Dream knows this, gets all close to him to oppose this.

“Oh yeah?” He slides his arm around the back of his waist, compromising his composure. “You sure about that George? Sure you don’t wanna take that back?”

“No,” he denies again, quietly.

“Because I could make you do that so easily,” he claims, voice low and heaven sent. “Get you all alone... make you... admit way worse stuff. And you’d do it too, because you like getting fucked

that much. Right?”

George gulps, because he has a feeling that Dream’s about to kiss him, and he knows he’s going to kiss back just as hard, possibly twice as desperate. He’s not the only one who looks good when his hair’s wet.

Unfortunately, the universe has other ideas.

“Dream! I’m back, dude. Is George up yet?”

Thankfully, George manages to move away from Dream before Sapnap enters the pool area, diving backwards into the water and acting like nothing happened once he’s a few feet away. Apparently Sapnap knew Dream was swimming earlier, left the house at some point to do god knows what, and now he’s back.

“Oh, wow, you’re here,” he remarks, referring to George’s presence, and picking up Patches when she walks over to him. “You guys stopped fighting? Thank god.”

They immediately exchange looks, both silently begging the question: *Did you tell him?*

“When were we fighting?” Dream attempts to lie, but it’s a futile cause.

“For like... I dunno. Long ass time. Maybe weeks. That shit sucked so much. But it’s over now, right?”

This is when Punz walks in. That doesn’t surprise George, because he comes over all the time. Sometimes he sleeps in their guest room. It’s pretty great. Having four people is a pretty optimum number when it comes to group activities.

“Hey, what’s up? I was putting stuff in the fridge.” He looks at Sapnap. “Did you ask them yet?”

“Not yet,” he says. “Guess what, dude. They stopped fighting.”

“Woah, really?”

“What?” Dream scoffs, hands splashing at the water from his gestures. “Did everyone know? What the hell?”

George has to admit, he thought they did a better job of hiding it. But he doesn’t really care, because them fighting was pretty much entirely Dream’s fault anyway. There’s nothing he cares about with regards to people knowing about a fight, not that it was a fight so much as it was a cold war. But, point is, as long as no one knows *what* they were disputing over, he doesn’t care.

“Uh... kind of? I mean, we didn’t even think you were tryna cover that up. You never do that. Didn’t know it was a secret.”

“I guess it wasn’t,” George speaks up, shrugging so Dream’s shoulders can drop. “But if you knew, why didn’t you say anything? You could’ve helped me. Dream was being a huge idiot.”

“So were you,” Dream quickly retorts, his response quiet. But he appears to be calmer now.

“Why the hell would any of us wanna get involved in a fight between you two?”

“I would rather get involved in like, a fight between my parents. That’s how dumb you guys are. But, whatever. We’re not here for any of that shit. We were here to ask—“

“What I wanted for lunch?” George interrupts with a sneaky smile. “Because you did get me food, right?”

“Yeah, you idiot. Duh. It’s on the dining table. But that’s not all we got when we were out. We also bought stuff for like, to like grill meat and all that. For an outdoor cooking stream. You guys down for something like that?”

“I’m down,” George immediately agrees. Because if the last cooking related stream they did showed anything, it’s that he gets to do pretty much none of the work and be as unhinged as he wants. And the stream got so much hype and views. He’d love to do another cooking related one. Or, well, eating related one. That’s what it’d be for him anyway. He’s starting to starve just thinking about it.

“Of course *you’re* down,” Dream remarks behind him in a bitter voice.

George turns around to stare at him. “Do the cooking stream, Dream. It won’t be fun without you.”

Dream sees through him easily. Then again, he’s not really lying. He’d have much less fun if Dream weren’t there. “You mean... food won’t get cooked in an edible way if I’m not around. Also, you guys would start a fire if left alone.”

“Exactly,” he agrees without thought, because he feels no shame admitting that. “So do the stream, Dream. Do a good job grilling—” he turns to look at Punz and Sapnap, who are exchanging looks for some reason—“what did you guys get?”

“Steaks and ribs and sausages and stuff.”

George turns back around to look at Dream, arms sort of crossed. “Do a good job grilling the steaks and ribs and sausages and stuff, Dream. Or there’s... or there’s going to be trouble.”

He produces a half-hearted scoff. “There’s gonna be trouble? Who am I getting in trouble with?”

“Me, obviously.”

“Oh yeah?” His smile widens in a greasy way. “You gonna punish me, George?”

“Okay, that’s enough,” Sapnap interrupts, and when they all turn to look at each other, George can sense that they’re both somewhat uncomfortable. He doesn’t blame them. Dream is a little gross and sick and shameless when it comes to his jokes. “I can’t stand here and listen to this anymore. Are we doing the stream or not?”

“I already said I was up for it.”

They all turn to Dream now. “Fine, I’ll join the stream,” he gives in with a grumble. “But we need to make sure we set it all up carefully, okay? We have to be safe if we’re gonna do the stream here.”

He definitely has a point, and so they all spend a large part of the afternoon setting things up and making sure everything is in order. It’s a lot of hard work, but by dinner time they’ve worked it all out and the stream goes by successfully. Dream, and everyone else (but mostly Dream) cook up delicious food and George fills up on grilled meats he’ll spend the next week dreaming of over and over. It’s a lucky thing he’s sleeping with his favorite chef. Makes it a lot easier to get him to make him whatever he craves, and since he’s rich, whatever he can’t make he buys for him. It’s the perfect system.

“Thank you for coming.”

He nearly misses it. George’s eyes slowly blink open, wearily registering Dream’s arm, finally wrapped around him again, protective and clingy. And to be honest, there’s nothing all that dangerous in their house. So really, Dream’s just being needy, holding George close because he likes the feeling. But George would be a liar if he claimed not to like it too.

It’s such a quiet night, a calming end to an exhausting day. Sometimes, George wishes they could spend the whole day in bed. And they technically could, but lying in bed together where they could be found after enough time passes is just... too risky. Getting caught by Sapnap is one thing, but certain friends of theirs and some of Dream’s family members come over unannounced all the time. George doesn’t need to get told how dangerous that is, he’s well aware of how awkward and scary things could be.

That’s when it hits him. What Dream said. He has a perfect opportunity here, and if he doesn’t act now he’ll miss it.

“When did I *come*?” He asks cheekily as he flips around to look at Dream with glee spread all over his face. “We’ve just been lying here.”

Dream’s eyes roll and open all at the same time, a small scoff coming out from that pretty mouth. “You’re such an idiot,” he claims, separating from George to stretch, like he was about to sleep but has since changed his mind. “I meant... coming to Florida. Y’know. Moving in with us and all that.”

“Oh...” George realizes, his voice fading off gradually. He didn’t even think about what Dream could’ve meant by that, but now he knows. “Uh... you’re welcome. I guess.” He wanted to move here though, so it’s not exactly a favor. “Why are you thanking me all of a sudden? I’ve already been here for months.”

This makes him shrug. “I dunno. Just... felt sentimental about it I guess. Grateful. Maybe nostalgic? Nah, probably not nostalgic. Hasn’t been long enough for that. But I’m definitely—definitely happy that you’re here. And I was thinking... about how much it sucked when you weren’t. I guess you were right about that.”

“Uh, yeah,” George echoes the sentiment. “Of course I was right.”

“Regardless... here’s the thing. I knew things were gonna change by like, a lot. But never this much. It feels like my life is unbelievable, like... I could never have predicted this. Or imagined any of this... happening.”

It makes George snort a little. “Well, yeah. I doubt you planned to have sex with me when I got here.”

Dream doesn’t respond for a while, and when George searches his face, he finds this startled, sort of guilty expression.

“Uh... yeah,” he finally says, rushing the words out like it’s an emergency. “I definitely, I definitely didn’t plan on sleeping with you.”

George is immediately curious. His mouth is a tiny bit agape. “Dream?”

His eyes make an attempt to reflect ignorance and innocence. But George knows better. “Yeah?”

“What was that about?”

“What was... what about?”

A full-fledged smirk presents itself on George’s face. He has all the cards in his hand, and Dream can bluff all he likes, but he should fold before it’s too late.

“What you just said. About... planning to sleep with me.”

“I said what I did. I never *planned* to sleep with you, and that’s completely true. So... you can chill. Rest easy and all that.”

It feels a little like getting lied to by a sales assistant who’s so clearly full of shit but so well trained and professional in their approach that it almost doesn’t matter. The way Dream places emphasis on certain things he says leaves George to believe he’s saying true statements, but sort of doing that thing where he’s being untruthful by omission. He has to change his approach, switch up the questions, if he’s going to get something out of him.

“Okay,” he continues with a curt nod. He is an interrogator, and this is his interrogation room. “I believe you,” he says, and he technically does, being ‘honest’ in the same way Dream’s been saying all his statements. “I doubt you planned to sleep with me either. That would involve you knowing that I’d say yes, and there’s—“

“Hm,” Dream interrupts with a cheeky little smile, because he’s an asshole. “When you put it like *that*, maybe I did plan—“

“Shut up,” he snaps, in an exasperated manner. “No you didn’t. I’m asking the questions here, Dream.”

“Alright,” he submits, with a quiet sigh. “Go ahead.”

George makes a hollow sound with his throat. “Good. So... you say you didn’t plan on sleeping with me. But that doesn’t mean you didn’t want to sleep with me.”

He takes a pause and Dream looks disoriented. Just a tiny bit. “Uh...”

“Am I right to say that, Dream?” He can’t help but smile, despite his official sounding facade. “Did you, or did you not, at any point before I moved in here, did you... ever think of. Or... felt the desire to, have sex with me. Yes or no?”

“No...?”

The delivery of his denial is what does him in. George bursts out laughing at Dream because he’s doing the world’s worst job at lying that he’s ever done for anything ever. George doesn’t have to know Dream as well as he does to decipher that. It’s absolutely hilarious.

“Stop laughing at me!” He prods at George in insistence, even though it’s so incredibly futile. Dream himself looks like he’s holding back some snickers of his own. “Fine, you idiot. The answer’s yes, okay? Happy now?”

“This is awesome,” George declares with a silly smile. “I can’t believe it. All this time, you, you

wanted me.” He starts giggling all over again, flailing over at some point, to Dream’s chagrin. “Every little joke you made about it... those weren’t actually jokes, were they? This is—“

“Okay, wait, let me explain—“

His flustered expression is incredibly delightful to see, especially given how much Dream’s been pestering and making fun of him for how he’s been during sex recently. This might be the best day ever.

“What’s there to explain?” He retorts in a smart voice. “You either wanted to sleep with me or you didn’t, that’s all there is to it.” He licks at his lips out of habit. “You already admitted it, Dream. No point taking it back or lying now. I wouldn’t even believe you if you did.”

“I’m not taking anything back, silly. I only wanted to say that there’s a lot more context surrounding that than you might think. And...” he sighs. “You’re an idiot, know that? I was just, I was just reflecting on our, our super sentimental and everlasting friendship, and you just had to go and like... accuse me of stuff. You’re all smug and shit. What? You really mean to tell me you’ve never thought about having sex with me before we actually started doing it? Not even for a fucking second?”

Um.

He blinks, and Dream’s got his smirk back. This fucking sucks.

“Come on, George. Share with the class. You might as well say it’s popped into your head at least once or something. Pretend it’s a joke or something. Because the longer you take the more I’m gonna assume you—“

“Fine,” he says, and Dream looks a little surprised, like he wasn’t expecting this. “Tell me the context.”

He looks a little less surprised now. “Oh, so now you wanna know. Now that you’re in the hot seat again, you—“

“Just tell me what it is, Dream.”

He takes a shuddering breath. It seems to make him a little less unnerved. “Okay. Well. So... I think you’re an attractive person,” he declares. “I’ve definitely thought that for a while now, and you’ve certainly made style choices within recent years that have... that’ve done you favors. You look good. I have eyes, and I’m not an idiot, so I know that. But... it doesn’t mean that I wanted to like, have sex with you. Like just because I think you’re like, one of the most attractive people I know... doesn’t. It didn’t mean I wanted you. I was—we were best friends—and I thought I just, probably wouldn’t see you that way. I made jokes and all that, and I was. That’s all I thought they were. Jokes. And even if people like, made fun of me and shit for finding you hot that was... I thought that was all it was. Finding you beautiful... the same way I’d find a painting beautiful. That sorta thing.”

He takes a pause, and while George finds all this amusing to bear witness to, it certainly doesn’t provide whatever context Dream was so convinced of.

“Was that... it?”

“No,” he simply says. “I was just, well, I thought all of that stuff. I thought I was safe. But then... one night I had a dream where we fucked,” he swallows, almost like he’s reliving what happened. “Woke up hard.”

Without permission, George's heart starts pounding faster. His throat goes dry, and he ignores that to desperately ask: "What happened after that?"

"I touched myself," he admits, and despite everything they've done up to this point and every lewd and vulgar thing they've said to each other, there is still this shame that underlines his confession. "And I thought about fucking you even more." George holds back a whine, because if Dream stops talking right now he'll die. "I came so hard because of it. And then, I just. Felt guilty for the whole day. I couldn't... I couldn't even talk to you. Not until I had convinced myself it was just a random thing, and that, that dream didn't mean anything. I told myself crazy stuff, like, that George I was seeing in my dream wasn't actually you," he snorts, "or something else ridiculous. I was reaching really hard."

"Oh, I can tell," he surmises without much of a reaction. He didn't expect to know this much, find out this much today. "What about after that? Did you do it again?"

He makes sure to ask this carefully. He can't risk Dream getting the wrong idea.

"Maybe," is all he says about the matter. "Maybe I did it... a lot of times."

George can't help but titter at this bit, even though it's not exactly funny. But at the same time... it is really funny. And also very enjoyable for him to know about. "Wow..." he says for effect. Because he can sense they need a little levity in the air. "That's... that's messed up Dream. I was fine with you jerking off to me that one time, but... doing it again was just too far."

His features crease up with a snicker. "You know what's funny? I kinda thought the same thing back then. I'm pretty sure I cried once after I did it, I mean—obviously there were a bunch of other reasons why—I just... everything piled up I'm guessing, and it included... that. I felt really bad at the time. I thought I was being a bad friend, for, for thinking all that stuff about you. And it wasn't because you're a guy or anything like that, I just... thought it was wrong. Because you were my friend, and I talked to you every day like I never did anything like that, and yet I was thinking all those things about you, so... I had to make myself stop. Things kept seeping together, and I kept thinking about what I was doing behind your back, and it was eating me alive."

"Maybe you should've told me then," he says lightheartedly. "Gotten permission."

"I told myself you'd hate me if you knew. That you'd be disgusted," he finishes with a smile. "Good thing I was wrong."

"No," he says in an overdramatized way. "Past you was right, actually. I'm like, so mad." It makes Dream giggle, and he seems a little more relieved now that he's unburdened himself of this. "You're in trouble for that, Dream."

"Oh, am I? What's happening to me?"

"Hm..." George sinks in thought, planning out the perfect punishment. "I guess I don't have a choice. You'll have to show me what you did. Then I'll decide how bad the consequences will be."

Dream looks soft as he pulls George in, eyes filling up with lust as his arm slides around those shoulders. "What should I show you?" He asks, grabbing onto George's hand. God, even that feels good. "What I did? Or do I show you what I wanted to do to you?"

This makes George's breath hitch, and he's barely able to keep up appearances anymore. "Both. I want both, please."

This does both of them in. Dream kisses him in such an antagonizing way, tongue licking into his

mouth to taste him. George loves it, he knows his head is spinning even though his eyes are shut. He brings the lengths of their bodies together, reminding themselves once again just how good this all feels.

“So greedy,” Dream teases him, lips moving down to his jaw, before settling playfully on his neck. He works hard enough to leave a hickey before he pulls away, looking George in the face. “You wanna see me touch myself, George?”

He nods, looking pleasant and agreeable. Obedient, just the way Dream likes it. “Yeah,” he tells him, watching his eyes darken further.

“Care to tell me why?”

Because your huge hand would look so good around that stupid cock.

“No,” he says, no longer being obedient. He won’t let Dream get away with this much.

He sinks to the side with a huff. “Then I’m not doing it.”

“You will,” he says with a certainty that makes Dream sigh. A confidence that has him frowning. “You will eventually.”

He’s just too predictable. And he’d like the attention too much. And he knows it himself. “Fine,” he acknowledges. “Maybe you’re right. But I’m not doing it right now out of... out of principle.”

It’s laughable, but he doesn’t laugh. “Fine by me.”

A momentary lull develops in their conversation.

“Let’s say... I told you I figured it out,” Dream picks up interestingly. “That I knew for sure already, whether I liked men or not. Would you keep having sex with me?”

There’s an imaginary piece of gum that George is chewing over in his mouth. He decides it’s time to spit it out. He decides not to comment on the first bit and only answers the question at hand.

“I would,” he says. “If you wanted to.”

“Okay,” is how he responds. “Good. Me too.”

“I don’t know if we can stop,” George continues lightheartedly, like he’s been asked to explain himself even though he hasn’t. Like he’s trying to justify it to someone even though nobody asked. “It’s just fun, it’s... it’s far too good, we’d look stupid if we stopped something that good.”

His features soften into a gentle smile. “Yeah, I guess you’re right about that. Do you think that makes us... like... friends with benefits or something like that?”

George physically convulses at the term and it makes Dream laugh. “Ew...” he pretends to throw up. “God, that’s so cringe. Don’t call it that again,” he says, before taking a breath. “But I guess... if we’re being fair it’s not exactly wrong. Guess it’s sort of the best way to describe what we’re doing.”

Dream chews on his lip. “Is it?”

He doesn’t know what to make of that, so he prattles on. “I mean... when you really think about it. We are friends. And there are benefits.”

“Wow,” he scoffs, shaking his head. “How eye-opening George, thank you.” He thinks for a moment more. “We could. We could say... there’s also other terms. Like... fuck buddies? Or—“

“That’s worse.” He has to put an end to this immediately. “That’s much worse,” and Dream cracks up laughing, so he can tell he wasn’t being serious. “We don’t have to call it anything.”

He shrugs. “Yeah,” his expression matches this sentiment. “I suppose you’re right. Guess there’s no need to label it.” He grunts and shifts after saying this. “Here’s another question: how... exclusive do you think our uh... arrangement is?”

George blinks a few times, not really getting it. He’s getting rather tired, and in his defense, it is getting rather late. “What does that mean?”

“It means...” he thinks of an example. “Let’s say someone really attractive wants to have sex with you. And it was completely safe and no one would ever find out and I wouldn’t care if you did it. Would you hook up with them?”

The thought... disgusts him. He takes the time to think it over and reconsider everything from several different points of view. But he still hates it. His opinion remains unchanged.

"I wouldn't," he admits truthfully. "Too much work. I'm far too busy with you anyway, there wouldn't be a point. Other people don't know me, and like, what stuff I like. Not the way that you do."

“Good,” Dream beams to himself. He lies in bed like a ray of sunshine, so bright he keeps the linens warm. “I’m glad you said that.”

“What about you?” He asks, just a tiny bit curious. “Would you?”

“Obviously not,” he says, and George has to admit it did not seem obvious to him. He never assumed Dream would actively avoid sleeping with other people and just... stick to him. But to be fair he hasn’t heard of or witnessed Dream hooking up with or attempting to hook up with anyone but him. He rarely leaves the house unless they’re together. It makes him wonder if Dream got too used to it when he was faceless. If it made him too scared or lazy to try and so he would much rather just have sex with George because it’s far more convenient. Like the concept of *we have food at home* only the food is sex and George is... at home.

He really is getting tired, huh.

“I see,” he answers, rubbing his eyes slightly in an attempt to keep himself up. “Why’d you ask me that? Why’d you want to know?”

Dream inhales with his nose and exhales with his mouth. His chest rises and falls a few more times before he responds.

“It’s because I want you all to myself.”

Something deep down burns within George just to hear that.

“It’s this... it’s selfish, I know,” he continues. “But I don’t wanna share you. I like sleeping with you, I like... making you moan. And writhe under me. And I...” he shuts his eyes briefly. “I like it when you beg, when you... god, it just feels so good to fuck you. To touch you. To kiss you. I just, I like, I like everything. All of it. Every last thing. So the thought of someone else having what I have, it, it pisses me off. That’s all I can say about it, if that makes sense.”

"I... guess it does," George answers cautiously, watchful of his wording. "Yeah."

"And how about you George?"

"What about me?"

"You said you wouldn't have sex with other people. But would you be okay if I did?"

He stops halfway between a swallow. "Well. If I'm not out there hooking up with other people it hardly seems fair for you to go and do that. Especially after everything you've just said."

It gets a grin going on Dream's face. "Aw. You'd get so mad, wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't get mad," he huffs, and maybe that's not the best way to express that he's not mad. But whatever. "I just meant, I meant that it'd be hypocritical of you."

"Oh yeah, so hypocritical," he parrots, winding him up with kisses left, right, and center. "It's okay, George. I won't sleep with other people. Bros before hoes and all that."

George's eyebrow quirks up, only half sure that's what he heard. "What does... bros before hoes have to do with this?"

"It means you have sex with the bros and not with the hoes. And by bros I mean you, and by hoes I mean everyone who's not you. It makes total sense."

George laughs, and then he yawns, trying so hard to stay awake again. "Okay. Yeah, sure Dream," he tries not to yawn a second time. "Remember what you said you were gonna do earlier?"

"What was I gonna do?"

He grabs onto that gorgeous hand of Dream's and slides it down between his legs.

"Get on with it," he tells him. "I'm bored, and I don't want to be. I'm also tired. Entertain me so I won't feel like that anymore."

He presses a kiss to Dream's cheek for good measure, and it tips him over the edge enough to give in.

"Okay," he says as he reaches in for his hardening dick, pulling it out for George to see. "I'll show you. Have a look. Look at anything you want."

Pleased at this display, George peppers more kisses on him, going for his face and throat, moving in to whisper filthy suggestions into his ear. Dream's breathy little moans start rolling out, and so many of them have George's name written all over. It helps take the edge off of everything. Talking about all this has been eye-opening, maybe even fun, maybe even a little informative, good notes to take for the future, fun to reference in case he ever needs to.

But for now, they need a good distraction. From everything they've discussed, and everything they're feeling. Sometimes all you need is to watch your best friend jerk off as he tells you everything he's thinking about, every depraved and filthy thing he wants to do to you.

And then George lets him do it. He always does.

dedicated to ciara and to all the other beautiful girls whose birthdays fall on valentine's day. it is no longer valentine's day. i am sorry about that i thought it would be cool to update on valentine's day but i didn't and that's on me. this chapter is 12k words long and i was too tired to do a final final read through of it as i deleted the lines. i just deleted all the spaces between the words (this is a thing notes app writers have to deal with) and decided to call it a day, i might check the chapter tomorrow but its prob okay and i hope u guys liked it :)

this chapter is called condoms and confessions but confessions is a stretch because sadf!dnf commit this mortal sin of saying a lot but never the Right thing they need to make it all click. but they're... well. good luck to them. i hope everything in the chapter resonated w you :) i love seeing the sadf!dream and sadf!george apologists fight so feel free to update me on ur thoughts on the characters and everything! like just whatever u wanna say about the fic in general /pos is VERY much appreciated too, istg i NEED comments like imagine this is a job and comments are money. PAY ME. even small tips are very much appreciated :) remember that! take ur attendance!

im too tired to remember anything so i can't talk about the fic to subliminally remind u of the chapter and prompt u to comment. all i will do is beg again and again every chapter. i am a freak who counts how many comments i get and from roughly how many people like i gen srs care about this but also just i want feedback and love in general and i love talking about sadf :)

WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE HOW GRATEFUL I AM FOR YOU ALL. every kudos and comment, big or small, it all fills my heart with so much warmth. you all changed my life and my hopes and dreams aren't crazy bc of u. im really excited to get to 3k kudos :) sadf TO THE MOON! ok night

gardens and gym training

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Is that a hickey on your neck?”

The question, which falls from Sapnap’s lips so casually, like he’s asking if George got a new haircut or something, makes everything around them freeze.

This is heart-stopping, and the hand that holds a generous spoonful of Lucky Charms starts to tremor. Instinctively, he tugs at the collar of his hoodie.

“No, there isn’t.”

His response makes Sapnap snicker, but there’s this air of caution to it, like he’s being careful and attempting to be considerate, testing the waters or something.

“Then why’d you try to hide it?”

“I wasn’t,” he claims immediately, before going silent for about a minute. “I fell onto something,” he explains, like he’s theorizing. “Or I scratched it by accident.”

“Uh huh,” he unconvincingly drones, chomping on his cereal.

George regrets this entire interaction. It all started when Dream forcefully separated them, told him he had work to do, that they both had work to do. For Dream, this was meetings, obligations and plans he had arranged to approve and discuss... blah blah blah. George didn’t really listen. All he knows is that he got kicked out because he’s a distraction.

If only that had been it. George was ordered to go edit one of his videos too. There’s always this constant backlog, and for a person who hates editing his videos so much, he sure does hate the thought of someone who’s not him or Dream having creative control. But he’s not wrong for that, is he? The main channel is sacred. Still, it’s a problem. And instead of solving his problem for him, Dream has told him time and time again that he just has to suck it up.

“Think about it,” he remembers that caramel voice coaxing, fingers dragging through his hair in a dangerous lull. “If we both go do the work we’re supposed to do, we won’t feel guilty about it later on. Hell, we could even reward ourselves. Doesn’t that sound good?”

Hours ago, the naive him had been convinced, and he tried his best to do as Dream said. He pulled out all the stops, used every tried and tested measure he knew to stay on task, he even tossed his phone across the room—but it didn’t work. No matter how hard he told himself *this was important, Dream would be so proud of him, the sex was gonna be so good*. There was no point to any of that.

Deep down, George knew... they were gonna have sex anyway. And that it... was gonna be fucking amazing. Whether he edited six videos or none at all.

Yeah. Exactly. It’s really unfair to everyone else who only has sex *after* they’ve fulfilled their responsibilities. But is it really his fault that he’s good at sex and that Dream is super horny and always wants to sleep with him no matter how unproductive he gets at the end of the day?

Still... his failure to complete the task at hand left him rather bored. And empty. But mostly bored. All things aside, it would've been nice if he had succeeded and edited his video as planned.

For a while, George mostly leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing he really wanted to do, until Sapnap walked in and asked if he was hungry, if he wanted to go look for something to eat in the kitchen.

Which is what brought them here now.

"Do you wanna like, go play Fortnite or something?"

George finishes the last of his cereal, thinking for a few moments while he swallows.

"Dream... told me to edit my video."

"And? Are you gonna do it?"

Probably not. Perhaps it's time for him to admit it. He's never gonna get this video done without Dream's help.

You see, that's the thing. George does want to edit his video. Maybe something about Dream infected him, but deep down, he's always felt like this, hasn't he? That guilt. Of not finishing work he's meant to do. Of disappointing everyone. That anxious, immobilizing feeling. Refusing to do the work, but feeling too ashamed about it to do anything else.

He shouldn't work alone. That's just a recipe for disaster. It reminds him of being in his empty flat all the way back in England, when all he wanted was to be with his friends, when he had to listen to all their fun stories and suffer in the suffocating silence of his singularity, basking in all that solitude.

Honestly, he sees no other way. It doesn't even make sense to continue doing things this way. Why isn't he working in the same space as Dream? That's just so illogical and inconvenient. George always has all sorts of questions to ask him, and if he's not there, George lets the questions die on his tongue, and his entire editing process comes to a standstill.

To be fair, George does sort of know why Dream insisted that they work in separate rooms. Obviously, editing his own video is never his first choice, especially since Dream's done it for him before, and he's done it for Sapnap, which makes it all the more ridiculous that he's sworn never to edit a video for him ever again.

"This isn't fair," he recalls saying that day. "You've edited for him without even being asked."

"I did," Dream had responded without a blink. "It was an idea I cared about, and I wanted it executed a certain way."

"And you'd do it again? If he had another video you cared about and wanted to execute in a certain way?"

"Yes. Because Sapnap goes back to editing his other videos in a timely manner and doesn't spend half the time fucking begging me to edit for him again. So either hire an editor or do it yourself, George. Because it's not gonna be me."

"Fine," he had huffed. "I'll do it. I'll let you edit my video in exchange for sexual favors."

“What the hell? Fuck no, you’re—you’re such an idiot, god.” It had made him laugh, at least. “I’m not editing your goddamn video in exchange for sex. That’s so dumb. I get it for free. We literally just had sex. Again, it was free. Even if I might’ve said yes, why would you offer it right after we just did it?”

“Fine, I’ll ask again when we haven’t just had sex then.”

“You... god. You are just... cute. You’re really cute,” he had told him. “Some part of me wants to let you have your way again.”

“Edit my video then. If I’m so cute.”

“No... I can’t keep enabling you. You’re like... a seagull, or a pigeon or something. I toss you a crumb, and you come back demanding for a whole loaf, and you never give up.”

Dream had kissed him on the mouth after saying all that, and despite claiming it was ineffective to offer sex after having sex, they had sex all over again, and it was awesome and stupid and great and funny and exhausting.

One thing was for sure, though: George wasn’t given any more opportunities to bribe Dream into editing his videos for him.

And so George... will try his best not to do that. But no matter how he looks at it, there’s no other way that isn’t working in the same room as Dream, if he’s going to succeed in editing his video on his own. He has to go bring this up to Dream, convince him to change his mind. Running off to play video games, or futilely trying to edit on his own again... would only prolong the problem at hand.

“I tried to edit,” he tells Sapnap. “But it didn’t work out because I need Dream’s help with some things. I have to go look for him.”

“Uh... okay,” he says, like he’s not very convinced, even though George isn’t even trying to convince him of anything. “Have fun dude.”

George makes a face at him, but doesn’t say much else. Sapnap tells him to come get him when it’s time for dinner, or to join VC if he’s free later on, whichever comes first. The VC thing involves being on stream though, because Sapnap feels like going live and grinding out some ranks. He nods and agrees, so they part ways. And George quickly finds himself outside of Dream’s room.

Right before he knocks, George hears a resounding guffaw, those tender noises reverberating through the door he stands in front of. Simultaneously, it makes George both curious and hesitant to go in, find out what he’s up to. But he’s also afraid he might be interrupting something.

His curiosity wins out, obviously. He barely needs to even think about it. Dream could never be doing something so important that him coming into the room would have disastrous outcomes. He hears another very familiar laugh when he steps in, and he knows it so well that he doesn’t need any explanation whatsoever. Whereas he was gentle when barging in, he now shuts the door without care for the force he uses.

“What are you doing?”

“George?” He swivels around in his chair now, smiling pleasantly. “Hey, what’s up, I was just talking to Quackity about lore stuff.”

Quackity only chuckles. “Hey George,” he quickly quips. “Hello George,” he greets again in that little pitched voice he always pulls out.

Something in him feels a little betrayed. He built it up in his head that Dream was having a tedious, agonizing time, bored beyond belief talking to boring people about boring stuff that he didn’t like but had to be done. In his mind, they were both suffering, that he was really going through it just like George had been.

But talking to Quackity? *Without him?* This just sucks. He could’ve been here the whole time, talking to them too, or at the very least listening in on what they were talking about. Now, he’s more determined than ever to make Dream let him work in here.

“You said you were doing work,” he indignantly expresses. Maybe Dream will feel so much shame for this that he’ll offer to edit George’s video. Then he won’t have to go through all this trouble.

“We are doing work,” he says, not shaken at all. “We were recording a scene for one of Quackity’s lore streams.”

It makes George snort. “Oh yeah? When’s that coming out, like ten years or something?”

“Shut up George,” Quackity exasperates with a laugh. “You’re such a dick. When’s *your* lore coming out?”

“Like... immediately after yours ends,” he declares. “You said you were gonna raid me and everything. You thought, you thought no one else was deserving of the views.”

“Right, right... and what’s happening in this lore stream of yours, George? Is C exclamation George having another dream or something?”

“No, no, he’s wide awake this time,” he says, accidentally glancing at Dream, who’s snorting at the both of them, propping his face up with an amused expression. “He’s heading over to burn down Las Nevadas and everything, it’s awesome.”

“No, no, I don’t think he will,” he smoothly retorts. “Not happening. You should lore stream about something else.”

“Fine,” George scoffs, shrugging. “I’ll say it. The real lore stream is gonna be... C exclamation George getting incredibly rich.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah. Know how he does it?”

“How does he do it?”

“He starts a huge casino. Yeah. At Kinoko Kingdom. No. Not at Kinoko Kingdom. He starts it... at a prime location. With loads of human traffic. And everyone goes to it and gives him all their OP items and diamonds and just, everything that’s valuable. And he becomes incredibly powerful and rules over the server.”

This generates an amused reaction out of them both. Dream’s hand even reaches over to grab at him, squeezing with a fond smile.

“Yeah, wow... that’s so original, George,” he says. “Okay, look. If you’re serious about doing lore after me we can uh... talk about it some other time. I’m sure Dream’s gonna help like, play ten

characters in your lore or something, so you've got that settled."

Dream cracks up into some endearing-like chuckle, and it doesn't last long, but George interrupts it anyway.

"Wait, why some other time? Why not now?"

"Because I have class soon," he simply explains. "I have to get all my homework done and do my readings and shit."

"That's dumb. Don't do that. This is far more important, you should, you should ditch the class. Or drop out so you won't have to skip important lore meetings anymore."

"Fuck no." Half a sigh mixes with half a laugh. "I'll talk to you guys later, okay? George, I'll call you soon. We can talk about lore then if, if that's still something you actually wanna do. So stop bitching about how I don't care about you."

"I hate you," he says without a break. "You don't care about me, and you hate me, and you're the worst. That's like three things about you that suck. So don't call me."

"You're an idiot," Dream tells him, but he also grins, so who's really the idiot here? "Bye, Quackity. Have a... have a good class."

"Yeah, maybe, I'll try," he tells him. "Also, George, you can go fuck yourself. Okay, bye!"

The Discord channel leaving noise activates and a bittersweet feeling gets evoked from his heart. Quackity is gone. He would never say it out loud, but now more than ever, he wishes he had barged into Dream's stupid room earlier.

"Hey," the man says now, looking into his eyes. "How's editing going? You done?"

"Not quite," he tells him. "That's why I came in here actually. I tried but it didn't work because I always have questions to ask and I couldn't ask you anything because you weren't there."

"Well, Discord still exists, George. Just because we live together now doesn't mean we can't use it to talk about any work questions you might have."

"Yeah, but that's not the point," he says with a head scratch. "It's not just about any questions I might have. I hate working alone and it's just... better with you. I don't think I can be trusted to edit all on my own anyway. I get distracted, I get frustrated, and... and. Did you know Sapnap broke into my room earlier? He forced me to hang out with him in the kitchen and eat cereal."

This makes Dream lose his composure, and he quickly snorts, but it doesn't turn into much else.

"That's what you're going with here? You're blaming Sapnap for why you couldn't edit?"

"No, I'm blaming you," he immediately retorts. "I would've never left with Sapnap if you had been in the room with me. Like, that's not the only time something like that happened. The other day Sapnap told me to stop editing and play Fortnite with him and Punz on stream. The only reason I didn't is because—it's because... you came looking for me. And you know what happened after that."

Truth be told, Dream wasn't in his room for all that long that day. He came barging in as George was about to leave to get something from the kitchen, and greeted him with a kiss so powerful it made him kiss back like a man possessed. Things went down

rather quickly after that. Dream told him he was feeling antsy from all the editing and needed a break. It was an IRL video, so there was much more to worry about and it stressed him out. He needed release, and he needed it fast.

Please, he had said. *Help me*, he had begged.

There is something to be said about how quickly George fell to his knees in assistance. So ready, so willing. Dream came in his mouth minutes later and kissed him on the forehead for his efforts. He even thanked him, and promised he'd return the favor once he was done with the video. George sat there stunned when he left, reaching over for his phone to tell Sapnap he wasn't in the mood. And then he just lay there in bed until Dream came back, proudly announcing that his video was ready to upload.

Everything about that day was so wild and messy, and it made George seriously question the decisions he made that led up to that moment, judged himself for liking it, even. But good god, even if he didn't, even if he had hated being used like that, it was all worth it. It was worth the wait, because having sex with Dream on a post-productive high... out of this world. It made George envy him a bit, it made him want to be that productive and accomplished too.

Dream's face scrunches up. "Wait... were we having *sex* during a Sapnap stream?"

This makes George giggle, tongue licking lips as his fingers run through disheveled hair. "Probably," he shrugs. "Several times by now, if I had to guess."

"Is that bad? Do you think that's bad?"

"Why would it be?" George remarks dismissively. Sure, they have sex a lot these days. Something that used to be a quiet, somewhat illicit affair, has trickled into any and all parts of their day. But why should that be a problem? It's fun, and even though Dream's a little careless with where he leaves marks on George, that doesn't matter. George will just have to be careful with what clothes he wears around Sapnap. Or he could wear whatever the hell he wants and say he got the hickies from Sapnap's mom or something, if he went asking stupid questions again.

"Don't know."

"Who cares. Not like he needs us for any of his ten hour long Valorant streams anyway."

This puts him at ease with a carefree snicker. By now, George's legs are getting tired from standing around, and as Dream spreads his legs out from the comfortable state he's in, that lap is starting to look a lot more inviting. He could easily grab another chair to sit in, but he won't.

"Guess you're right," he drawls so smoothly, and George decides he won't stand for this anymore. "Don't know why I even cared."

"Yeah, exactly," George replies, and seconds later he's sitting in the lap he so desires. Dream looks a little startled from the movement, but his smile gets wider and he positions them in a stable way. "So... do we have a deal?" He asks for good measure. "Can I work in here with you?"

Dream's eyes are so gentle as his hands encircle that waist, fingers trailing at his ass. "Sure," he says, like the weak, weak man he is. "But you have to be professional. We can't mess around when we're supposed to be working, okay? Especially if it's something important."

There's a lot of irony to his statement that George can't help but scoff at.

“You say that like you’re not gonna reach over for my dick when you get bored.”

Eyes wide open, he blinks and starts to stammer as he processes the scandalous, scandalous words.

“Don’t... don’t make me change my mind,” is all he can bring himself to say, and even then he nearly gave up halfway through saying it. George just giggles at him.

“You won’t.”

“You don’t know that. I could. I might.”

“I’d make you change it back,” George says with an unshakable confidence, and he teases that jaw of Dream’s with the pads of his fingers.

It makes Dream blink so slow. “Show me how.”

He says no more, kissing him in a soothing way. It’s not desperate, it’s not life-changing or life-ending. There’s a casual air to it, something so lovely. Interestingly, it’s not... sexual. There’s no real intent to do anything but lock lips. They’re not grinding on each other, or trying to get off, or preparing to get off, nothing. It’s tender, it’s gentle, it’s alarming. It feels like they’re kissing for the sake of it, kissing just because they want to, because—

George hates receiving this awareness. Rightfully, they should never kiss unless it’s a lead up to or an accompaniment to sex. It’s never been discussed or anything, but it should go without saying, right? And yet, here they are. Kissing with a sexless passion. His heart pumping not from carnal pleasure but... because Dream’s lips are so soft against his own. And his hands feel so good on his lower back, but they don’t wander anywhere else right now.

Come to think of it, they’ve kissed like this numerous times by now. It’s become part of their unorthodox routine, their unconventional... friendship. Relationship. Then again, who cares what word he calls it in his mind? But also... he doesn’t know what to call it. He can’t explain it.

But how was he ever meant to? What would he say? He just likes kissing Dream sometimes, for the sake of it, and Dream kisses him sometimes, also seemingly for the sake of it. Dream kisses him good night. He kisses him good morning. He kisses him goodbye. He peppers it all over his face randomly at times for a laugh, to chuckle at his reaction. He kisses him long, and slow, and brief, and they land anywhere from his lips to his cheeks to his forehead.

Perhaps George is a little slow in the upkeep of things, but it has to be confusing that they share this much sexless affection, for two people that have so much sex with each other.

He pulls away from Dream in an effort to find sense in all this. He comes up empty, but Dream is already looking at him in confusion, like he cut the kiss off too early or something, like they would’ve kissed longer in a natural instance.

George runs his mouth as quickly as possible.

“Is this... is this lore?”

Dream appears to find this unexpected, given the ways he jerks and titters.

“Really?” He shakes his head lightly. “George. If you wanna play a bigger part in... the storylines we’ve been, uh, been planning. All you need to do is ask. We can always talk about it.”

“Okay,” he says, agreeing without saying much. He finds this very convenient and now he thinks

he'd like to dive as deep into this distracting topic of discussion as fast as possible and drag it out for as long as he can. "You... you really think I'd fit in? It wouldn't feel forced or anything?"

Dream snorts. "Uh, yeah. In all honesty, the fact that you're not in it, like, canonically interacting with other characters more, is like... that's what's weird. People would love to see you doing more lore. Lore with... more canonical implications on other characters. Well. Unless you killed someone people liked. Then you're fucked. But other than that, you should be good."

George gets tickled by this and a breathy exhale escapes his nose. "And here I was planning on taking every single one of every character's canon lives."

He rolls his eyes in an affectionate way. "You're not doing that."

"Fine, I won't. But you'll have to come up with more lore for me to do then. More George lore. What kind of lore do you think I should do, Dream? Give me like, ideas and stuff. Some recommendations."

The request pushes a silly grin on his face. "Lore with me," he says, charming and captivating. So beguiling it has to be a trap. But George wants to take the bait so badly, like a fish at the bottom of the ocean who knows he's getting caught but wants to see what the sun looks like.

"What kind of lore with you?"

"The kind where we fall in love," his voice waxes on.

The sun is so beautiful, but it blinds him, and disorients him so badly he falls back into the freezing ocean depths. Those silk-like words he utters must carry knives within somehow, because George feels them slice his heart open. Given everything he's realized in the last few minutes just makes it all worse. Dream drops words on him like they're bombs sometimes. How can he say words like that so easily? It hurts his head just to hear them, ears ringing from the explosions. He can't think about it. He can't seriously process what Dream is saying without breaking his entire mind. How would he even begin to pick apart what any of it means? What it could possibly imply?

"Stop trolling," he reprimands in exasperation, because if he can't deal with it he has to put an end to it. "I was being serious and everything."

"So was I," he drones on with no visible difficulty. Is it all just a game to him? If it is, he's winning. "I think we could tell such a compelling story. Tell a love story with me, George."

Why won't it end? He looks at him with stars in his eyes and he talks about these love stories like it's not just about lore. Good god, he's falling.

"A what?"

"I mean, think about it," he says, excitement building up in his voice. "Wouldn't that be good for like... representation? It's a unique setting for a storyline like that too. Or like, well, an element to all ongoing and future storylines. It'd be so unique. Don't think it's something that gets done often, or... at all. Not seriously anyway."

"That's because it's unheard of in a setting like... Minecraft role play," he argues in a logical voice. For all his composure, however, he certainly is falling apart inside. "How would we even pull it off? It'd just look dumb. We wouldn't even be able to kiss or anything, everyone would just meme on it."

"Who said anything about kissing?" He retorts so teasingly, his eyebrow wagging. "There's a

whole lot more to love than that, George, come on. Love stories... it's in the devotion. It's in the things you say, the things you do. Everything you cherish and want to protect. Everything you're willing to sacrifice."

It's a miracle, really, that George is still alive and breathing.

"You... want to protect me?"

"My character would," he says, and George doesn't know what to reply with, so it's a relief that Dream keeps talking. "It makes perfect sense that he would. I think missing you and wishing you had been there for him and wanting so badly to just see you again... that's definitely some of what he's feeling. Not getting to speak to you for as long as he had is definitely sending him down a dark path. Or, well, making him worse off than he already was. I think I'd go dark too if I didn't get to talk to you for that long. Or see you, now that I've gotten the pleasure of... doing so every day."

His eyes rake up and down, and George is too disoriented to figure out if there's any sexual element to his once over. He's having a hard time wrapping his head around it all.

"Of course you would," George manages to say, thankfully forming the words with some level of charm. "Seems like you've thought about this quite a bit."

"Maybe a little," he shrugs. "I feel like the fans come up with more. Which is good. We should never confirm anything, y'know? That wouldn't feel natural. Just show enough to let people draw some conclusions. I think that'd be nice, wouldn't you? Like, it doesn't make sense to say exactly what we're feeling right? As our characters?"

Vaguely, he nods. He can't find anything useful to say in response anyway, god help him. But he has to say something, no matter how head-empty he is right now.

"Uh... yeah," is all he manages for a moment. "Tell, tell me more about what we would... do for the storyline."

Thankfully, Dream has plenty to say. Whether George is listening to him over the sound of his pounding heart however, is a completely different matter.

"We should do a gym stream one day. Or like a gym vlog."

Dream looks over several feet away, arm curling up with a weight in hand. George looks back at him, bouncing lightly on one of the big bouncy inflatable green balls they have in here.

"What? Like what, me you and Sapnap just working out and shit?"

Oh. Huh. That could be a good idea, maybe. All three of them. It would be more clickable, if they did that as a stream.

"Sure. I mean, I don't think I'd be doing much of the actual crazy stuff, but—"

"Hell no," Dream laughs. "Who would wanna watch us working out like that? That's just weird. I mean, maybe some people, but content wise—"

"It wouldn't just be a thing where we were exercising," he corrects. "It would be framed as like,

you training for a boxing match or something.”

“A what?” He drops his weight down now, emerging back up with a perplexed expression. “I’m not gonna be in a boxing match, George.”

“Well, yeah, but you could. One day. What if you fought like, Jake Paul or something?”

“Jake Paul?” He can’t hold it back, he cracks up again, and he cackles so much he has to sit down. “You’re kidding. Why would I fight Jake Paul? I’ve memed about it, sure, but that fight would just be stupid. I’d get my ass kicked. I mean, maybe I wouldn’t, but... no. Probably not worth the risk.”

“I think you could win,” George says, and it earns him a curious glance. “Maybe you don’t have to fight him in your very first match, but if you did it’d draw in loads of views.”

“I mean, obviously it would. But then I’d be like a boxing YouTuber. And then there’d be a whole thing, and I’d have to do all this annoying legal stuff. It’s fun as a hobby, but I don’t have the right training to actually be a boxer.”

“You have the build for it though,” he points out. “Or, well, you’re getting there.”

“You think so?”

“Yeah. You’ve got the perfect height too. I think you’re taller than Jake Paul. We wouldn’t want you getting hurt, but I think you could take him if you had the right trainer. Me,” he confirms, before Dream can speculate. “It would be me. I could train you.”

“Oh yeah?” He loosens up now, understanding the tone of this conversation, the imaginative nature of it. “And how would you do that?”

“I mean... I know how to be a trainer. You just need the right look and like, a whistle and a megaphone. I’ve done it for a stream.”

“Oh, I think I know what stream you’re talking about. But I don’t... fully recall what you were wearing. Can you show me?”

His request makes George just the tiniest bit nervous. “I guess I could look for the stuff in my closet. But why would you need to see that?”

“So I know how good of a trainer you really are,” he argues so seamlessly, always knowing what to say. “A boxer’s only as good as the guy training him, right? Maybe if I had a... good enough trainer, then, well, who knows. Maybe I’d be confident enough to kick Jake Paul’s ass.”

“Okay,” George stands up and moves. He gets confused when Dream starts to follow. “What are you doing?”

“Saving us time,” he says. “Why would I make you come all the way back here when I could come with?”

“Oh, so you just want to see the items I was wearing that day.”

“No,” he corrects. “I want you to put it all on. The whole look. Is that okay?”

“But you’re busy,” George tells him with a gulp. “You’re supposed to be working out here.”

Dream picks up one of the lighter weights and starts doing some casual lifts. “I can take this with me,” he claims. “That better? Can I come along now?”

“Fine,” he relents, and his face is blotched with color. “This is so embarrassing. Why do you even want to see something like that?”

“You’re the one who wanted me to become a whole ass boxing YouTuber,” he chuckles. “And you come in here to eye-fuck me all the time when I work out, so how is this any more shameful?”

The fact that he points this out is startling, to say the least. It never usually goes acknowledged when George trails in after him to their home gym, hangs around doing dumb stuff as Dream unironically exercises. There’s this unspoken guise that he’s just there to hang out, to spend time because he has nothing better to do. And well, maybe he has interrupted a good number of gym sessions to make out a little, gotten Dream out of the gym altogether on occasion when things got too hot and heavy for them to be there. Maybe he’s made it a little too obvious that he enjoys Dream’s toned figure, hands possessively running over that expanse of skin when they fuck. But to get called out for his lust like this? That’s just so messed up. It’s embarrassing, really, that he keeps getting exposed. It’s one thing to enjoy the physical gratification that comes from sex with Dream, it’s another thing to be so into his body and looks, and have that be known. To get teased for it, even.

“I hate you,” he simply tells him, not willing to argue this lest he get accused of much worse. It makes Dream clap his free hand on his shoulder with a giggle, and then they set off to George’s room, where he finds that white polo t-shirt he wore that day, along with those accessories.

“I can look away,” Dream tells him with this sickly sweet smile, and while the option is kind of him to present it seems a bit ridiculous given the number of times he’s taken his clothes off for the man.

“It’s okay,” he says, and maybe a part of him likes that he’s watching, that he wants to look, that he craves all these little things. It doesn’t end up being a steamy thing, he just whips his shirt off and puts on the new one and then he pops the headband on, adjusting his hair randomly. He pulls on the matching tennis wristbands too. “That’s it,” he announces, presenting himself with a shrug. “This is what I was wearing. I mostly did it as a meme.”

“No, this is perfect,” Dream remarks, getting closer to him, hand encircling his waist. “I could definitely see myself training hard enough to become a boxing YouTuber with a coach like you. Let’s go back.”

He grabs George’s hand and drags him along, dumbbell in his other hand resting at his side, leading them back to the gym.

“Wait, I have to keep this on?”

“Yes,” Dream tells him, and they don’t stop walking as ridiculously as they are. “At least for this gym session. I need it to motivate me. What kind of boxing trainer would you be if you didn’t look the part?”

“I doubt boxing trainers actually get forced to dress up like this,” he complains, even though he doesn’t actually mind.

“Well, maybe they should. We’d have an advantage over the other guys in the meantime.” They get back to the gym and Dream puts his dumbbell back on the rack. “Okay. First order of business: I need your help to do some sit-ups.”

It makes George snort, not used to this. Usually he gets to just laze around and do nothing to contribute. He lifts weights for fun sometimes, sure, plays around with the equipment they have,

but Dream never asks him to do much.

“Don’t you usually just do that on your own?”

And he knows that, because he’s seen it. He very... frequently looks over to just. Look. At Dream. Working out. Mostly out of sheer curiosity. And uh... amusement. Because it’s all rather amusing. Especially when he’s grunting and groaning from the exertion.

“Trust me, it’s better with someone there. You just put your knees at my feet and like, hold my legs together or something. It’s easy.”

He turns out to be right. George isn’t that used to having Dream this close, when he’s doing something strenuous like this. He’s not used to just being there for the sake of it, being there to help.

“You have to help me count,” Dream tells him, and this is getting to be a tall task, because George isn’t sure how stable his mental processing capabilities are at the moment, especially when Dream sits up and their faces are barely an inch away from each other.

But he starts so Dream doesn’t nag him about it.

“One... two... three...” he chants, and before he counts to four Dream kisses him on the lips, cutting him off. It’s a quick peck on the mouth, and his body goes back down and returns upwards again with the most mischievous of grins.

“Go on,” he says, like he didn’t just do that. “Why’d you stop counting?”

“Five... six... seven... eight...” he gets interrupted with a kiss again. This time, he tries not to let it disorient him that much. “Nine...” he clears his throat. “Ten...”

Dream times his kisses randomly, makes sure they don’t come in at a regular interval that George can predict. Sometimes he kisses George two sit-ups in a row, sometimes he goes ten sit-ups without a kiss at all. The entire affair leaves George a blushing mess, and he forces himself to come up with a revenge plan, some way of retaliating, because Dream can’t keep winning like this, can’t keep getting away with this.

George’s revenge culminates in him climbing over when Dream moves downwards on one of his sit-ups, reaching over to fully make out with him as his body lies on the ground. He did it to be a menace and ruin his flow, but Dream welcomes the kiss with a vibrant chortle that envelops them both. He lets George pin him down and have his way, and because he’s just so enthusiastic about it, it no longer feels like victory, even though Dream’s lips are always ecstasy.

He pulls away and breaks the kiss apart.

“Why’d you stop?” He whines, like a wounded little puppy.

“You’re an idiot,” he tells him, head shaking with a smile he can’t prevent from reaching his lips. “You’re all sweaty, get, get away from me.”

“You don’t usually mind,” Dream points out, and perhaps the fact that he’s pointing this all out is making it hard to act like he usually does. Like the very blatant cat is now out of the bag, and it makes him bashful and reserved every time he gets exposed for something.

“Stop,” he presses his lips together, and Dream just grins at him. “You’re... you’re meant to be training, remember?”

“Fine,” he gives in, standing up now, and they fully separate when he does. “I’ll go... lift weights now, I guess,” he grumbles. A moment later, he whips off his tank top, and it makes George gawk at the sight. He never runs out of tricks, ways to grab at George’s attention.

“What’d you do that for?”

“What?” His smile spreads thin across his face. “You were right, I am sweaty. Can’t let that get in the way. Am I not allowed to take my shirt off? Is it... too distracting?”

“It’s not,” he haughtily says on instinct. It makes Dream wiggle his eyebrows to tease him. “You’re so annoying,” he says, and all it does is make Dream giggle again.

“Don’t worry,” he assures, turning around and moving to grab their larger weights. “I’ll face this way so you won’t feel nervous. And you can have fun staring at my ass.”

“What ass?”

He has to bite his lip so hard trying not to laugh when Dream sharply turns around, looking downright distraught at his harsh words.

“George.”

“Yes?”

“You know I don’t like that joke.”

“What joke?”

“I hate you,” he complains, pouting and grabbing a barbell. He sets it up, preparing to benchpress. This is one of George’s favorite parts, so he wants to pay attention when Dream makes whatever noises he’ll make as he does this.

He thankfully starts without much of a fuss after that, slowly counting his reps or whatever it’s called, and George leans against one of the benches, watching him with his feet sprawled out on the floor.

This is when his phone rings, something he forgot about completely, but he spots it a feet away from him because he brought it into the room with him earlier. He leans over in curiosity and realizes it’s Quackity that’s calling.

“Why are you calling me?” He asks playfully, saying these sharp words the second he picks up the call.

“What, George?” He retorts back, giving attitude and giggles all rolled together. “I can’t call you?”

“No, you can’t,” he says, smiling, feeling very pleased with himself, as if he didn’t instantly answer the phone the second he realized who was calling. His eyes avert to look at Dream, who’s gotten louder, his grunts more frequent as he exerts himself and pushes his limits. Just because he’s on the phone doesn’t mean he can’t keep track of what’s going on around him.

But of course, he’s not the only one who overhears the sounds that Dream makes. Quackity starts to sound very confused.

“Wait... what is that? Who is that, who’s doing—“

“That’s just Dream,” George nonchalantly informs him. He expects him to maybe laugh and rip on

Dream for sounding all funny as he works out. But that doesn't exactly happen.

"Why does he sound like that?" Quackity remarks in slight horror, restrained disgust. "Are, are you—oh my god. George. Are you guys having sex or something? What the hell is going on?"

Air harshly expels through George's lips, and he can't help but guffaw till his sides split at Quackity's reaction, the genuine sense of panic he's expressed. "What is wrong with you—" he heaves, barely able to get the words out—"he's just, he's just lifting weights, you idiot. Why on earth would I pick up the phone if we were having sex?"

His humored exasperation over the ridiculous conclusion leapt to by Quackity is easily overheard. Dream puts his barbell down in an instant, his laughs harshly rolling out as well, producing a dull sound. It makes George worry for a split second, but thankfully Dream doesn't seem to have hurt himself.

"I don't know, George," he continues, standing his ground. "Why don't you tell me? I don't know the full extent of like, your tastes and preferences and shit. Is it *my* fault you like being around Dream when he's making weird sex noises? Sounds kinda fucked up of you, man."

"You... you're fucked up," he weakly retorts, losing a breath from the exchange. "We're just in the gym, idiot. Ever heard of exercise? Ever heard of working out? Yeah, bet not. All you know is get in car, drive. Vroom, vroom, dumbass. Go, go fill up your gas or... something."

His words leave Quackity in a fit of chuckles, not expecting this much hostility, even if they are both mostly joking. "Woah, chill out!" He laughs in bursts of high pitched sounds. "I really struck a nerve there, huh."

"No you didn't," his eyes shut from the boiling pressure. "Shut up."

"No, no, I think I did..."

The thing that's very stupid about this is how much fun Quackity seems to be having. He's still giggling like he's really popped off and owned him, which is simply delusional.

"Yeah? Well, you know what I think you should do?" He puts the end of the phone right in front of his mouth. "DIE, IDIOT." He puts the phone back to his ear but Quackity is still very much filled to the brim with glee. "Did you get that?"

"Yes, George," he says, voice fancied up. "Unfortunately, I will not be doing that at this time. But I'll say this for you..." his voice fades into sincerity. "I think it's really cool that you're having sex with Dream—"

"STOP!" His outburst gets the attention of Dream, who's powerlifting now, and gives him an amused look. Huffing over Quackity's unrestrained laughs, he walks over to the other side of the gym. "Stop saying that, you're being so annoying today."

"Okay, okay, I'll stop," he assures, and finally George can breathe, even though he's mostly fine. Like seriously, he's fine, he definitely doesn't care. This is not affecting him in the slightest, he's not nervous or anything. "But seriously, George," Quackity continues. "Like... you know I wouldn't judge you for that, right? Like, really. No matter what you decide to do, or who you decide to do... happy for you, king. I wouldn't tell anyone. Everything, all of it... stays between us. You have my word."

George takes a deep breath, and without looking at the wall-sized mirrors they have to his right, he knows he's red at the edges of his cheeks, his neck, his jaw. He didn't... expect to broach such a

topic of discussion with Quackity today. He never expected to have a conversation like this today, in their home gym of all places.

“You see, that’s nice and all, but you keep saying that like me and him are actually... sleeping together. Which we’re... which we’re not.”

“Okay. You’re right,” he continues, tone of voice neutral. “I shouldn’t be assuming that shit. But uh, remind me again, George: are you like, working out right now?”

He scoffs, because that should be obvious. “No.”

“So you’re not working out, but you’re in the gym while Dream is... what—lifting weights? Doing pull ups? Somethin’ sexy?”

The carelessly uttered words make George choke on his own breath, and Quackity laughs like he’s emerged from this court case triumphant.

“I’m in here because...” he starts to explain a moment later. “Because I’m training Dream to... become a boxing YouTuber.”

Yes, he realizes how ridiculous this sounds after he says it, even if he used it as a half-true excuse on purpose.

“A boxing YouTuber?” His voice is layered with skepticism. “Really?”

“Okay,” George takes a big, dramatic sigh. “This is getting ridiculous. I’m not mad that you think I’m hooking up with him. But I don’t understand how you went from, from falsely assuming we were having sex live on the telephone, to assuming we’re sleeping with each other anyway just because I’m in the gym at the same time as he is. Even if we were like... doing all that. Why in the world would I pick up the phone while I was having sex? What gives you the idea that—that I’d be bored enough—or doing a bad enough job... that it’d be so *lame* that I’d pick up the phone. Like, explain that to me.”

“What’s there to explain?” He responds in a quick-witted fashion. “I mean, I don’t know. You are the way you are. And you call me at the most random times too. How is it my fault if you miss me, George?”

George finds this all rather amusing. “So... you’re saying you wouldn’t find that too surprising? You’re like, okay with it? With me calling you during sex, just to like, pop a chat with you?”

“Ew... what? Hell no!”

“I mean,” he shrugs. “That’s what you made it sound like.”

“Don’t push this on me,” he claims. “Have all the sex you want with Dream, but don’t call me during it, you weirdo. I’d tell you to fuck off. I’d, I’d never call you again if you did that.”

“No you wouldn’t,” George teases with a big greasy grin on his face. “That wouldn’t happen. You like me too much, you’d call me again like, an hour later.”

“No, no I wouldn’t,” he retorts, tone just as lighthearted.

“This is awesome,” George declares, getting back his composure. “Imagine if I just called you while having sex to troll you, and you picked up like an idiot.”

“Oh yeah? Well, you better watch out, George. I can, I can call you during sex too.”

“Right, right... yeah, absolutely. That’s completely terrifying, because you have so much sex and that’s a real thing that could happen, ever,” he taunts, in a voice that’s somewhat deadpan and exaggerated at the same time. “Yeah, I’m like, so scared.”

“You should be,” he tells him. “Next time I call you’s gonna be when I’m in bed with your mom, *jackass*,” he spits, and it makes George crack up at the success of his diss.

There’s something... oddly comforting about this. By now, George has completely given up on trying to convince Quackity that he isn’t sleeping with Dream. He isn’t going to confirm it, but... yeah. He just knows now, by some sick twist of fate, and he’s fine with it, despite his light jabs and jokes, and it’s being treated like this... normal thing? George was never agonizing over the possibility that any of their friends could find out. He knows none of them would disapprove or make it a compromising situation.

But he had never planned on making it known either, wasn’t interested in the embarrassment that could come with everyone finding out. Yet... this is nice. In the strangest way. Having Quackity just... be normal about it. Ripping on each other harmlessly, the knowledge doesn’t make him act all weird and patronizing. He doesn’t even pry for details of whatever’s going on between him and Dream.

George is sort of grateful Quackity’s one of his best friends. And he’s going to express this by threatening to have sex with his mother.

“Go ahead,” he tells him. “I’ll just ring you up the next time I’m having sex with your mum.”

“No you won’t,” Quackity snorts. “You’re too busy having sex with Dream to do that.”

Never mind, he takes it all back. Quackity is the worst and George wishes he had never met this son of a bitch.

“Shut up,” he sighs, not in the mood to yell, just shutting his eyes from the embarrassment that brushes pink on his cheeks. Against his will, a smile rises to his face, and he fights to get rid of it on the off-chance that Quackity can sense it as he talks. “Erase that thought right now, Quackity. Never bring that up again, or... or else.”

“No, I don’t think I will,” he grins. “I’m bringing it up whenever I need to win a fight, or like, to shut you up if you’re annoying me.”

“No,” he says in plain insistence. “You’re... you’re not allowed to do that.”

“Oh yeah? Says who?”

“Says me, idiot. And if you ever do that, I’m—I’d leave. How about that? In fact, I’m leaving right now, I’m, I’ll, I’ll hang up on you.”

“Alright, fine,” Quackity dismisses with an audible smile. “I was gonna head out anyway. Bye George.”

He hangs up before George can, almost like he’s proving a point. It makes him shake his head, and he walks back over to Dream, who’s hydrating up and toweling himself off, done with working out.

“What was all that?” He asks, handing George some water, who sips it down.

“Oh,” George breathily replies when he’s swallowed. It dawns on him that his interaction with Quackity did not exist in a vacuum, and that he owes it to Dream to inform that someone found out about them. “Um, so. Quackity sort of knows now.”

This makes Dream snort. “That we’re having sex?”

He’s not sure what he expected, but it’s a relief that Dream inferred this instantly and that he doesn’t seem bothered about it.

“Yeah,” George confirms. “He figured it out somehow. In some insane... stupid way when we were talking. I can’t convince him otherwise, he won’t believe it anyway.”

“That’s okay,” Dream shrugs. “I don’t care if Quackity knows.”

“You don’t?” His nonchalance is interesting.

“No, I’m guessing he’s cool with it. Is he not?”

“He’s being very lame about it, actually,” George laments, which makes Dream chuckle. “But yeah, he’s fine. Doesn’t care, which is good.”

“Great,” says Dream. “Honestly, I don’t care if our friends know. It’s an... interesting situation, I’d say. Would be hard to explain. But I’m not gonna go like, out of my way to hide it, or make stuff up, unless you’re uncomfortable with people knowing. I mean, obviously I’m not gonna *announce* it to anyone either, definitely not. Because it’s personal and it’s, it’s our business and everything. I doubt most of our friends would know anything because it’s a weird thing for anyone to expect to know, cuz, especially because it’s not like. A dating thing. But I don’t think it’s something we need to be ashamed of, right? We don’t have to treat it like it’s some dirty secret.”

“Okay,” George responds, taking all this new information in. He isn’t sure what his thoughts on that are, just knows that they’re all good. “So... it’s not my fault that Quackity knows. Perfect.”

Dream exhales through his nose in amusement. “Yeah, it’s not. Even if you straight up told him, that’s fine. Tell whoever you want, George.”

“Whoever I want?” He snorts. “What if I wanted to tweet it out? Would that be okay too?”

Dream rolls his eyes at him and puts on a half-hearted smirk. “Sure, yeah, go ahead George. You wouldn’t do it, and everyone would think you were crazy, but be my guest.”

He unlocks his phone, contemplating it for a second, but Dream is right. Even if he passed it off as a joke people would think he was insane. Or that he’d gotten hacked.

“Fine, I won’t do it to protect your reputation,” he says, pocketing his phone. “But you owe me a favor.”

His eyebrow quirks up. “What favor?”

“Hm...” he thinks over it, recalling his conversation with Quackity. “Let me... make a phone call during sex later.”

Dream pulls the most perplexed and disgusted face known to man. “What?”

“I have a valid reason for it.”

It’s funny how quickly he pieces it all together.

“I’m not having sex with you while you prank call Quackity. That’s, that’s just disgusting. You’d traumatize him. You’d traumatize all of us. No calling anyone while we have sex, okay?”

George was mostly joking, but it’s amusing how Dream felt the need to make it a rule. “Fine, I won’t,” he says, playing along. “I’ll figure out another way to mess with him.”

“Thank you,” he exhales, and then shakes his head. “Can’t believe I’m saying that, but yeah. I’m gonna go take a shower. Wanna get lunch after?”

“Sure.”

They end up taking a shower together, George giving perfectly valid reasons that just by hanging around the gym as long as he had and getting poked and prodded by Dream as much as he had made him gross enough to need a wash. Dream doesn’t protest at all, more than open to the arrangement, and George tells him all about how much water they’ve saved by estimate, every time they wash up together instead of doing it separately. He did the math on the spot and everything, and Dream told him how smart and clever he was, and he showed him just how much he valued those qualities about him.

George completely forgets to prank call Quackity, never so much as forms an idea for how to troll him like he wanted to. But he doesn’t care. He’s far too busy doing way more important things, clearly.

“I need your help with something.”

Dream announces this with a flurry, sliding into the kitchen with a clumsiness that he does not usually possess, nearly crashing into the counter that George stands in front of, sipping a cold glass of water.

“What is it?” He asks, and he thinks there’s got to be some emergency, or trouble of some kind, perhaps something to do with work, even though none of them are meant to be working on anything today.

The arrangement they’ve agreed upon is working so far. George has managed to edit a video and get it uploaded with the help of Dream and just being in the same room as him. They’ve successfully managed to edit in the same work area without detrimentally distracting each other, and even though they aren’t the world’s most productive team in any sense of the word, it’s certainly an improvement. The fact that they’re always within arm’s reach of each other whenever they need to... destress. That’s definitely a bonus too.

All three members of the Dream Team have edited and uploaded videos on their individual channels in the past week, and they’ve also done enough streams to justify doing nothing today. But given the nature of their jobs, things could change at any moment.

“I don’t know if I should say *help*, but... well... I’ve been thinking,” Dream continues, sighing and shrugging, and he looks nervous. “About... the way I’ve been approaching... sexuality exploration.”

“Oh. What about it?”

“Well... sexuality isn’t just about sex, right? There’s a romantic component to it too, and I just. I dunno. I feel like all I’ve tried is the sex bit. I don’t know what it’s like to like, go on a date with a man or anything. I don’t know if it even matters, or if I even need to experience that, but like... I just thought it’d be nice. Could be fun. Even if it’s... even just. Just one date. Doesn’t have to mean anything, but I thought I should get to experience that one day. What do you think, George?”

The question catches him completely off guard. George did not expect to get asked for any input, he assumed he was just gonna stand here and be a sounding board for Dream’s thoughts to bounce off of, until he came to some sort of conclusion. Apparently, he’s now part of the solution.

“Uh...” he thinks to himself. “I don’t know what to think. I’m not like an expert on dates or anything.”

“Well, neither am I,” Dream tells him. “And I know you don’t usually care about going on dates and all that crap, and that, that it might not really appeal to you or anything, but... the concept of dates. It’s interesting, right? Like, obviously, when it all boils down, dates are just... people hanging out. But if you know someone well enough, if you’ve got the right chemistry, then it’s awesome. I’ve always had fun on dates. I like the planning, the hand holding, the kissing, the... the suspense. You never know how the date could end. Right?”

George has to admit, he’s a little confused. He’s not sure why Dream seems to be trying to convince him that dates are this amazing thing, but he nods and plays along.

“Sure. Go on a date if that’s what you want, Dream,” he gives him a shrug, trying to look nonchalant and supportive. “Have fun like... planning it and all that.”

“I already have something planned.”

“You’re all good to go then,” he says, finishing his water and walking away, but Dream’s hand curls around his waist and shifts him back before he can leave.

“You keep saying that,” he points out. “Telling me to have a good time, like, like you’re not gonna be there.”

“Why would I?”

“Well, for starters,” he titters, like it’s obvious. “You’re the person I’m asking. I mean, who else would I even bring?”

“Right, yeah. Because I’m the only man on the planet.”

He doesn’t mean for his words to sound so bitter. But they sound bitter anyway, and Dream’s expression falters.

“Uh... uh huh. Obviously you’re not, but, you know why I—“

“I don’t see the point,” George interrupts. “If you’re gonna go on a date then go on a date, but why would you go on one with me? It wouldn’t be fun that way.”

His face reeks of concern. “Why wouldn’t it be fun with you?”

“Be-because.” He exhales, hating that he even has to say it, because it should be obvious and Dream knows it too, unless he’s not thinking logically, or has a very skewed view on what dates are. “There’s no excitement there. All the things you talked about—we’ve done all of it. It wouldn’t be anything new. You literally live with me. You’ve kissed me, we’ve hung out, and

we've definitely done more than *hold hands*," he scoffs. "A date with me wouldn't even feel like a date. You'd get bored, so it wouldn't be fun."

Because that's how things go in regular relationships, right? You meet, you go on a date, you kiss at some point, then you go on more dates, and you have sex. What they have... what they've been through... it's certainly not regular. Throwing a date in the mix just to humor Dream's curiosity... it doesn't feel right.

"You think I'd get bored of kissing you?" He asks with an edge to his voice. "That it's not exciting?"

His hands reach for the counter on either side of George, trapping him with his body. It makes him gulp from the intensity. Dream presses close against him and he makes a sound from the contact. The slowest kiss perches on his mouth, and the softness of it makes him want to tear up.

"Was that boring?" He asks again, so gentle but deadly. "Did you hate it?"

"No..." he shakes his head. "No, I didn't."

He wishes he could hate it. He'd give anything to hate it. But Dream won't let him, clearly. If he did, if he played fair, he wouldn't kiss him half as good. He wouldn't press that pretty waist flush against him, arousing him to get his way.

"Exactly," Dream concurs, pulling back a step with a self-satisfied smirk. "It's not boring for me either. Nothing about you could ever be boring to me. You know we always have fun—how would this be any different?"

He takes a deep breath, grateful for the distance.

"It's not really the fun part I'm worried about," he clarifies. "We're just... we're friends. This isn't like sex, this is... this is something that wouldn't... feel authentic, if you did it with me. I'm not some charming stranger you met eyes with across the room, it, it wouldn't be romantic."

This makes him slightly downtrodden, and when he takes George's hand, his heart pounds away, and he wants to breathe but can't.

"And is that the only way to go on dates? With some stranger across the room?"

"I... what?"

"Forget all of that, George," Dream snorts, looking him in the eye again. "I told you, it's not gonna be like, a thing. I'm not asking you out to be my boyfriend or anything. Just come on out and have fun with me, just, just this once. And I won't ask again."

"Oh," his shoulders drop, and he isn't sure whether the associated feeling is relief or disappointment. "So... it's not a real date then."

"Well," he licks his lips, like he's conflicted, and George doesn't know what to make of any of this. "It is a real date. But... without any of the pressure. And I know it's a weird request, but I won't ask you again. And if you really don't wanna go, that's fine, I could just see if like, Sapnap. Or my mom is free. So it doesn't go to waste."

George isn't crazy, right? It's clear that this isn't a normal situation where he's being asked on a date. He's being asked out on a date and not being asked out on a date at the same time, is... what he can gather. But one thing's for sure. He's not gonna get left out and replaced if Dream has

something interesting arranged.

“What... what did you plan?”

He beams, so optimistic. “You’ll find out if you go on the date.”

It piques his curiosity, he won’t lie. “This is messed up,” he claims. “You know I can’t stand not knowing something like that.”

“I do,” he says, following up with a wink so sly. “What can I say? I know my audience.”

“I’m not your audience,” George argues for the sake of it. “I don’t even watch your content.”

“Yeah, right,” he tells him. “If anything, you watch my content more than anyone else.” He grins, looking down at his own crotch. “All the content I make. *Exclusive* content.”

George leaves a hard stare on Dream’s crotch, head tilting as he tries to understand exactly what euphemism this is meant to be. “What are you talking about? Like, cum content or something?”

His guess rips a piercing laugh out of Dream.

“Cum content?”

“You tell me,” he snorts. “How else was I meant to interpret that?”

“Not a clue,” he shrugs, and it makes George laugh. “I have no idea where I was going with that one.”

He doesn’t follow up with anything, and George sighs, deciding... fuck it, right? What’s the worst that could happen? He’s just not going to think about it, like Dream said. The man probably just wanted to go somewhere fun today and needed an excuse, albeit a terrible one that still threatens to give George a heart attack. He said no pressure, so maybe George doesn’t need to be the perfect date candidate, doesn’t need to show Dream what a classic date-with-a-man is like. He can just be Dream’s best friend, as usual.

“Fine, I’ll go on your... dumb date thing,” he says. “But only because I want to know what it is you’ve got... planned and everything.”

Dream takes him to a beautiful botanical garden. It’s a place he’s never been to before since moving to Florida, nor is it a place he quite expected Dream to bring them to. Oddly, it’s... so perfect. It’s a great setting for a date, he’ll give him that. Any normal stranger would be swooning over Dream on this date right now, even without knowing him. Thanks to all the flora and fauna in the area, the many acres of land are kept nice and cool. The air is so refreshing, reminiscent of the nature they’re surrounded by. George likes how calm and mostly quiet it is, save for the birds and other animals in the trees and ponds.

Interestingly, there’s barely anyone around. George hasn’t seen any members of the public, no tour group getting led around, no families out and about to appreciate the plants, no one walking around like him and Dream are to appreciate the tranquility and beauty of the place. Just one or two staff members from time to time.

It’s very different from being at, let’s say, an amusement park. Far more quiet and much less hectic, there’s no dangerous or crazy expectations to sit on death defying rides. It’s mundane enough to relax him but also interesting enough to create funny moments.

George loses his mind when they come across the dick-shaped cacti. Obviously, any cactus can be seen as dick-shaped if you try hard enough, but these ones are extra penis-y looking.

“This is awesome,” he declares as he immediately starts snapping pictures. “Wow, that one kind of looks like yours,” he points out teasingly, gesturing to a very wonky-shaped one.

Dream takes a picture of it as well, even going as far as to take a selfie with the cockti. Um, cacti. He throws up peace signs and sticks his tongue out quirkily and everything. It makes George laugh at the sight.

“What are you doing?” He asks, as Dream takes a selfie of them both that he’s not even prepared for, and when he doesn’t stop, George caves and smiles at the camera so he doesn’t look stupid.

Dream brings the impromptu photoshoot to an end when he’s satisfied and takes a look at his shots. “What? I’m taking pictures of my date and the plant that resembles his favorite cock.”

“Shut up.”

“I mean, it’s green, it’s super girthy, you’re even being extra generous about the length, so thank you—“

“I’m leaving—“

He grabs him by the wrist and pulls him back, so he can’t run off. “It’s got these cool like, spikes, so it’s perfectly ribbed for your pleasure—“

“This sucks,” he starts complaining. “I can’t even...”

He stops himself because what he nearly said would make things worse, but obviously, Dream doesn’t let it go.

“Can’t even what?”

“Nothing.”

“Tell me, or... I’m posting our cactus selfies and only including the ones where you weren’t ready and looked dumb.”

He doesn’t have enough breath to scoff as hard as he wants to. He sighs, because even though he wouldn’t really care about the selfies being posted, Dream’s just gonna keep upping the stakes until he caves.

“I was gonna say... I can’t even kiss you to shut you up, because, because we’re outside.“

“Oh...” Dream nods his head up and down, a smile sneaking its way into his features. “Well. You could. I’d shut right up, actually. There’s no one around right now.”

It’s still too risky, so he doesn’t do it, but he begs the question: “Why *isn’t* there anyone around?” He finally inquires, relieved that it’s being pointed out. “Do people hate flowers? I swear, I haven’t seen a single person that wasn’t like, there because they work here.”

“Because I booked the place out. People do that from time to time. Not usually the whole place, but I got them to make an exception. They let you do events here, like performances and weddings and stuff.” They’re walking down the path now, and he points out a wedding arch decorated with flowers somewhere in the distance. “See? Pretty cool, right?”

“Yeah,” he remarks, and his heart is speeding up. “Must’ve been expensive.”

“I guess,” he shrugs. “They need the money anyway, I donated a little extra than what they asked of me. They like... study and conserve plants and shit, make sure people care about all the pretty... and I’m guessing endangered flowers. Good cause.”

“It is a good cause,” he agrees, but all he can really think about is the fact that Dream probably dropped thousands of dollars just to... have a fun time with him. That’s Dream, really. He barely even has to think about it, but he won’t really spend much on himself unless it’s for someone he cares about. Being loved by Dream feels incredible. George thinks it’s a little insane that he wound up best friends with him, when it could’ve happened to anyone else on the planet.

“Yeah?” Dream spins around now, walking backwards for a bit to face George as he speaks, blindly trusting him to make sure he doesn’t crash into a wall. Either that, or he doesn’t care and just wants to look at George. But that would be insane of him. “You like where I’ve taken you?”

“I do, actually,” he admits. “I’m glad I came along, it’s a nice place. It’s—you did good, Dream.”

Dream looks so bashfully proud, like they’ve just given him a Nobel peace prize or something. But George lets him bask in whatever this is, lets Dream hold his hand once in a while as they walk through the paths and the scenery, when there’s truly no one around to witness or pass judgement or catch them in a moment that should only be their own. Sometimes, George even initiates the hand-holding. He tries his best to make it seem necessary when he does, like holding onto Dream for balance when they’re walking over something slippery—but then he lets their hands linger together for longer than they should.

They walk off into a garden that’s extra secluded and off-path from everything else, where everyone is. Walls of vines cover the walls and beds of all kinds of idyllic flowers sprout up from the ground they stand on.

“Look, they have those roses you like,” George points in mild excitement. “Those are the red ones, right?”

“Yes,” Dream tells him, but he seems to be looking at George a lot more than he looks at the roses. “Those are the red ones.”

“This is so epic,” George declares, as the excitement of being in an incredible place where no one else is around seeps in. He makes his way to a nearby bench to explore that freedom, lying down on it with his legs haphazardly dangled on the structure. Dream joins him on the bench, and George lays his head on that lap, letting his hair get played with by Dream’s fingers.

“Yeah?”

“We have it all to ourselves,” he continues, rambling despite the calming sensations. “We could... we could destroy all the flowers, and no one would care.”

“Well, that’s not true, to be fair,” Dream remarks with a snort. “I think I’d get severely fined. But why would you even wanna destroy the flowers? They’re so... pretty. And perfect. We shouldn’t hurt them.”

“Like...” George sits up, gets up entirely, and moves over to a patch of unidentified flowers. “Not even a single one?”

Dream follows behind him, picking a pretty flower and sticking it behind George’s ear. It’s small and common-looking, and so many of it grows everywhere that it won’t exactly be missed.

“I think the random ones they’re not trying to conserve should be fine,” he beams, hands on George’s shoulders as he looks his face up and down. “I like this one. It suits what you’re wearing,” he says, gesturing to George’s Limited Edition Dream Pink Smile Pullover Hoodie.

“Why are you sticking flowers on me?” He weakly complains, despite the curiosity building up inside him. He wants to know how it looks. Probably stupid, probably looks like a muffinhead because Dream’s clearly doing this to tease him and laugh at him. Maybe. Either way, he’s being an idiot.

“Because it looks pretty,” he says, smiling like a sculptor who’s proud of his masterpiece. “Pretty things always look better when you combine them.”

George brushes off the compliment, because he’d hate to blush at this. There’s enough heat rising to his cheeks right now as is.

“I probably look like an idiot.”

“Uh, yeah, you definitely do—” he says, very tongue-in-cheek—“doesn’t mean you don’t look beautiful.”

George scoffs, reaching to take it off, but Dream catches his hand in time, holding him off by the wrist. “Leave it,” he insists pleadingly. “Come on, it’s cute.”

“I’m not here to be cute.”

“Well, you’re always at least a bit cute,” he tells him. “That’s not really something you can help, so, might as well leave it on.”

He narrows his eyes at him. Dream’s hand still holds onto George’s own, and it’s gentle enough for him to break free if he wanted to, but he lets them stay like this. Sometimes, it feels like he craves Dream’s touch. Not even the kind that gets him off, but stuff like this, the thing that’s casual. He’s been hooked on it since their first hug.

Still, it doesn’t make him trust Dream not to do anything to embarrass him. He maintains his skepticism.

“What if I let go and you, you like whip out your camera and take a picture of me like this, and you like, use it to blackmail me or something.”

Dream snorts and gets this flash in his gaze that lets George know that he might’ve put ideas in his head that weren’t there before.

“What would I even need to blackmail you over? Everything I want from you I’m already getting. Every day, every night, with... so much enthusiasm. I’d be pretty stupid to blackmail you for something you beg me for over and—“

“Okay stop—“

His heart catches in his throat and if Dream had kept going he might have passed out.

“Yes?”

“You... you’re an idiot.”

It makes him chuckle. “Listen. I wouldn’t blackmail you no matter what. I’d rather just get to see

you like this in real time. Is that so hard to believe? You're just... you're gorgeous. You're prettier *than* the flower, okay? You..." he exhales. "You look like you belong in a garden."

This man and his ridiculous mouth. He's saying such stupid things that George should cringe at and mock him for, but that would just be hypocritical to do because this is all working on him. It's very embarrassing.

"You can't..." he gulps. "You can't be serious."

"Have I not told you this like, in a thousand different ways by now?" This is true, but George is not above staying silent so that he can hear a new version of it. "Getting to look at you in real life has been so insane. I've seen you every day in the flesh for months by now and sometimes it still trips me out. I don't know how that's even possible. I didn't think I'd be this thrown off, I, I thought since I knew what you looked like and you showed me all the time it wouldn't be that bad but... seeing you on camera, even your super HD one, it just, it doesn't prepare you enough for the real thing."

"Yeah?" George empties his throat, mouth running with a mind of its own. "And how do you think I felt meeting you? The only warning I ever got was random eyebrow and hair partials."

Dream's eyes dilate and darken as it dawns on George just how embarrassing of an admission that was. "You thought I was hot? You, you thought I was hot when we met?"

He feels every hair on the back of his neck freeze over. "No. Shut up. No, I didn't."

But it's too late. Dream's all over this, completely filled with glee right now.

"I bet hugging me when we met made you feel all hot and bothered," he taunts, this huge victorious smirk on his face. "This is the best day ever," he celebrates. "Everything's starting to make sense now. You insisting that I experiment with you, the way you kept pushing for us to keep hooking up. See, instead of suspecting you have a sex addiction, now I know the truth—you just think I'm really, really hot. Just, irresistible—"

George wants to scream and shout and implode to end all of this. "Stop saying all these stupid things," he babbles in slight shame. "I hate you so much."

"What is it about me, George?" He continues to ask anyway. "What exactly do you find *so* hot about me?"

"I'm not saying anything about this anymore," he scowls, but his expression lacks any real anger, and Dream can tell. An unfortunate result of being known too well. "That's... that's not something you can explain anyway."

"Yes you can. You could if you wanted to. Like, I can tell you exactly what I find hot about you, easy."

He hates how that tempts him. "Fine," he shrugs. "Go ahead and tell me then."

Dream gets close, smile so dazzling it could stop hearts and end wars. "You're hot, because... your eyes are so easy to get lost in. It's like there's stars in there, dancing. You make them sparkle somehow, I really like it. I also like your hair. It's so soft, and fun to play with. Fun to tug on. The way you smile, the way you laugh. I could listen to it all day. And you're so... you look so petite next to me. Like I could pick you up and put you in my pocket. Keep you safe and warm in there," he chuckles. "I like how soft and cuddly you look in your hoodies, I like your endless collection of sweatpants, I like... how you look naked." This one sucker punches a breath out of George. "I love

how you look like you were made to be fucked.”

Jesus fucking christ. George’s eyes shut, resenting the unspeakable thoughts and desires that flash through his mind right now. Wrong time, wrong place. “Dream,” he says, tone full of caution. “We’re in public.”

“No one’s watching,” he responds so effortlessly. “No one’s spying on us either, I promise. We’re safe.”

He takes a deep breath. “I mean... I know that,” he shrugs. “But... but the flowers are still here.”

It makes Dream crack up, but the tension doesn’t leave. “You don’t wanna upset the flowers? Too shy to fuck in front of ‘em?”

George chokes on the scandalous words, his eyes the size of saucers. “Obviously not. Dream, you... you’re crazy. Wait till we get home, idiot. Don’t even kiss me right now. It’s gonna turn into something we can’t control.”

Dream only laughs at him, and it almost feels like he’s being mocked. “Well. Maybe *you* can’t control yourself. But I think I could kiss you and be just fine.”

“That’s not going to work on me,” he says, determined. “Sorry, Dream. But you’re not getting kissed. Cry about it.”

“Not even a smooch?” He complains, laying it on thick. “Baby, you’re so mean.”

They’re surrounded by plants, but all the oxygen feels like it’s been sucked away. George heaves as his mouth falls open. “Don’t...” he feels weak. “Don’t call me that.”

Dream’s tongue slides over his mouth all playful. It really isn’t helping the state of George’s heart.

“Call you what—baby?” He laughs, like he didn’t even realize it, like it just slipped out. But also maybe he did do it on purpose, specifically pulled it out right just now to see what it would do to George. “Then stop being a baby, baby.”

He lets out a terse sigh. “You’re the worst.”

“Why is that? Is this doing something to you?” At his silence, he smirks on. “Tell you what, George. I’ll make you a deal. Give me a kiss, or I’m not fucking you when we get home.”

“How is that a deal?!” He explodes, and Dream bursts out laughing again from the level of emotion displayed. “That’s a threat, if anything. You can’t do that, Dream. That’s messed up.”

Dream only snickers. “Well, too bad. You don’t have to kiss me, George. Obviously. You don’t ever have to. But I’m not obligated to fuck you either.”

“I’m not buying it,” he retorts, standing his ground, despite his jelly legs. “You’ll crack when we get home. You want me.”

“I do want you,” he says. “But are you willing to bet on that? You know how stubborn I am. I can be *really* petty if I want to, George.”

Dream puckers his lips at him to tease him, to mess with him. George is sick of standing here, getting pushed around, getting all riled up and hot and bothered with no proper outlet. He decides to leave without any warning, walking out of the secluded area and into the open air, where Dream

will hopefully be put in his place. He deserves to be the one getting punished for once.

“Bye,” is all he says when he walks out, and to his delight, hasty footsteps follow behind, trying to catch up with a desperation. George picks up the pace just to feel satisfaction at the way Dream chases, on and on and on.

“George.” It makes him smirk just to hear it. “George, come on. Slow down.”

He walks even faster because of it. He could get a medal for walking races at this rate.

“I know you’re not mad, stop pretending.”

Now he’s almost running, and that’s a bit of a bad idea, honestly, because he has the stamina of a newborn lamb.

“George—“ he catches up fast enough to grab his arm now—“hey.”

He spins him around. He raises his eyebrows at Dream. He looks so cute when he’s scorned, but George isn’t telling him that. The things he’s said have caused enough damage already.

“Don’t be mad,” Dream continues in a sweet, sheepish voice. “I was just teasing.”

George turns around and continues to walk. This is just fun at this point. Dream overtakes him and stands in his way to stop him this time, looking distraught, but it’s mostly just for show, George can tell.

“George, please,” he begs, bottom lip jutting out in a pout. God, this does not make kissing him any less tempting. “I’m sorry, okay? I’ll be good, I promise. I’ll behave. Please stop ignoring me.”

He averts his eyes in an audacious way, rolling them all the way over for effect. He blatantly looks at the sky to prevent any eye contact.

“Talk to me,” he persists, running his mouth dry. “Talk to me or I’m gonna cry. I’ll go crazy, George, trust me. I might kill myself over this. I’m gonna kill myself right here, George.”

“Good,” he says, only realizing his mistake once the word passes through his lips. The instantaneous effect of this makes Dream glow with glee.

“Yes!” He points out. “You cracked, I did it. This is so awesome.”

During his process of trying to ignore Dream again, George spots a special patch of flowers, and he dashes to them with a gasp, pointing almost desperately.

“These are the colors I think they are, right?”

“I’ll tell you for a price.” He changes his mind the second George’s expression clouds with displeasure. “Fine, yes, they’re blue and fucking green, idiot. You’re so lame.”

George immediately whips his phone out and carefully takes a picture, posting it on Twitter with *Blue and green? Lol?* as the caption. He grins and watches the replies roll in, finding gratification in the way people react almost violently to his tweet.

A minute later, he receives a notification from Dream’s twitter account. It’s a picture of him taking a picture of the blue and green flowers, excitement evident on his face, and it’s captioned with *dnfers are so cringe... this one’s ass kinda fat tho anyone know his @*

It makes him laugh, he won't lie. He looks up at Dream, who's grinning right back at him. "People aren't going to think you're joking this time."

"When was I ever joking?" He says brightly, without a care in the world. "Your ass is fat. I stand by that. The people need to be informed."

"Okay," George comments nonchalantly, shrugging. He tries not to show how much this affects him. "Suit yourself. Let's go... look at more flowers."

Dream follows his lead, which is an excellent thing, because George brings him into a supply closet (first private area he could find). The door shuts behind them and he stretches up for a kiss immediately. Their lips meet and Dream sighs in delight, giving it a tender twist, being all sweet and gentle, pulling him close.

"These flowers look so interesting," he murmurs sarcastically in between kisses.

"Shut up."

"Does this mean I win? Is this you giving in so I'll fuck you later?"

"No," he insists with a kiss. "You're a loser, actually. I don't want you at all."

Dream snorts at his words. "Yeah, right. Bold words from the guy who dragged me in here to make out."

"I..." his voice suppresses. "I did that for you," he coughs. This is not the best place to be for what they're doing right now. "Because I knew you wanted it. I was... I was being nice."

"Oh, yeah?" Dream's sinful hand slips down to palm his crotch, putting just the right amount of pressure to bring tears to his eyes. "You're so nice, aren't you, George? That why you're hard right now? Just in case I wanted it?"

God damn it. Betrayed by his own penis. But can George really be blamed here? Dream is straight up stroking him through his clothes and George wants to die from the tantalizing torture, wants to gasp for air. The urge to just rut mindlessly against his touch until he comes in his pants is horrible to resist. But of course, he knows what a bad idea that is. They can't do this right now, they're not at home, not within the safe hidden walls of their household.

"Dream..." he heaves, and thankfully that hand pulls away. He might have been in trouble if he didn't. "Why did we come all the way out here if we were just gonna have sex again?"

"Are you not having fun?" He gently inquires.

"No, I am, but--"

"Okay, good," he smiles. "Then don't worry. Because we're not gonna have sex, I'm not that stupid." This time, he laughs. "I was just messing with you. I don't think having public sex is a good idea at all."

George's heart takes fall damage from this. "What? So you did all that... for nothing?"

"Not for nothing..." but he doesn't explain much further. He leans in and kisses George again. He's much fairer this time, doesn't make things too hot and heavy, keeps it all chaste. He gives George time to recover, and the kissing helps fill in what would've been quite an awkward conversation, or worse, an awkward silence.

“Feeling better?” He asks after a few minutes, pulling away and patting George on the shoulder. A second later, he places a kiss on his forehead, and now he feels better and worse at the same time.

“Yeah,” he utters anyway, and he can’t make heads or tails of this feeling he has right now. “We kiss a lot,” he remarks without thinking, and it seems to shock him just as much as it does Dream, and maybe he should keep his mouth shut more when he breathes, so he doesn’t say things he shouldn’t be bringing up, even if he’s thinking it.

“We do,” says Dream. “It’s nice. It’s because I love—“ his throat catches, and for a moment, he looks very concerned, almost freaked—“I love uh... kissing you.”

George bites on his lip. *Don’t say anything else*, he begs himself. “Why?”

God fucking damn it.

“Because...” Dream stutters a bit, his lip retreating behind teeth. “I dunno. Just feels good I guess. I, I always feel good. When I’m with you.”

“You... feel good,” he repeats at a slower speed. The air feels heavier right now. “Okay.”

“Yeah, I do,” he clears his throat. “We should uh, we should probably get outta here,” Dream says with a bated breath. It seems they both know somehow, that staying in here any longer is a bad idea. In this dark, quiet corner of the world they share, some place outside of their usual element and comfort zone, they might say things they can’t retract when the light comes rushing back in.

They walk for a few minutes in silence, and they chance upon a gift shop, where they sell little trinkets and souvenirs and flowers and the like. Dream stops walking and points to the bathroom that’s situated right next to it.

“I gotta go, it’ll take like, a minute,” he says, and George nods, standing there prepared to wait.

But the gift shop calls to him, and he walks in, prepared to get out pretty soon anyway. He’s just curious, and he just, he wants to take a look.

He waves awkwardly at the florist who greets him, and his heart stops when he sees a particular flower sitting there.

“Could I... could I get one of those please?” There he goes again, blurting stupid stuff out. Usually he doesn’t even talk to strangers, and now he has to suffer from the consequences of asking for something. He knows very well it would be a dick move to take it back.

“Which one?”

“The red rose.”

She smiles at him, opening the door to retrieve the flowers that sit coolly where they’re stored.

“Just one or a bouquet?” She asks again, and George feels like an idiot.

“Just, just the one, thank you.” He takes a shallow breath, and he is just grateful he was given the option. He’d look way more stupid with an entire bouquet than with just the one flower. She wraps around it with plastic film and ties it with a little ribbon at the bottom. She hands it to him, he pays for it.

He steps outside, unsure of what to do, and has half a mind to just hide it somewhere, chuck it next

to a tree, and hope that maybe someone who's less of an idiot takes it and gives it a good home.

Unfortunately, before he can do anything, Dream's walking up from behind and greets him.

"Hey, I'm back."

He turns around and Dream's eyes widen at the single red rose in his hands.

"Hi."

"What is that?"

He pushes it forward. "Here. You can have it."

He takes it in his fingers and George retracts his own as quickly as possible, like they're burning in the sun. He looks at it, inspects it like he can't believe it's real, even though they're literally outside the gift shop where he bought it, and that they're standing in the middle of the botanical garden Dream brought them to.

"You... you got this for me?"

"I guess," he says, head getting dizzy with every passing second. "I went into the shop, and the. I didn't... it just. Happened. So you can keep it." A moment later, he says: "Don't lose it."

He doesn't know why he said that last bit, but like so many things he's been saying very recently, he can't exactly take it back.

"You got me a gift," Dream says, and it's not exactly a word-for-word repeat of what he previously said, but it feels obvious enough by now.

"Yeah, uh. You don't have to get me anything back." He shrugs, shifting from side to side. Maybe if he had gotten more gifts for Dream during the course of their friendship, this moment would feel less awful to be a part of. "I mean, who cares, right? Look, here's another gift—" he walks a few steps away, picking up a large smooth pebble that's possibly grey and possibly blue. It has a vein running down it on one side. He hands it to Dream. "You can't lose that one either, got it?"

"Okay," he says, and George doesn't dare to look at him, just hearing the state of his voice is terrifying enough. "Thank you. This is... you're really sweet. I didn't expect this, I mean, I knew I'd have fun today, but—"

"You're welcome."

"I think this might be the best date I've ever been on."

This is what makes George turn to look at him, and it's completely on instinct, but the instinct is... how can he be faulted for it? Still, he wishes he hadn't, because despite his words Dream looks distraught somehow. And George gets it. He agrees with the words, with the sentiment. But somehow all of this is too much, and his heart is drowning in the emotions he helped contribute. He feels guilty for some reason, a little scared, and he just wants to defuse it all, whatever it is, that threatens to blow them up right now.

"Oh yeah, great date," he says, keeping it lighthearted, wanting to make things a little sillier. "You know what would make this date even better?"

"What?"

“Skeppy.”

This brings an eye roll he’s so happy to see right now. He smiles with pride, watching as Dream tries not to laugh but cracks up anyway. And George laughs even louder to make up for all the oddness and bumps he wants to smooth over. It feels somewhat normal again, it feels light again. It feels like *them*, how they should be, how they usually are.

“What the hell?” He chuckles again. “How would he make it better?”

“He just would,” George swiftly shrugs. “He’d troll us or something, it’d be awesome.”

Dream shakes his head, smile still spreading those cheeks. “God, I can’t believe you said that.”

“It was so perfect, wasn’t it, Dream?”

“Well, I don’t know about *perfect*—“

“Yeah, no, clearly I’m a delight to have on dates,” he brags on shamelessly. “I get why you were itching to go on one with me now.”

“Itching to go?” He scoffs, breath somewhat uneven. “Please. If anything, I’d have dumped you on the spot for bringing Skeppy up on a date, if I were your boyfriend.”

“Yeah right,” George snorts. “All you’re wishing for is that last bit.”

You see, he said that because that’s how they usually joke, that’s how they always talk, always taunt. But right as the words leave his mouth George realizes how stupid they are again. He’s apparently incapable of making one mistake at a time, and learning from it. They all have to happen in the same timeframe and cram together in the same window of opportunity to screw his life up as hard as possible. He’s convinced the universe hates him. He’s convinced he hates himself.

Thank you, Dream. I had a nice time too. This was a great date. Why couldn’t he have said something like that? He was such an idiot for trying to fix things by joking around, he was an idiot for agreeing to all this, in all honesty. But now that he’s here, what can he do to make things better? Would things get worse if he takes it all back? Should he just shut up until they get home? When will he learn not to say things that inadvertently open conversation boxes that they should never even touch?

Dream’s face looks like something died and he’s mourning it and trying to get over it all in the same moment. His expression hardens and he looks away, exhaling with more difficulty than usual.

“Yeah? Well. I bet... I bet you... whatever,” he sighs again. “We should leave. I think I wanna leave now.”

He starts walking away really fast and George follows him with a bleeding heart.

“Dream, I was just kidding—“

“I know,” he says, stopping only briefly. “It’s fine, don’t worry about it. I just... I’m just tired. We should go home.”

And just like that. Date over.

QUACKITY CHAPTERRRR ok i know how the chapter ended. but pls remember that quackity was in 2/3 of the scenes. i hope u liked his little features :(

im so sorry im late. i've been busy with school and life stuff but ch7 is here now and roughly 16.4k words! im sorry. the chapters are cut the way they are on purpose. i hope u are okay n that ur head isn't spinning. PLEASE LMK WHAT U THINK. im very grateful for all the comments i get so please keep them coming its how i keep track of the story's reception and success TAKE UR ATTENDANCE i will remind u guys every chapter

its been a little over 2 weeks since the last update and i don't usually take this long n im nervous every update but i think this chapter is pretty awesome but im also scared HOPE U LIKED IT i hope u felt like dying but in a good way

re: skeppy comment. yes i wrote it months before the snf stream and when george made that skeppy comment it was funny to me. he always references skeppy anyway but its funny to me that he did that right before i was meant to post

anyway i hope in particular that u guys liked the date scene :) im p sure i gatekept it really hard and never posted any spoilers about it YAY

i love it when u guys analyze sadf!dnf. esp sadf!dream since we don't get his POV, but obviously, i know everything he's feeling, and that gets revealed more and more as the story progresses. excited to see why u guys think sadf!dream wanted to go on a date, why he wanted to go on a date w george, what he expected, what he intended, and why he reacted the way he did towards the end, etc etc etc. LOVE U GUYS

also: sadf gained 700 kudos between last update and this one, THANK U SO MUCH!! hoping to break 4000 kudos soon, this whole experience has been an absolute dream. i said it on twitter but out of all the dnf fics that started posting in 2022, sadf has the most kudos, which is SO crazy. this is my first fic in the fandom and im so glad i decided to write dnf :) also really close to 2k followers on twitter, tysm for following and do drop me a follow to keep up w sadf! :D

skirts and sorrow

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George has no idea what he's been waiting for all day, but the hours of silence he traps himself in, as part of his effort to give Dream some space, it... suffocates.

Well. It's not that he wanted to give Dream space. But he's not an idiot. He knows it would be stupid to try and hook up after a dead silent car ride home. He knows it would be unwise to follow Dream, who walked straight to his room and shut the door when they got home. He didn't even bother checking to see if the door was locked, didn't bother trying to barge in or convince Dream to let him in.

George was tired too, anyway, so he took a steaming hot shower and laid in bed checking through his phone, looking at social media. Dream doesn't tweet anything, and neither does George, although he is somewhat amused by the speculation that they were either 1) filming a vlog (too late to fake that now) 2) living in a huge house with a garden where they grew bushes of green and blue flowers (an interesting idea since they do have a garden, but it'd be too hard to maintain) or 3) on a date (oh if only they knew).

Thankfully, George drifts off to sleep for a nap that spans several hours. But he's still disappointed when he wakes, because he wakes up alone, which means that after all this time, Dream still hasn't gotten over whatever the hell he was so clammed up about, and he's still... ignoring George. He didn't even text him, and he checked every single app where such communication was possible.

It worries him, that Dream hasn't done anything to assure him things are fine.

Which must mean that things *aren't* fine, right?

But maybe... Dream had been passed out for hours too, just like George was. It's a little weird to still be napping, though, if he were, and if he is sleeping, then, well, George doesn't want to wake him up. It's way past a normal time to have dinner now, but whether he wants to or not, George needs to entertain the demands of his grumbling tummy.

He spots it all the way across from the hallway.

A pretty vase that rests on their dining table, something that wasn't there before. That single red rose he purchased on a whim sits in that vase, and when he walks up to take a closer look he sees water at its base, prolonging the life of the fresh flower.

And while the implications of this flood his thoughts, George doesn't miss the chopping sounds that come from the kitchen. So it appears that Dream is awake after all. And he hasn't had dinner either. Maybe everything is okay. Maybe George doesn't have to be scared, doesn't have to worry that he'll lose everything he has with Dream.

He looks from afar at first, observing Dream's strong and reliable stature, and his feelings of lust from earlier all come flooding back. He finds himself obsessed with the way those hands are poised, how gorgeously his fingers are curved, how large it looks next to the onion he dices away at. A part of George wishes he were that fucking onion.

Oh, wait. That onion's getting absolutely decimated, and not in a good way. George wishes he were that... fucking knife?

He makes his presence known now, pacing over to Dream without making any efforts to sneak. Dream seems to sense that he's there, mostly because it's very obvious, and he starts to chop faster, his shoulders tensing up.

"Hi," George says tentatively, because he can't take it anymore.

"Hey," he replies, sounding guarded and reserved in a way that's frustrating. He doesn't say anything else, and it feels like George isn't even here, which makes him take a deep breath.

"You said you weren't going to avoid me anymore."

This brings a sigh out of him. "I'm not avoiding you, George. I'm in the kitchen of our house that we both live in. If I wanted to avoid you, I'd leave the state."

His words are ice cold, and he delivers them with a harsh bite that sends an unwelcome shiver running through George's nerves. It makes him avert his gaze, looking down at the onions that Dream is mincing much more than he needs to be, almost like he's doing it as an excuse not to fully engage in conversation.

"For your standards... this is what leaving the state feels like," he says with a tense lip bite, nervous heart pounding. George's eyes start to sting, and unexpected tears spring to his eyes. He has to say he's a little surprised. He didn't think he was going to cry over this, and it's embarrassing to cry over this, so he tilts his head up and blinks, attempting to stop before he's noticed. This is when he realizes how close he was standing to the onions, and how closely he looked at them.

Dream catches this display, and once the tears don't cloud his vision as much, George notices how concerned he seems, how almost distraught he looks thinking that he made George cry.

"George?" He drops the knife immediately and gets close, arm around his waist and hand rubbing sweet circles into the small of his back. "Hey, it's okay—"

He's so confusingly tender that George almost wants to burst into tears so that he'll hug him tighter and possibly give him everything he wants, everything that he seems to be stubbornly withholding at the moment.

But lying about it makes him feel bad, so he admits it. "I was, I was standing too close to the onions."

"Jesus christ," Dream scoffs, and George can't really tell if he found that humorous or if he's irritated right now, but he moves away, and that just sucks so much. "You're an idiot, go wash your eyes out."

Dream moves to the fridge as George paces over to the sink, and after he's gotten himself cleaned up and back to some equilibrium level of comfort, he looks over at him. He's taken out some chicken thighs, marinated by Dream's mother for them to cook up as and when they need, and also for her ease of access if she's cooking for any of them.

"I feel better now," he announces, hoping for a smile, some kind words, *any* indication that Dream isn't mad at him, that he well and truly cares.

But he just nods. "Okay."

This drives him crazy, and he can't help but blurt it out. "Do you hate me?" He asks with a huffed over bitterness.

He scoffs, which doesn't help. "How do I hate you? I'm literally making dinner for you."

Well. That's fair. He kind of has a point there.

"How... did you know I needed dinner?" He asks, pretending it's a genuine question, and not bait to make Dream reveal that he went looking for him or something.

"Sapnap checked on you a few times," he explains. "He was waiting for you to wake up so we could go for dinner, and I think he tried waking you up once or twice. I'm guessing he didn't wanna try too hard, he said you looked pretty knocked out so he didn't wanna force you to get up or anything." Dream shrugs, and George tries not to be disappointed that he didn't attempt to wake him up himself. "He asked me what the hell I did to you to knock you out like that."

"And what'd you say about that?"

"Not much. I said I didn't do anything, but he knew we went out earlier, cuz, y'know, photos on Twitter. I told him not to wait for you anymore, since Punz was around."

George wants to know how he handled Sapnap pointing out the fact that he knew they went out without him to do something that was very clearly fun, but then again, it's entirely possible that he just deliberately glossed over Sapnap's questions and didn't address the situation, which he is sort of doing now by not telling him what he said in response to Sapnap calling them out.

So instead, he says: "Oh. So you left for dinner with them?"

"I didn't," he says, interestingly, but also obviously, because he clearly seems to be cooking two portions of food. This fact makes George bubble up inside like a can of soda, ready to explode once cracked open.

"Why not?" George continues to press, silently enjoying this line of questioning. "Were you also napping?"

"No, I wasn't," he admits. "I was up."

"Then why didn't you join them for dinner?"

"Because you hate eating alone," he tells George, and, as if to make up for the sweetness of the admission, he adds: "and like, I wasn't hungry anyway."

George chews on his own lip. "Were you?"

Dream's stir-frying onions now, and they smell sweet. Not sweeter than the victory George feels though, hearing that man sigh and admit: "It... would've felt weird if we all went for dinner without you, okay?"

"You wanted to have dinner with me," he points out with a grin he can't help, and Dream looks over, and snorts, smiling too. It seems to loosen him up just a tad bit.

"Well..." he licks his lips, like he's being coy. "I don't like eating dinner alone either."

George doesn't push the matter any further, quietly watching as Dream makes some kind of gravy for their chicken that looks sort of complicated, involving more ingredients and types of seasoning than he usually uses, with a little more expertise and technique than he usually displays. It even shows in the way he cooks their chicken, and the spinach he makes to serve on the side.

"I've never seen you cook like this before," he admits, tongue slipping out with salivation, barely able to contain himself at the sights and smells. "I've never seen you make this before."

"My mom taught me," he simply tells him, shrugging. "Sometimes she gives me recipes, sometimes she demonstrates how to like, make stuff, certain dishes. She found out how much you like it when I cook for you, so, didn't want me to embarrass myself. Taught me a few more dishes than she usually does because of that."

Something about Dream's mother herself knowing about George's... preferences. It's a little embarrassing, to say the least.

"I hope she doesn't think I hate her cooking or anything."

"Oh, never," Dream chuckles. He seems a bit bashful talking about all this too. Then again, he's been a little closed off and... different. Ever since they got back from their little outing. "She's well aware that you're just obsessed with making me do stuff for you."

"I'm not obsessed—" he clarifies—"it... how could... it's just awesome. You're like super rich, but you do stuff for me for free anyway. Like cook, and, and edit. It's great."

"Yeah," he sighs, like that fact makes him ashamed. "I do. I probably shouldn't."

"No," George instantly disagrees. "It's good that you do that. You should keep doing all kinds of stuff for me for free. More stuff, honestly. I don't, don't think you've been doing enough free... things for me for free," he jokes.

Dream rolls his eyes, calls him an idiot under his breath, and dinner is complete by now. He has two plates served up, and George reaches over to grab them two glasses of cold water so he's contributing and helping, hoping to smooth over the dumb joke he made just in case it genuinely annoyed Dream, given the day they've had.

They sit down to eat, and George makes admittedly outrageous sounds as he finally satiates his hunger. Thankfully, it amuses Dream as he takes a bite.

"Is it that good?"

"Yes," he says upon swallowing. "I've also been starving since I woke up."

"Well, maybe you shouldn't have slept for so long."

"It's not my fault—" he immediately insists—"I had a busy day. You'd know."

"Yeah, 'course I'd know, I was there. You don't see me passing out for several hours."

"Well, maybe you should've," he retorts, cutting his chicken with more force than necessary. "Maybe then you wouldn't be so grumpy."

Dream stops all his eating movements, but doesn't return the look that George gives him.

"I'm not grumpy."

"Then what are you? What is all this?"

He vaguely gestures, mouth chewing a mix of chicken and vegetables.

"I don't know," is all Dream offers him.

George doesn't dignify that with a response, and the two of them eat in silence for the next few minutes. However, as tasty as the food is, it doesn't keep his mouth busy enough, and he can't help himself.

"Are we still on a date?" He asks as offhandedly as he can, the question a genuine curiosity but also something completely random. He can't justify asking it, but the lack of flow in their conversation is far too unnerving and off-putting for him to handle. "Is this part of it?"

Dream seems to almost choke on the water he drinks, barely catching himself to avoid looking stupid. He clears his throat and presses his lips together slightly.

"No, it's not, this is just... dinner," he shrugs. A moment later, he adds: "Why, do you want it to be?"

George nearly spits out his food. He spends an extra while chewing on it, making it as obvious as possible that he's busy chomping, so he doesn't get pressed for a response when he's not ready to give one. Dream raises his eyebrow pointedly when their eyes meet, and he swallows from the awkwardness.

"Um..."

"Yeah, not so fun when it gets turned on you, isn't it?"

Another moment of silence.

"I guess you're right," he confirms with a sigh. "Makes you feel weird, nothing funny you could say to something like that."

"Exactly."

"Not really something I'd be upset about till the end of the day, though, to be fair," he prattles on, and now Dream's exhaling again.

"I told you, I'm, I'm not upset, just... I dunno. I guess, I guess I've been like, been thinking. About... stuff. Random stuff."

Okay. Getting somewhere. "Like what?"

He thinks Dream's just gonna dodge the question till kingdom come. And he's about to accept that the guy's just got stuff on his mind that he's not privy to, and that's just something he has to live with, something that's fine, just, it's okay. He has half a mind to change the subject because pretending that nothing's wrong has always been the perfect way to get rid of any tiny, dumb little disputes. Why remind each other that things got weird at some point when they can move past it by being their usual selves? George really could not care less, and that's a lie he's willing to tell himself.

But that's when he says it.

"George. Have you ever been in love?"

His knife slips from his grasp and collides noisily with the plate, something George attempts to brush over by immediately picking it back up again.

"That's what you've been thinking about? If I've ever been—"

“Well, no,” he clarifies. “Obviously not. It’s just, just something I wondered about and I can’t guess shit like that, so. Guess I was just curious.” He takes a small bite of his food, efficiently chewing and swallowing. “You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to.”

It takes him a moment.

“It’s not that I don’t want to—“ he nervously starts off—“it’s that... I don’t... I don’t know. I guess it depends.”

“Depends? On what?”

His words are patient and gentle, which is comforting, and gives George the courage to keep talking.

“I’m not sure if I even know what that is.” He says this tentatively, before taking a sip of water. “Like, what’s it meant to feel like? How am I like... meant to be sure? If... if I’ve ever had the right feeling.” He shrugs. “I don’t know. It’s not something I’ve really thought about. I don’t like, I don’t sit around trying to figure out if I’m in love with anyone, or anything. It’s just not something I ever bothered to work out. Not to that degree. If that makes sense.”

“Well,” Dream’s tongue rolls out to lick at his lips. “Doesn’t have to make sense. It’s just your truth. I guess, knowing you... not all that surprising. I don’t think I could tell you what you’re meant to feel if you ever fell in love. I think that’s just something everyone’s meant to... I guess, like, define on their own, right? You’re your own judge on that. But, if it helps... falling in love, for me. It’s uh, it’s not something I just randomly find out about one day. I guess it’s a build up. It’s the little things... all stacked up together. Feelings that grow. Sometimes it’s a welcome thing, y’know, something you’ve been building up on purpose. You like someone and you’re dating them, or something, and you want to keep loving them more, and you *are* loving them more, because you’re finding out all these awesome things about them that you like. But sometimes it creeps up to you when you least expect it, and everything comes... crashing down around you. And that’s it. You’re just, you’re just stuck. At least for a little bit.”

“So it’s scary,” George concludes. “It scares you when you fall in love, is that it?”

“I wouldn’t say that,” Dream says in disagreement. “I guess it’s always a little scary. Especially if, if it’s like a situation where you don’t know what someone else is feeling. And no matter what there’s always that fear, right? That you’ll mess it all up. That everything goes wrong. That you’ll lose someone you care about. But that’s the part that sucks. There’s parts of it that’s good, so good. Being in love makes you feel like you’re floating sometimes, makes you so happy you could fly. You just wanna be with them all the time, talk to them all the time. You think about them constantly. That’s, uh... that’s how falling in love made me feel. Whenever I fell in love. Like, in the past, stuff like that.”

“I see,” George remarks, twirling some spinach with his fork. “So like a crush that’s really extreme. Guess I knew that. But it’s interesting knowing how you see it.”

“Well, yeah,” he shrugs. “So, how do you see it? I assume you’ve had feelings for someone at some point?”

“I have. Happens on occasion.”

“On occasion? Wow, George, you’re wild.”

“Shut up.”

“No, no, tell me all about it,” he crosses his arms, and they lean forwards on the dining table. “Tell me all about all your little crushes you’ve had, every spicy little detail. I have to have earned that at this point, right?”

George scoffs in his face. “Every single crush I’ve had? That’s gonna take... it’s... that’s annoying. I don’t want to spend all that time talking about something dumb. Plus you already know some of them.”

“I mean, yeah, but... fine,” he relents. “Just tell me... your biggest crush. Or your most recent one. Tell me like, when it started, or like, what you liked so much about them. What—just—just like, like everything that went down. How did they get you to like them? That’s the stuff I wanna know about.”

This makes him sigh, and he has half a mind to tell Dream to mind his own business or to tell him ‘your mum’ or something else that’s funny or stupid that will earn him an eye roll or, god forbid, something worse. But he can’t risk provoking or annoying Dream any more than he already has, this entire day already something so touchy as is, and maybe... he’s sick of it. Maybe he just wants to let it out, live in a way that’s not quite so suffocating.

“It was... about two years ago. Maybe a little more than that. He was this friend of mine.”

“Who was it?”

“Uh... we had known each other for like a few years. I think it happened because we got, got closer. Because... he asked me to do YouTube with him.”

Dream stops moving. His eyes focus on nothing in particular, and they don’t shift at all. His hand appears to be shaking for a second, but then it stops almost as soon as it starts. George doesn’t think he can breathe, feels unable to exhale until Dream says something, anything, about what he just alluded to.

“You... had a crush on me.” His bottom lip quivers. George feels that same tremor in his hand. He’s still not sure if he’s breathing. “You had a crush on me?”

Dream’s statement isn’t wrong, but it doesn’t paint a complete picture either. It seems to imply, with its use of the past participle, that George’s crush was something over and done with. And while it started in the past, claiming it is nonexistent now is not something he could admit with confidence. He wouldn’t be able to. But he’s also completely unable to point out the discrepancies of what Dream’s saying right now. The guy looks so devastated as is, George feels bad adding to that. He’s too scared to.

“Look, I know how dumb that was,” he assures him, fingers picking at each other instead of holding his utensils. “I knew how stupid it was back then too, so don’t worry.”

He very audibly takes a breath. “How... how did that happen? How did it start?”

His words pour out in a frenzy that George isn’t sure he can tame. “I don’t know, Dream,” he tells him, because doubt is all he can muster right now. And it’s not exactly a falsehood he spews. “I don’t think I remember what like, triggered it. It just happened and I realized it at some point. But I swear, I, I knew I had to be professional. I knew nothing would come of it, and I dealt with it, so don’t... don’t feel bad.” He remembers the food he still has on his plate and takes another bite, relieved for the distraction and sustenance. “Don’t freak out, okay?” He adds after a swallow. “It’s... it was nothing. Who cares. You can forget about it, that stuff had... it wasn’t why I did all this stuff with you. Don’t feel weird about it, if you are.”

Dream still looks stunned and perhaps distraught. Some part of George wishes he had lied or told him about some other inconsequential crush from like, kindergarten or something. He thought this was something they could laugh over, something that Dream could cheekily poke fun at him for, or something silly. He never anticipated a reaction of this magnitude. He had no idea something so few in words, so rich in its bouts of silence, could be this deadly.

“You liked me. You... had feelings for me. You had feelings for me and I didn’t know.”

This makes George scoff, against all odds. “Yeah, of course you didn’t know. I’m not an idiot. I wouldn’t have told you. Especially not back then, like, *while* it was happening. Would’ve made things super weird. We might not be here if I had told you.”

Dream makes a face that indicates he’s about to be annoying about this. “What’s that supposed to mean? I could’ve handled *knowing*, George. I’m not mad you didn’t tell me, I just... it would’ve been fine. We would’ve been fine.”

“No we wouldn’t, but that’s okay,” he dismisses with a finality. “I don’t care. I came to my senses quickly enough about it. Yeah. Like, I knew... from the beginning really. That you weren’t gonna go for something like that. Not back then. I’m pretty sure I wanted it for the same reasons I couldn’t have it. I got swept up in everything. The excitement of, like gaining traction. Blowing up just like you said we would. I guess whatever magic and smartness you put into YouTube... it got into my head for a bit.”

Dream brings his thumb to his lips, nail between those teeth. He appears to be deep in thought, but also clueless at the same time.

“Let’s say... all those years ago. Hell, even from the moment we met. If I had liked men, and I had been like, I was just openly into men the entire time. Would you have told me you liked me when you did?”

They look at each other for a second, eyes meeting like it’s an accident, like they both know how scary this all is, and George looks away, like the contact shocks him, like it hurts to watch, like Dream’s a burning fire, eating away at leaves on a bush, and he’s standing far too close to save himself from the searing pain.

He answers honestly, reflecting slightly on his past. A part of him hates how almost candid this all is, how he’s giving Dream far too much ammunition to shoot and strike at him in the future. But he thinks it’s fine. Maybe Dream doesn’t think it was cringe and weird that George used to like him like that. He wasn’t ever going to do anything about it, he never wanted to act on it, and he’s made that clear enough to Dream, so he can’t be that freaked about it, surely. He definitely just wants some details to satiate his curiosity about the matter. It’s always interesting to find out that someone used to like you, much less someone this close, right?

“No, I wouldn’t,” he says with a certainty, but the fact of the matter is just a touch bit more ambiguous. Who knows what he would’ve done back then, a little less wise, a little less famous, and with a Dream who returned his feelings? Maybe it could’ve made a fool out of him. Maybe he would’ve jumped head first into that pit of recklessness, throwing caution to the wind. But that hypothetical will always be what it was: a hypothetical. No matter what his more irrational thoughts used to claim, Dream was not actually romantically available to him all those years ago, and their relationship was never inconsequential enough to risk dating, of all things. It would’ve been a long-distance relationship too, as if things weren’t bad enough.

“Oh. I see.”

“We still worked together,” George reminds him. “I guess I would’ve taken that into consideration regardless.”

It’s such a twisted fate, isn’t it? *The reason he wants it is the same reason he can’t have it.* The words repeat in his mind, a little more present tense than he would like. His feelings aren’t as much of a thing of the past as he would like either. Maybe they’ve never been, not since he started having them. Maybe his feelings for Dream will always be this complicated. Things rise and fall, feelings come and go away again, spiking and mellowing out as and when circumstances change. But they always linger, like some disease that can’t die out no matter how painfully he tries. Maybe he won’t always be sick, but these emotions he hides away will always keep him weak, and deep down he knows it’s terminal.

George will die always loving Dream more than he should, more than he’s ever loved anyone.

“I wasn’t even showing you my face back then, how is it possible that you liked me?”

When he asks this, George is straddling him on their couch, kissing his neck as they watch a movie that doesn’t need to be paid any attention. It makes George freeze in place, lips awkwardly puckered as the question processes, and he pulls away and looks Dream in the eyes, sighing.

“How are you still on that? We talked about it hours ago.”

“I haven’t been thinking about anything else,” he admits.

George runs his fingers through Dream’s rugged hair, watching his eyes flutter shut as he tugs at its roots.

“Am I not giving you enough to think about?” He asks, voice low and titillating, his hips dropping lower, applying pressure where it’s sure to distract.

Dream gasps for a moment, teeth clamping down on his mouth, but his weakness and flash of arousal passes.

“I just, I don’t get it. I just don’t get it. Was it my voice? Did I make you laugh a lot more? Was it really just the YouTube thing—did you really like that I was that smart? What did I do?”

“You didn’t do anything Dream, it wasn’t one specific thing. It just happened, and that’s it. It’s not your fault.”

“It’s not about fault—“ he scoffs in a descending tone, fingers grabbing fistfuls of hair in frustration—“it’s, it’s about causation. I have to know what caused it—“

“Nothing caused it,” he reemphasizes. Because it was everything, and it was nothing at all. It was just him and Dream, and he made him feel like no one else was in their world. That it was just them, and their jokes, and their ideas, and their struggles, and their hard work, and their triumphs, and their voices. It still feels that way, quite honestly. Right now’s a good example, only problem is how anxious that bleeding heart of George’s is. He wishes he’d never told Dream about how he used to feel. “It just... it was what it was.”

“And what made it stop?” His loquacious mouth moves anyway, lips blabbing. “Was it really just

because you thought it was a bad idea to date me, because you thought I didn't like you? Or did I do something to like—“

“You didn't do anything, idiot,” he exasperates. “It was just... time. I guess. And work, and just... being your friend. I focused on that, and then it was like, easy. And I was fine. And I was normal again. So stop thinking about it, okay? It was nothing. Nothing... you have to worry about. Or act differently about. Just, chill.”

“Time,” he repeats, like he's in a trance. “Time just... passed. And everything went away.”

“Sure,” George shrugs, just wanting this to be over. “Are we done talking about this now?”

“Yeah, I guess.” He reaches over for the remote and turns the television off, and sometime during this process he prods George off his lap, getting up from the couch. “I think I wanna go to bed now. Bye.”

“Bye?” George scrambles to get up after him. “But we—“

“I don't wanna have sex right now, George,” he sighs in a very disgruntled manner. The words sting against his ears. George is such an idiot. He shouldn't have told Dream anything. Apparently the fact that they have so much sex now and the fact that they went on a date-not-date date and the fact that George helped him experiment—all of that was fine, but George having a crush on him for a little bit long long ago is too much to handle.

Huh. None of it adds up, honestly. But thinking too deeply into it hurts his head.

“Not tonight, okay?” Dream continues. “I'm sure you can take care of yourself just fine.”

“I wasn't talking about sex,” George corrects him, voice annoyed and contemptuous. “I don't—“ he stops himself, because he does care about having sex, but that's not what he's bothered by—“I just... you're forgetting. We're supposed to go to bed together, like for sleeping. And you said you weren't mad at me, so shouldn't we do that? Just like we usually do?”

He's hoping for one of two things. Either Dream realizes he's right and drags him along for their shared bedtime, or he admits he's uncomfortable and stops pretending that he isn't mad, or weirded out, or... whatever's making him behave this way.

“Well, to be fair—“ he swipes at his lip—“that's because we always had sex beforehand. Just... seems convenient.”

George bites back a scoff. “You think we only sleep together because we... sleep together?”

“I don't know.” Dream shrugs. “I'm not sure what I know anymore. Do you really wanna sleep in my bed, George? Or are you just trying to weasel your way in so we wind up having sex later?”

His questions hurt for some reason, words and tone insulting, meant to inflict pain. They leave George tongue-tied.

“What...” he licks his dry mouth. “Why does that matter so much?”

“Because if you just wanna have sex with me... that's fine. This was never meant to be anything else anyway.”

He tightens his fist, the intensity of the situation getting to him. Only he doesn't feel like he has any way to actually protect himself. His heart grows sour in his chest.

“Yeah,” he mumbles. “I mean, I knew that.”

“Great,” he says, only he doesn’t sound great. “Glad we’re both aware of that. So if we’re just having sex, then you can respect that I don’t wanna do anything tonight, right? So stop pretending you need me to tuck you in and sing you a lullaby and just—go to bed, George. We have our own rooms for a reason.”

If this were an intense video game battle, Dream’s words would be like the finishing blow that takes out George’s character. That’s what it feels like to hear it. Death. Game over. Player one wins.

A breath billows out from George’s twitching lips. “Alright, fine. Suit yourself, Dream.” His words roll out weak, and he can’t find it in himself to be snide. He just feels so defeated. “Have your bed all to yourself.”

Gray clouds form above his head as he storms out of the living room, footsteps pounding unkindly down the hallways. George slams the door hard when he enters his own bedroom, an act of frustration more than anything, because Dream’s room is too far away for him to really hear the sounds. Maybe he was right all along, and they only ever slept in the same bed because they had sex beforehand, and going back to their own rooms was just too much trouble.

He jumps into bed, planting himself face first into the mattress, groaning when he lands. His sense of defeat turns to anger, and he begins to take it out on his pillow, punching it a few times. When he gets tired of that, he sprawls out in bed, splaying his limbs out like a starfish. This is all so pathetic. He should totally sleep in his bed all by himself more. What was he doing in Dream’s bed all those times, anyway? Fucking idiot. He shouldn’t have revolved so magnetically around him, always so eager, so embarrassingly clingy, always begging for more, more, more.

Stupid Dream. Annoying Dream. Dream who’s so within reach but wildly impossible to grasp. He doesn’t know what Dream wants. He doesn’t know how to fix this, doesn’t know if things are as simple as him making Dream uncomfortable with all his pointed jokes and ‘past’ feelings. Every conclusion he comes to about the situation just results in more questions, and George wants to pass out from the stress of it all.

Unfortunately, he’s not the least bit tired. That tends to happen when your naps span far too many REM cycles. But he has something to prove. More to himself than anything. He’s a grown ass man. He’s perfectly capable of sleeping on his own, residing in his own bed. He won’t feel empty without Dream’s arms to wrap around him, and he won’t cry about getting tossed aside and abandoned like that. Hah! Who cares, right? He’s going to fall asleep and feel so good the next morning. He doesn’t need *Dream*. He doesn’t need Dream.

A little easier said than done, sadly. George’s gums nearly bleed from how hard he brushes his teeth, and he even takes a shower to make his body more relaxed and prepared for sleep. Does he end up staring at the shower walls for far too long as scalding hot water hits his skin? Maybe. Perhaps. He spends a long time unnecessarily picking out the comfiest fit to go to sleep in. Does he feel ridiculously uncomfortable anyway once his head hits his pillow, painfully aware of every second that passes, every reminder that sleep won’t come, no matter how many sheep he counts?

Uh, yeah. He does. And it’s awful.

That’s when he hears it. Those footsteps. He freezes at first, unwilling to get his hopes up, because that could be nothing, just someone walking past his door—but then it creaks. And George can’t help the raise of his curious head, plopping back down only once he realizes it really is Dream, trudging his way in. George is hyperaware of every move he makes, towards the bed, lifting up the

sheets, crawling in next to him, arms curling around his waist like they don't belong anywhere else.

George holds his breath, exhaling only when Dream says: "I'm sorry." His breath is so wretched as he apologizes, like he's expressing remorse for coming here, rather than pushing him away beforehand. "I was being a dick. I... I had a lot on my mind. I was upset, and, and scared. And I was being selfish. I shouldn't have made that your problem."

"Okay."

"You were right," he admits in a smaller voice. "I shouldn't have said that stuff about you, like, like using me and stuff. You don't use me for sex anymore than you... use me for friendship. Or work. Or a place to stay. We're friends because we wanna be. We work together because we like it. We live together because we want to. The rest... it all goes without saying."

He presses his lips together. "Yeah."

Dream sighs, like he resents his next thought, hates himself for what he's about to say. "I don't think I know how to sleep without you."

George flips around in his embrace, his own arms moving to pull Dream close, burying his face in that chest, inhaling his pleasant scent, crumpling that thin shirt in his hands. A part of him wants to stay here forever. A part of him wants to say nothing, and just leave it at that, and wake up to a morning where nothing from today happened, not even that date.

"Then don't," he says instead, and gets met with a weary exhale.

"Maybe I'm just being dramatic," he contests. "I could probably sleep just fine on my own, I'm just... not tired enough yet."

This makes George bite over his lip. Well, he might as well say it. Either Dream won't leave, or he was gonna leave at some point anyway. He's become obsessed with coming up with reasons to stay away from George, only to pull back in like a helpless addict.

"I could help tire you out, if you'd like."

He flashes dark, wanting eyes at Dream, who looks into them for a tempting moment, before snorting in another direction.

"I'm just here to sleep, George. Nothing else, okay?"

George isn't about to argue with that. He just doesn't want Dream to leave.

"I'll be honest," George deviates. "I don't think I can sleep yet, I, I'm pretty sure I slept too much earlier to be tired right now."

"I'm not ready to sleep yet either," Dream concurs. "Guess we could just... stay up a little and chill out."

Dream detaches himself from George, beginning to sit up, and everything flashes before his eyes. The guise of sleep was the only excuse he had to keep Dream here—did George ruin it by admitting he wasn't tired? Instinctively, he snatches that wrist at the last moment.

"You're staying though, right?"

Dream's eyes tip down to George's tight hold, smiling softly at the contact.

"I'm here," he assures, thumb rubbing at his hand, weakening his grasp. "I'm just gonna get my phone, I'll be back."

He keeps his promise. Of course. George knew he could believe him, but it's been a long day, and he's been a little on edge anyway, so perhaps it's fine to be a bit antsy, smiling only when Dream gets back, all tucked in and pressed close to him again.

George's Twitter timeline is filled with even more tweets and art about his trip to the gardens with Dream now. He looks through a lot of them, some of which he's already seen, and because he's feeling sentimental and a little moved by the masterpieces people have created, he drops a like or two on art that he finds particularly mesmerizing. It's so interesting the things artists think up, adding magic and flair and nature to their garden times, depicting them in fields of color, surrounded by bees and butterflies and the like. There's also several drawings of them making out with trees and flowers as backdrops, but George supposes they aren't exactly inaccurate in their portrayals.

When he refreshes, he sees new tweets from people raucously and feverishly celebrating a fan art liking spree from Twitter user @Dream__Fanart, more commonly known as popular Minecraft YouTuber Dream. George peeks at the endeared look on his face, smiling to himself as he searches for the account, clicking on the Likes tab to get a glimpse of everything that Dream's browsing through. It's pretty standard stuff—art of Dream looking cool or hot because he's self-obsessed and has problems, Patches art, Dream Team art, Dream SMP lore, and... huh.

This art of him and Dream on their date catches his eye. It's not art of them hardcore making out or anything—although he wouldn't put it past Dream to like something like that—but it's very... romantically coded. They're lying down on a patch of green and blue flowers, cloud watching, so it seems. George is pointing out a cloud that's shaped like a dick, and Dream is looking at George like he doesn't even care that cloud penises are flooding the sky. There's even tiny hearts surrounding their heads, making Dream at the very least look incredibly lovestruck.

George doesn't understand why he does these things. But he thinks it's rather sweet that Dream is so dedicated to their fans, enjoys making them happy the way he does, supporting them the way he does.

Now, he's a little more curious. If Dream's giving likes to stuff like that, what does he choose to scroll past? George angles himself slowly, pushing back to allow himself to get a front row seat to Dream's fan art browsing experience.

Dream alternates very randomly between different ways of finding art. Sometimes he's refreshing his timeline, sometimes he's looking through his mentions, and other times he's searching through specific fan art hashtags. He moves rather quickly, liking what catches his eye, occasionally retweeting, occasionally replying to art. George notices with great amusement and confusion that Dream tends to hover over art where they're kissing quite a lot, only to move on without dropping any interactions. He then proceeds to like drawings where they're either gyrating on each other with clothes on or passionately staring into each other's eyes.

And then George notices something rather astonishing.

It's not the actual drawing that he's startled by. George has seen enough iterations of these concepts by now, leaving him incredibly unfazed.

But by his estimate, Dream has been staring at this art of George dressed rather provocatively for at

least a minute now. He doesn't have any visible reaction to it yet, and a part of him wonders if he'll giggle at any moment, lean over to show the post to George, throwing in some sick joke that'll make them both laugh at least a little.

Interestingly, that doesn't happen. Fascinatingly, his thumb starts to hover in circles over the image, before finally holding down on the picture, bringing up a whole host of options. He continues to seem indecisive over this.

"Go on then," he prompts. "Just save it already."

His words produce an electrifying reaction from Dream, whose hands jerk up in shock as he gets caught, dropping his sinful phone in his naughty lap. He grabs for it hastily, locking his phone like that gets rid of the evidence. George finds the entire display hysterical, only it's not as funny as it could've been. This bizarre situation is juxtaposed by so many complicated emotions. One of the voices in George's head is blowing his lid off over how Dream is so seriously weird for liking kinky horny art of him despite refusing to have sex with him, something he's done so all night and as recently as a few minutes ago.

And that angry voice has a point, because it is crazy, and he has every right to be mad if he so chooses, but... he simply doesn't have the energy for it.

"I wasn't..." A gulp. "I wasn't tryna save anything."

"I've been watching you this whole time. Just save the stupid picture next time, seeing you agonize over it's like, so much worse. Like, we get it. You've got serious... psychosexual issues, and, and you wanted something new for the spank bank album."

"I don't *have* a spank bank album—"

"Oh, of course you don't. Would you like to prove that?"

"Well, no—"

It makes George snort. "Right."

"And I don't have psychosexual issues—it, it was just... nice art."

"You were just... appreciating the artistic factor of me dressed up in lace, stockings, and a skirt that only went halfway down my thighs?"

"Y-yes."

He mocks him with a snicker, licking his lips. "It wasn't even art of you," he points out. "I was on my knees and everything. Is that how you want me to be?" He raises an eyebrow. "Sweatpants and hoodies aren't doing it for you?"

This makes Dream scoff. "Okay, stop. I don't need you to dress in a certain way... you know that. I would've enjoyed seeing art like that whether it was you or me. It's just... pretty. Doesn't mean I want you to change the way you dress."

"Well. Good. Because I'm not wearing a skirt for you."

"And that's perfectly fine," he swiftly responds. "I want you to wear whatever you're comfortable in. Whatever fan art I'm looking at has nothing to do with what I want either of us to wear. Like, do I think I'd personally look good in a skirt? Probably not. But it doesn't mean people don't make

bomb ass art of it.”

The air around them grows silent for a moment.

“And what about me?” He presents the question with hesitance. “You think I’d look good in one?”

Dream’s gaze flicks over to him, lips wetting with a once over. “Hell yeah,” he admits after a moment. “Skirts are just hot in general. They suit anyone with a nice ass.”

George chews on his lip for a bit, trying not to visualize what Dream speaks of, trying not to picture his potential reaction to George scantily clad and on his knees. He takes a deep breath, ignoring the way Dream looks at him.

“Still not wearing one for you.”

“I know.”

“I don’t even own any.”

“Well, I do, so that wouldn’t be a problem if you were ever curious, but… yeah. I know.”

He bites the tip of his thumb. He doesn’t even have to ask: fans send all sorts of clothes to Dream’s P.O. box from time to time.

“Speaking of suits—“ he says, and it makes Dream chuckle because getting that connection from *they suit anyone with a nice ass* is so ridiculously far-fetched—“you look pretty good in those.”

“Oh, I know,” Dream replies very conceitedly, arm confidently placed behind his neck. “You don’t even have to tell me. I know I look good in a suit.”

This annoys George, and he rolls his eyes for good measure. “Yeah, you think you know everything, don’t you?”

Dream blinks. “Huh?”

“You think you’re so smart,” he taunts. “So you’d know, wouldn’t you? Everything I did when you sent me all those pictures and videos of you in that stupid suit?”

It makes him gasp under his breath, a small whine escaping those lips. He stares so intently at George, gaze so hungry and horny it almost pierces his soul.

“What did you do, George?”

George leers at him, looking mean. “Why should I tell you? Don’t you already know?”

“Fuck, George, please,” he begs, chest heaving. “I wanna hear you say it.”

It feels like victory, watching him grovel like this, watching him get this needy—the feeling spreads over him like a blanket of relief. Dream wants him in a way he can’t fight with logic. George still doesn’t understand the things that gets him pushed away and tossed aside, and how they differ from the things that get Dream pouncing on him like a starving beast. Right now though, it’s vengeance that he wants.

“I’m not saying it,” he declares, letting out a deep, only half-faked yawn. “Figure it out, idiot. I’m going to sleep.”

This makes Dream sigh so wearily. Poor guy. Too bad George thinks he deserves it. Too bad George wants to rub it in. He leans over with a stretch, moaning in a poorly concealed way, and lies down, facing away from Dream. He's going to fall asleep somehow, and maybe that won't be a win, but at least it'll make sure Dream loses.

Only problem is, he doesn't get to turn away for long. Dream is a stubborn man at heart, and he's far too good at getting what he wants. He wraps his arms around George's hapless waist, kissing his neck from behind, hands slipping under his clothes.

"Kiss me back," he whispers into George's ear. "Right now."

George gets hard so embarrassingly fast, and his weakness makes his eyes crave tears.

"You don't deserve it," he tells Dream.

"I don't have to deserve it," he retorts immediately. "You wanna do it anyway."

"No, I don't," he futilely argues. He feels the vestiges of his self-control fall apart like statues of dust. "I hate you. I should kick you out."

"Fine, don't kiss me," he says, hand tugging down George's sweatpants, and it fucking sucks how hard that makes him moan, just from the desperation and force Dream wields. George hates how much he loves this, how much he craves it. Dream licks his hand up and wraps those slick fingers around his aching cock, stroking him so slow it makes him cry.

"You're the worst," he curses at Dream. "You said you didn't want to have sex tonight."

"Yeah, but you went and changed that, didn't you?" He chuckles, rough and low. "Telling me all that shit—you make me crazy. Now, tell me I'm not the worst or I'm gonna stop touching you."

He huffs, but then Dream's fist stops moving and George's life flashes before his eyes. "You—you're not the worst." Dream lets go. "You're not the worst!"

It makes him laugh as his fingers wrap around George's cock again. "Good, very good. Now beg for it."

"Dream," he sighs.

"How else am I meant to know how badly you want this? Ask, George. Ask nicely."

"Please," he tentatively begs. "Please keep touching me."

"Okay," he kisses George on the shoulder now. "Perfect. This what you did to yourself back then? Is this why you asked me to take more shots?"

His breath shudders through his whimpering lips. "Maybe."

"Maybe?" He stops.

George groans in protest. "Yes... okay? I... I was thinking," he swallows. "About you in the suit."

"What else?" He demands, ever so greedy for details, getting a slow pace going again. "Were you there in these thoughts?"

"I," he gulps. "I wanted you to use me," he admits. "I wanted it rough, I..." George snuffles. "Your voice was killing me in those videos you sent."

It was so long ago by now, but George remembers fantasizing about large hands whipping that belt off, desperate fingers undoing those dark pants, tailored fabric pooling around those polished shoes, and George wanted to be pinned down, on his knees, straddling that pretty waist—everything. He recalls phone conversations he was only half paying attention to, gently palming himself as Dream talked, feeling that slight guilt which made him end their call abruptly so he could fondle himself.

“Fuck,” Dream curses, pressing himself against George from behind, very obviously hard, as he has been for a while now. “You’re fucked up,” he whispers. “When did you start wanting me like that? You still liked me back then? That recently?”

George freezes up a bit, feeling the tiniest bit awkward. “What?”

“What if you still liked me now?” He breathes into his ear, and George doesn’t know what to think. “Are you a liar, George? You wanna be mine?”

“I’m not a liar,” he denies, turning around now. Dream’s eyes are blown out, dark and so beautiful. “What are you even saying? I don’t get you,” he complains, but he can’t bring himself to be truly annoyed at someone this gorgeous, so radiant even in the face of night’s quiet darkness.

“I’m just asking,” he digs his heels in, voice vulnerable. “Like, do you still like me... or something. Did it really go away?”

George kisses him with a breathless exhale, sinking into his desire, and letting Dream kiss him back like the mad, mad man he is. His hands soothe over how terrifying and annoying that mouth of his can be, and George almost resents the magic effect those soft lips of his bring. They pull away.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dream implores, eyes still searching, and George is too tired for these games, too tired to weigh and analyze the situation and what effect his words could bring. He’s too scared to think of what his answers should be to Dream’s seemingly endless questions.

“It means... shut up, idiot,” he says to his face. His lips shudder at the disappointment that flashes in Dream’s gaze. “Don’t talk about that right now. Do you want me or not? Either have sex with me, or sleep, Dream. Those are the only options I can give you right now.”

He frowns, eyes downcast. “Okay.”

It makes George feel super bad. He bites his lip. “Fine. What do you want me to say? I’ll say it. Just, don’t be sad. Or mad. Or whatever this is.”

Dream exhales. “It’s okay. You don’t need to do that. You wouldn’t mean it anyway.”

“Who says I wouldn’t?”

This piques his interest, and he looks at George, only to get all grumpy again. “I think my head hurts. You’re right, it’s too late for this. I gotta clear my head.” He licks his lips, staring at his body. “Remind me how you like being used again?”

“Do your worst,” he tells him, and within seconds their lips find their way back to each other, hungry and desperate and confused. Their hands reach to grasp for what they know, their shared touch making up for everything they can’t explain, everything that exists between them.

Dream tortures him for half the night.

He fucks him to torment, he touches him like he hates him, and he laughs on and on when George begs him to let him come and he denies him anyway.

George should hate him for it, should hate how sick in the head he is, should have told him to fuck off the first time Dream stopped touching him on purpose when he sensed that he was getting close.

All George really hates is how much he likes it. And how fucking frustrating things continued to be the next day, Dream looking like all he had to sleep over were nightmares. He didn't ditch him and get out and go missing or anything, but the rolled over silence George woke up to, coupled with the unenthused *hi* Dream murmured when George greeted him good morning... it scared him immediately.

Staying away from Dream for a few hours was unfortunately easy, aside from all the Sapnap questions he had to ignore, but his worry got the best of him, as did Sapnap, who told him: "Dude, if you pissed him off you're fixing it. I'm not gonna get screwed for something you did."

Which is how George finds himself in their shared workspace, trying desperately to cheer Dream up and get his attention. His first attempt includes playing any not-annoying musical instrument he owns, but he gives up when not even his awesome ukulele playing skills are able to crack a smile out of him. All he gets is dead sounding praise and politeness.

"Yeah, George," is an example of something he says after hearing a captivating rendition of Riptide. "That sounds great, man."

Hearing it makes George wants to burn out his insides, so he ditches the music. He starts grabbing stuff to juggle on his desk, spontaneously training himself to learn new impressive tricks. Surely this will get Dream's attention, and maybe he'll smile that dazzling smile again, do something to set George's soul ablaze.

You know, what they're usually like.

"Dream, Dream, look at this," he calls out, and his gaze flicks over, which is assuring. He demonstrates his tricks, and it provides such intrinsic joy that he almost doesn't care if Dream's impressed or not. He smiles so impossibly wide when he's done, mouth dropped open in a way that gets a snort out of the downtrodden man.

"You're an idiot," he tells him, and maybe his stubborn blind determination to cheer Dream up has finally paid off, because George has never felt more alive. That's definitely an exaggeration, but it's very much akin to how a starving man would feel after finally getting to eat again. That's how George feels getting to see Dream's unwitting smile. "I've been watching you do that for the last fifteen minutes."

"Yeah, but did you notice how I can do four of these at a time now?"

Dream raises his eyebrows, and George repeats the action. He hums in approval. "That I did not. That's pretty cool, George. I'll give you that, I guess."

"Thanks," he says, but then Dream goes back to working on whatever he's working on and George realizes he didn't succeed in getting his attention as much as he would've liked. "Check out this other cool trick," he recklessly says, and when Dream looks up, he crawls underneath the desk to

the end where Dream's at, emerging between his legs. "Boo," he tells him, grinning, palms landing on sturdy knees.

Dream's lips crack into a wide smile. Jackpot. "How is that a cool trick? You just crawled under a desk to me."

"It's like..." his lips scrunch up on one side as he thinks, head tilting just a little. "A secret tunnel. A secret tunnel that I get to sneak up and scare you with."

"Well," his lips get licked. "Not sure how much of a sneaky little secret it is if I can see you coming the entire time."

Their eyes lock on each other, and George finds familiarity in being under this desk, on his knees, and in between those long legs. Maybe that's why he crawled over. Instincts and habits are hard to escape.

"Oh, yeah. Doesn't matter though, right?" He sucks at his bottom lip. "I seem to recall you're a fan of watching me come."

One of his thighs jerk, and Dream's eyes scream danger, and his throat gulps, and his mouth shudders. "Not... right now. I uh, I'm busy."

George just snorts. At this point, it's stupid to hide it. He knows what an aroused Dream looks like. He can pretend to be a devout saintly nun all he likes, but George knows better. Knows how much Dream craves sin, how much he instigates such wrongdoings, despite his flighty inclinations.

He's direct about it today. "Why don't you want to have sex when you clearly want to have sex?"

"Because I'm working, George. Having sex with you isn't my job."

"It should be," he tells him. "It's the job you're better at anyway. I'd... I'd pay you."

He praises him on purpose, well aware of the effect it has on Dream, and the proof is in the pudding anyway. His words make him exhale, shift awkwardly, shut his eyes. George knows him too well by now, in almost every way imaginable. He knows how to get a reaction out of him. He just hates that he has to fight for it now, all over again, similar problems just with seemingly different causes. Things could be worse, but they could also be a lot better, and therefore everything sucks and he hates it.

"I don't think you'd want me to switch jobs right now," Dream tries to say this in a composed voice. "I'm editing one of your videos."

George makes a face, head tilting sideways. "My video? Why?"

Dream scoffs, very deliberately trying not to look down at the head between his thighs. "What do you mean why?"

"It's not even scheduled to go up yet," he argues. "I'll do it myself some other time—just—just... pay attention to me, idiot."

Curious brows raise, his torso bending forward. "You're saying no... to me editing one of your videos for you. For free? Without you asking?"

"Yeah, exactly," George presses his lips together. "I didn't ask. So why would you do it? You never want to do it even when I ask. It's weird."

“I needed something to do,” he shrugs. “I was, was bored, I dunno.”

“There’s plenty to do when you’re bored,” George tells him. “You don’t have to resort to video editing.”

Finally, Dream looks him head on. He licks his lips, fingers finally running through George’s hair. It makes him shut his eyes. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” George says, soft and low, looking up at Dream with unchaste eyes. “I’ll keep you occupied. Anything you want, Dream.”

Those fingers tighten their grip. “Jesus christ,” he exhales, so helpless. “This is impossible.”

“What’s impossible?”

“I can’t do it,” he rolls backward in his chair. “Get up from there George. Your knees probably hurt anyway, it, it’s not good for you.”

George just scoffs. “You know I’ve been in this position for longer—“

“I know!” He snaps, scoffing a breath and clutching his waves with a hand. “I know, okay, but, just—get out from there.”

“Fine,” he huffs, but his frustration leaves him clumsy, bumping his head on the edge of the desk when he tries to get up. “OW!”

“George?” Concerned eyes search him, feet scrambling over, and Dream’s on his knees now too, hands reaching to help and soothe him. “You okay? That was loud.”

“Shit,” George rubs his head, a huge frown framing his features. “That hurts...”

Dream helps him stand up without injuring himself now, letting him sit in his chair, gently rubbing the area of impact, soothing him with care, and George thinks this is awesome, thinks he should’ve rammed his head into a wall hours ago if he knew he’d get such a reaction.

“Feel better?” He inquires after a minute.

“What if that gave me a concussion, Dream?”

This makes him roll his eyes. “You’re a drama queen. That did *not* give you a concussion.” But George frowns at his words, and it draws worry from Dream’s expression. “Why, does it, does it still hurt?”

George decides not to mess with his emotions. “Not really, I’m mostly fine. It just... only a little.”

Dream places a careful kiss on his head bump, and it is reckless as it is soothing, and intimate. His slight smile is so pleasant to look at, George could’ve had severe brain damage and it would’ve went away just like that. “What about now?”

“Uh... yeah,” George beams, blushing like a fool, but he doesn’t care. “That helped. Do it again.”

He smooches the area multiple times in quick succession, to the point where it tickles and makes George giggle despite himself. “There. Are you good now? Can I go back to work?”

This pulls a frown from George’s face. “No,” he says. “Stop editing. You’re just doing that to distract yourself.”

“Well, duh.” He snorts. “I don’t think that’s exactly a secret.”

“Don’t do that,” he demands. “You’re clearly bothered by something. Just... spit it out. Tell me what’s on your mind and everything. Because you’ve been like this for ages now. And I hate it, I don’t, I don’t get it.”

Dream crosses his arms, laughing weakly. “You don’t wanna know.”

“Yes I do,” he says, because he can’t stand not knowing, and because he can’t stand this treatment. All the uncertainty and silence it brings... he’d rather be in a screaming match with him. “Just... talk about it, Dream. Maybe you’ll feel better.”

“Oh, you wanna talk?” He scoffs, taking a seat in George’s chair. “You wanna know what’s on my mind, wanna, wanna have a little discussion, George?”

“Uh... yeah. Sure.”

“Alright. How long did it last?”

George narrows his eyes. He has an inkling he knows what this is about, but his sense of dread tells him to make sure. “How long did what last?”

“Your feelings. For me.”

For a brief moment, George feels like he’s falling down a bottomless pit. Of course that’s what this was about, it was obvious, it was the only thing that made sense, but also George wishes it had been something else. He wishes it had been something as stupid and insignificant as Dream wanting him to wear skirts around the house all the time or something. George would honestly be down for that at this point. It’s much more preferable to whatever this is.

“Oh.”

“Yeah,” Dream looks down at his feet. “Not really itching to talk about that anymore now, are we?”

“Well...” George’s throat feels rather parched. “Quite hard to pinpoint something like that. Like, what do you want? An exact date? I wouldn’t know something like that.”

“Just a rough estimate. Surely you’d know that.”

But it’s more complicated than that. How is George meant to explain that it’s never really been a matter of his feelings starting and stopping? How is he meant to admit after all this time, that loving Dream the way he hid for so long, was something that ebbed and flowed, something that never truly escaped him? George loved him like virus loves a body, faithful and inescapable like the common flu. It was chronic, a pain he learned to live with. He got far too used to loving Dream in a way where he couldn’t have him, finding comfort and safety in the secret.

And now Dream is demanding answers, and he’s tapping his foot, and he looks distressed, and he looks angry, and he looks upset, and he looks almost deserving of pity. And George can’t do it, can’t bear to risk making this worse, finding it all far too uncertain and lacking in sense.

“I wish I had never told you all that.”

“All what?”

“About liking you. Everything. I think it made you crazy.”

Dream just scoffs again, leaning back in the chair, eyes casting at the ceiling. “Maybe. But I think I was crazy long before that. I guess you’re right though. It did make me worse.”

George swallows, something inside him dying a little. He didn’t mean to cause any of this. “I don’t think... I want to tell you.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t think you’d be able to handle it. Not right now. Perhaps never.” He’s afraid it’ll destroy everything they’ve built, everything they found with each other. George resents his feelings. And by giving them the platform that he did, by exposing them the way that he had, it complicated everything. Maybe Dream thinks he can handle knowing how long he was kept in the dark for, maybe he thinks he can pick George up from how far he’s fallen, get them back on the same page. But looking at how freaked he is already, George doesn’t want to do it to him. He thinks he’d die if anything happened to their friendship. He loves him too much to let that happen.

Dream’s fingers draw on his thighs. He sighs. “Maybe you’re right. I’m sorry. I should stop harassing you about stuff that’s... long gone by now. What’s in the past is in the past. I’ll move on.”

“Really?” For a moment, George lights up. Perhaps he doesn’t have to make up for his mistakes if Dream’s good enough to decide he’s no longer affected by them. “You’re fine? We can just go back to like... normal? How we were?”

Dream looks at him like he’s wrong. “Sorry. I wish I could George. I wish I could go back and... make it so that we never went on that date. Or that we never slept together, or—” he sighs—“I dunno. I don’t think I could, actually. Not even if I went back in a time machine and told myself to stop. I was too curious, you... you make me too curious.” He leans back now, sighing with a unique exhaustion. “I just wanted to know what it would feel like, okay? I couldn’t stop thinking about it, like, imagining how a date with you would go. I genuinely thought once would be enough. I thought... a part of me wanted to hate it. So I could be done with it, get it out my mind. But I should’ve known better. I was being an idiot, and, and... I think, well, I’ve been refusing to see what this was becoming. Let myself be stupid about it for far too long.”

“Dream? What are you saying?”

“I’m saying...” he takes a deep breath, like he’s being brave, like just getting the words out is agonizing him. “It needs to stop, George. All this sex, it needs to stop. It’s messing with my head, I don’t think I can take it anymore, I... I’m miserable.”

George can’t believe what he’s hearing. “How would not having sex make you less miserable?”

“Because it’s clouding my judgment,” he explains. “I thought about it, and... if I had to guess...” he sighs, shrugging. “Well, we have a lot of sex, right? There’s no way that hasn’t been influencing how I feel. Before you got here I wasn’t really sexually active like, at all, pretty much. For several uh... months. So to go from zilch to just constant non-stop fucking, it... that’s gotta have done something to my like, brain chemistry.”

George’s head hurts again. “All I’m getting from this is that you’re a loser.”

“Oh, George, you don’t wanna play that game,” he chuckles low, shaking his head. “How much sex were you having before *you* moved here?”

“Shut up,” he says, and Dream cracks up even harder. “I’m not telling you that. Who even cares if you were a no-sex-having loser before I moved in? Tell your brain chemistry that having sex is way cooler than not having sex. All that’s changed is that you’re... that you’re—” he pauses to think—“probably... healthier now.”

“I’m healthier?” He snorts. “God, why do I—”

“Yes, exactly,” George interjects. “It like, it helps relieve stress, and like, improves your immune system, and it... lowers your blood pressure, improving heart health in general. It uh...” he shifts to the computer in front of him and does a very quick, familiar google search. It makes Dream snicker at him. “It also... improves self esteem. Decreases depression and anxiety. It relieves pain, it helps you sleep better, it counts as exercise, and it helps with bladder control—something you definitely need.”

Dream covers his face with his hands as he laughs. “God, I fucking hate you.”

“Oh, and it says right here that sex also protects you from prostate cancer. See, Dream? I’m literally saving you from *cancer*. So stop making such a fuss. What’s there to complain about anyway? Oh, look at me, I’m Dream, and I’m having far too many orgasms. My life is *so* hard.”

“George...” he blows out an exhale to calm himself. “It’s not,” he snorts, still tickled by everything. “It’s not about me not finding value in the physical act of sex. It’s... this is for my protection. For our protection.”

“Well...” George taps the tips of his fingers together. “We could always start using condoms again.”

Dream scoffs but in the way where he also seems disappointed in himself for finding that funny. “That’s not—stop playing dumb, George.”

“I’m not playing dumb,” he insists. “I just don’t understand what’s going on. From my perspective, it just seems like you’re banning me from having sex for no good reason. It’s annoying.”

“Oh, you’re not the only one who’s getting annoyed,” Dream says, getting annoyed. “You’re being childish. If I say I don’t wanna have sex, then we’re not having sex. Why can’t you respect that? I don’t exist to get you off, okay?”

“And I know that,” he tightens his fist, irritated at the assumption. “Obviously. I don’t care about that, Dream. Do whatever you want. I don’t care if you wanna have sex with me or not. My issue is that you do and that you insist on not having sex with me anyway. Only that’s not fully true either, because sometimes you tell me you don’t want sex only to end up pulling me in. That’s what bothers me. Do you not see how confusing that is? I’m never going to understand this unless you tell me why you *really* don’t want to have sex all of a sudden. You’re not giving me any reasons I understand. You’re just... announcing it to me. And expecting me to just take it without asking any questions. And when you change your mind and fuck me again anyway—what am I meant to think then? How do you expect me to believe these claims you make?”

Dream doesn’t instantly retort back with some smart-sounding argument, and that brings this temporary relief to George’s heart.

“I mean...” he looks sheepish. “To be fair. That thing was last night and it was like... one time.”

“Okay, fine. Doesn’t change much. My point still stands.”

“Well...” he seems a little defeated. *Good. Lose. Stop being such an idiot.* “I’ll... I’ll try—no. I’ll

promise. That that won't happen again. Are we good?"

"No."

"George, please," he begs, looking so pitiful it almost tugs at his heartstrings. "I just think... maybe even a break would help me. I'm not even saying we should never have sex ever again—I just... maybe once I've gotten my shit together. When I can handle it. So can you not question it? Could you go along with it, just this once?"

It would be cruel to kick a man while he's down. A part of George wants to let him get away with it, finding it hard to say no to that face he makes. And yet, there he goes, posed to strike, his curiosity getting the better of him still.

"Dream... I'm not letting this go until you explain it to me. Properly. With all the real reasons."

"Can you not tell at this point?" He laughs to himself, a little deranged sounding, but neither of them find it particularly funny. Things just feel even more disconcerting and distressing. "Have I not all but said it?"

George doesn't say anything. He stares at Dream with expectant eyes. They blink once, and Dream stares back, like his dark orbs are black holes he's teetering on the edge of, waiting to fall into the unknown.

"I'm fucked, George," he announces, like he's sitting in confessional, pouring out those dreadful sins. "I think I'm falling in love with you."

The words Dream painfully utters hit him the way he banged his head onto that desk; sharp, sudden, excruciating, unexpected. Then again, is it really that unexpected? George doesn't have half a mind to consider that right now, his heart beating too fast to hear himself think.

"I know how bad that sounds, I do," he continues, hands gesticulating in explanation. "And I know how stupid it is, and I know I should never have let it get this bad," he insists. "You were right, okay? We can't put what we have in jeopardy, and I agree, I always did, I just—I guess that's why I kept bugging you about your old feelings for me, I... I think. I didn't wanna be alone in all this. But that wasn't smart of me at all. What's smart is to put a stop to everything I'm feeling, before it like snowballs, into something I can't take back. Before I'm fully screwed, I guess. So that's why I think having sex over and over again with you just isn't a good idea," he nervously chuckles. "It's making me worse, it's... making it inevitable. Too much intimacy there. I didn't wanna admit it but... that's why I want a break. I need it for my sanity. Okay? I know I fucked up, but I'm trying to fix it. Doing everything I can to save myself. To save... us."

George doesn't feel very saved. He wants Dream to stop talking. He still hasn't processed anything past the first thing Dream said, the entire scene playing in his head over and over again, all the new words and recent memories jumbling up together as he faces the fact that Dream is falling in love with him but doesn't want to be.

"You..." he tries to find the words, but all of a sudden he's regressed to a young, ignorant age, where he's lost all ability to speak. He tries to find the right emotion to feel about all this. He comes up empty on that front too. "You, what? How?"

"I know," his head falls, like he comprehends George's disbelief. "I'm sorry. I thought I could handle it, y'know? I really did. Thought I could... have my cake and eat it too, or whatever. But I can't. And I swear—I know what's important. I know the plan, I know we wanna always be in each other's lives, safely and all that, best friends, working together, business partners. But I got

lost somehow. Too greedy. Because of all this,” he gestures between them, talking about the sex. Perhaps more than that, too. “I think it’s hard for me. To like, separate the physical stuff from the emotional. I haven’t had enough time to train all that. I don’t usually have to. But you... you’re you. You make it so hard either way,” his lips press together and George can’t tell if he wants to kiss them or die. “You make it so tempting—a part of me wanted to ruin everything. I hope I don’t. I hope this doesn’t ruin anything. That’s why I didn’t want to tell you, okay?” He looks at George, and he gets discouraged. “I was afraid you’d hate me.”

“Why would I hate you?” George takes a deep breath. This is all very hard to navigate, and he would be lying if he said he was fine, but he doesn’t want Dream to think he’s screwed up by telling him the truth. “Dream... it’s okay.”

His chest rises and falls. “Is it?”

“Yes,” George assures him, and he uses this opportunity to get close, straddling Dream in his chair. “We’ll be fine.”

“And how do you know that?” Dream looks at him like this is yet another bad idea he shouldn’t be allowing, but George is sweet sugar candy and he always wants a taste.

“Because... I just do.” And he leans in. And feels Dream melt against him, pliant, so lovely. And for a moment he feels powerful.

Dream pulls away, looking lovestruck. “You shouldn’t be doing that. I told you all that so you’d help me. This isn’t going to help.”

“I think you should just let it play out,” he tells him. “What’s that thing people say? Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that, right? If you like, force yourself away from something, it’s just gonna make you want it more. And you’ll just be even more in love with me, which you clearly don’t want. Just... let it be. You’ll get sick of me eventually.”

He faces George with a look of concern, almost like his words are worrying. “Well, maybe... but I don’t think it’s that simple. Or that easy. I don’t think you realize—“

“Fine, you’re down bad, I get it,” George says, and it makes Dream smile against his will, rolling those eyes. “I’ll cut you a deal. We’ll stop it all for a week.”

“A week?”

“Yes. And I’ll even help you. I won’t kiss you, I won’t sleep with you—I won’t touch you. Even if you beg for it. Even if our lives were like, under attack or something, and some evil... person. Wanted us dead. And the only way we could get out of it was by having sex.”

Dream chuckles. “I mean, honestly if it gets that bad I’d prefer you just—“

“No,” George refuses, shaking his head. “No, Dream. I’m a man of principle. I keep to what I say. In this case, anyway. So like... I’ll make it easier, okay? I’ll cut you off. But after that week we have to check back in. If you think you’re on your way to losing feelings and stuff, then fine, we’ll like, keep it going until you’re good. But if nothing’s changed, then you just... suck it up. Live with it and all that. How’s that?”

“Honestly... that doesn’t sound too bad. I guess knowing me, this is really only going to work if you cooperate.”

“Yeah, I’ll cooperate,” he says. “But I have a condition.”

“Okay. And that condition is...”

“We only start at like... midnight or something.”

“Midnight?” Dream snorts. “What, like we’re Cinderella?”

“I mean, this is all really sudden for me,” George tells him. “For you too, I’m guessing. Shouldn’t we get something to tide us over for the week? One last time at least?”

Dream eyes him suspiciously, looking past the trusting look that George attempts to muster.

“You’re... this is a trap, isn’t it? You’re gonna like, do something crazy, like give me the best head of my life or something, and then I’m gonna be begging you for more and begging to call the deal off.”

George shrugs. “Maybe. But that would still be your decision at the end of the day. Not mine. And this is the only way I’ll help. The other option is to like... run away to the swamps and like, live amongst the alligators until you forget what it feels like inside me.”

He shifts in place from slight arousal, frowning at him. “God, you’re... you’re cruel. You’re so cruel.”

“Yeah. Consider that cruelty a kindness, Dream. Not sure you want me being too nice when you’re in this state.”

Dream doesn’t say anything to that. He’s already running his hands over George’s body, kissing sweetly at his neck. It renders him silent for a moment, and then he moans, whining for Dream’s lips against him. Things taste so bittersweet as they kiss, and all the confidence George wielded just mere seconds ago comes crumbling down at that addicting touch, his heart soaked with the tears he can’t cry, because he’s helping Dream to accomplish something so heartbreaking.

It feels like the beginning of the end.

Chapter End Notes

HELLO i've never posted at this hour before. im scared. AND THIS CHAPTER IS NOT LIGHT AND EASY FOR THE EXHAUSTED SO. if u happen to be sleep deprived and confused rn go back to sleep and reread another time. unless im overthinking all this. TAKE UR ATTENDANCE but also if ur too tired to comment come back when u have energy to I WILL WAIT i promise. as usual feel free to ask any questions there's a lot of subtleties to this that i hope i managed to put across and that u managed to catch or maybe this was perfectly in ur face enough blah blah blah IM LITERALLY IN CLASS RN AND I HAVE A QUIZ IN 10 MINUTES meaning i have 10 minutes to

BEG YOU TO USER SUBSCRIBE TO ME and uh well comment and everything and send me asks etc. please please i love attention i could've delayed this chapter but i didnt and i hope this wasn't a bad decision

stay tuned for ch9 where sadf!george will be EVIL (in his head anyway. in reality he's just ill and suffering) they are both suffering so much they're both stupid but also very very scared pls be gentle w them. i hope u all liked this chapter i really do hope so i

worked really hard and im hoping some lines banged or something . OK BYE

dark knight and dark nights

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream's fingers are in his ass.

It feels good, he's moaning all pretty for him, and getting stretched out as one does. But there's something wrong.

He ran through all the motions: reassuring kisses, touching George where he likes to be touched, whispering things he enjoys hearing so much—and yet it feels like there's something missing. Almost like he's holding himself back, hiding a piece of himself away.

At first, George ignores it. Better things to focus on, especially when Dream's fingers get replaced, and things get heated, and fast, and messy, and his palms push against the underside of his thighs as they fuck, sinking himself into pleasures of the flesh. George feels him gasp, feels his grip, and it dawns on him all over again that this could be the last time this happens for a while, and there's every chance they could never do this again. He should commit himself to the moment, memorize every pound, thrust, groan. Hold it close to his heart so he has sweet things to look back on when he becomes devoid of all these sensations.

Instead, he feels a little deranged. Somewhat evil. Wants to push some buttons.

He knows how hard Dream is suppressing everything he wants to declare, how hard he bites his lip when George tells him how good this is, how amazing of a fuck he is. He keeps quiet, he avoids saying much just in case. George isn't feeling so kind anymore. He wants Dream to know that he's noticed.

"Dream," he breathes, and the way he says it earns some concern.

"Yeah?" Dream gasps a breath, stopping his movements. Fingers trail along the side of George's knee, eyes blinking all tender. "You good?"

"Tell me you love me," he requests, like it doesn't tear them both apart just to say it.

It makes Dream freeze, and the words punch him in the gut, shattering glass bones but not paper skin. It makes George smirk at the response he gets.

He lets out a strangled sigh. "George," he continues in a steady voice. "You know why I can't do that."

"Why not?" He licks his lips, eyes all innocent. "I can tell you want to. Just say it, Dream. You'd feel better."

"Want and should are two different things," he says, fingers tightening their grip on George's leg. "What the hell is wrong with you? You're like, making fun of me for liking you or something."

"Maybe," George's hands aren't strangers to his skin, and they slide up where they can reach, rendering the man above him so helpless when their fingers touch. "Who cares if I am? Just say it."

He doesn't say it. He doesn't say anything, actually, pulling back before slamming hard into George, the heavy thrust making his breath hitch.

“Tell me what you want more,” he heaves. “More of this or more of your whining.”

“I’m not whining,” he denies, legs wrapping around the waist between his thighs, nudging him close, negotiating with touch. “I want both,” he demands. “Do both. You want both—” he points out—“so just do it. Say it. S’not even a secret. I already know, so just... go ahead.”

Dream fucks into him again, like he wants to shut him up, like he wants to push past this, wants to render George wordless and useless with dick, nothing but a moaning, whimpering mess as he pounds him into another dimension. His fingers even wrap around George’s length, stroking him so he’s swarmed by pleasure, clouding his head so he shuts up. George arches his back with a cry and that massive hand of Dream’s only moves to shove his shoulder down, laughing at him momentarily to hold still. His antsy hands pull at those firm arms for a kiss, laying lips together tender and sweet in contrast to the desperate nature of their lewd act.

“You—” he murmurs into their kiss, licking at Dream’s tongue—“still not saying it.”

“Don’t wanna,” he refuses, grunting from the motions. “Fuck you.”

Still, he slows down, no longer trying to make George come as fast as possible, and it clears his mind enough for him to keep his sick mind running.

“Fine. I’ll say it then.” He leans into Dream’s ear and whispers: “I love you.”

The effect is immediate. He cries out without words that implore numerous questions, faltering for a second.

“I love you, Dream,” he murmurs, eyes blinking from all the exertion. Dream kisses him like he’s begging for mercy, moaning into his mouth like he’s never wanted anything more, and George tears off their kiss like ripping a bandaid off too early, cutting deeper into that wound. “Love you, love you... so much.”

The words are hard to get out, and despite his intentions he means it far too much, and something about it feels far too good to say. Dream fucks him so well that he comes a few moments later, and feels the other man shake inside him as well, reaching a bitter climax. He collapses above George with a whine and several deep breaths, hands reaching for the vaguest of touches.

“Jesus fuck,” he exhales, and he moves to look at George, and there are tears in his eyes, and there are tears in both their eyes. “Can you please say that again?”

George blinks, looking at him with a heavy heart. “No.”

“Why the hell not?” His fingers are rummaging through locks of hair, tensing up at the refusal.

“Why’d you even say it in the first place, I—what does that even—”

“Because you wanted to hear it,” he answers, shrugging a second later to trivialize this. “I told you you’d feel better, and I was right.”

“I don’t think I feel better.”

“I meant like, during sex, idiot,” he says, correcting him. “You’ve said that before. You’ve said that to mess with me—”

“So that’s why you said it?” He licks his lips all angry. “You’re messing with *me* now?”

“I said it because you wouldn’t,” he insists, and it’s true, even though the multiple occasions where

Dream would cite the one time he blurted *I love you* after they had sex was embarrassing, and the way he'd mimic George with a giggle as he fucked him was mortifying, and the way hearing such words would make him cry and come even harder than usual was humiliating. Even if Dream didn't know the extent of its effects.

"This was meant to be like, our last time, for, like, who knows how long," George continues. "I wanted you to be yourself, I wanted to fuck *you*—not some frigid version of you who's only half there because he's too scared to say stuff he says all the time anyway."

"You were just... saying that to get me off," he remarks, thumbs fiddling with each other. "So like... you didn't mean it."

"I didn't say that I—" he sighs—"whatever. I've said it before."

It gets quiet. Chills crawl down his back and feel like burns.

"George," he asks carefully. "Do you not want me to stop falling in love with you?"

The silence persists. In some ways, he's still processing this whole thing. A part of him doesn't want to believe it's even true, wants to call him a liar, wants to kick him, wants to expose the truth. He's waiting for the other shoe to drop, because surely this must be some kind of sick joke, and yet he knows Dream would never pull a prank of this extent. So if anything, the universe is the one toying with him. And George let himself get played.

"I don't... need you to stop," he says, just as tentative. "You can fall in love with me if you'd like. I don't think it matters if you do."

He blinks, snorting a delayed moment later. "Well, it matters to me, okay?" His gaze averts. "I care about what we have. And I don't wanna get hurt."

"I don't want to hurt you—"

"I know," he cuts in abruptly. "You wouldn't try to hurt me, obviously."

"Uh... yeah." George's fingers curl up into his palm. Tense silence fills the air for several minutes, until he gets this burgeoning desire to ask: "Is it that bad? Do you hate it that much?"

He looks over. "Hate what?"

"Being in love with me. Falling in love with me. Whatever it is."

Asking is scary. But Dream doesn't drag out the agony. "I don't," he admits. "Not yet, anyway. But I think it could get really bad. I don't think it's safe for me to keep being like this."

George isn't sure what to say to that. "Okay."

"George."

"Yeah?"

"Tell me I'm your best friend."

Teeth and lips press together, but something in him overrides all instinct for the moment. He'd feel too cruel to deny him.

"You're my best friend."

“And tell me you love me too,” he requests. “Please. You don’t have to mean it.”

But of course he means it. He’ll never not mean it. That’s why it’s so hard to say. Perhaps he’d say it more if he knew how to mean it any less.

“You’re my best friend,” he repeats. “And I... I love you.”

He exhales like he could start crying at any moment. “You see?” His fingers tremor as they brush hair out of his forehead. “That’s the problem. I think I could fucking *live* off that. Just... hearing you tell me that over and over again. I know it’s bad but, I just. It’s like I need it. It used to just feel good when you told me that and now it’s like it’s. It’s gonna feel bad if you don’t, I dunno. Don’t wanna feel like that.”

Those words put George’s heart in his mouth. He doesn’t know how to feel, he doesn’t know what to do. What would be right? What would be safe? He just wants to be told so he can say it and not think about any of this.

Tell me what to do. Tell me how to help you.

“You... you won’t,” he comforts Dream, the tremors shifting to his voice. “You’re being...” he sighs. The strings of his heart tangle and tighten, tugging so hard his chest must surely be concaving. “It’ll get old at some point. You don’t have to worry. You don’t have to get hurt.”

“Maybe you’re right,” Dream concurs, but he doesn’t sound confident in that notion. “Help me get sick of it then,” he smirks. “Say it more so I’ll hate it.”

“You’re such an... idiot,” George says, for lack of a better word, but is there ever a better word than that? No, there isn’t, and it so perfectly describes what Dream is. “You—fuck off, how ‘bout that? I’ll tell you that more.”

The glint in his eyes spells trouble now, signaling a whole whirlwind of danger. Slithering hands snake over to him and slide George into his lap, and he kisses him so mean.

“You want me to fuck off, George? Really?”

He looks cocky enough to leave. George is hard pressed enough to crumble.

“No,” he mumbles.

“Of course you don’t,” he licks his lips, confidence sublime. “We had all this sex because you can’t get enough of my dick.”

“That’s not true,” he argues immediately, as if he isn’t slightly squirming in Dream’s lap, a rise getting out of him from the hand that’s on his thigh, rough thumb rubbing back and forth pale skin. “That’s not...”

He already knows those eager digits are lining up around his length, stroking that hardness to prove him wrong, and as his words fade with a pathetic mewl, George thinks he always wants to be laughed at and humiliated like this, as long as it’s Dream, quite possibly only if it’s Dream.

It’s a tough line to walk, a constant realization he has to face, and he always looks away with sombre feelings. But now, as Dream peeks at him with cheeky eyes poised to mask sadness, spitting on his cock so he can glide over it with ease, George feels a roaring fire that burns away at his aching heart.

He doesn't know if he can do this. He doesn't know if he's strong enough, and the man who put on a smile and confidently swayed Dream to abandon inclinations earlier, to take on new ideas, he's gone. He was a fraud, and the George of right now isn't sure he can keep up his charades.

Some corner of his mind is panicking at the thought—can he really last the week? And everything that lies beyond? He knows how much Dream is suffering, and yet something dark and deep within him sends George spiraling. He wants to be kind, but he's starting to feel selfish, so drunk on all these feelings that he fears the mind-numbing pain of sobering up. He doesn't want to part from Dream's touch for even a second, and the sentiment makes him drag their faces together for a soul crushing kiss. His hips senselessly buck against the motions and he comes between their bodies soon after, messy and panting from how good it all is. His head spins as he leans further into Dream's embrace, inhaling him like his scent outweighs the vitality of oxygen.

Dream's fingers stroke at his back, calming him down from the high. George thinks he could live off this too, thinks he's developed a crippling dependence on it.

"For the week ahead," he softly broaches as the clouds clear from his mind. "Are we not allowed to keep doing this either?"

Slowly, he peels George off him to facilitate conversation. Dream's gaze is so easy to fall into, and he'd take the plunge even if those eyes led him astray into woods of certain death. That pretty twinkle in his eye hunts him down, finding his attention and gripping it tight with an embarrassing reliability.

"Specify what you mean by that."

George just kisses him softly, escaping into his chest after, cheek pressed against it. Dream's head bows with shame a moment later.

"You're gonna fucking kill me." He exasperates and shakes his head. "I think that might be worse than sex." He stops with his tongue on those ravaged lips, before continuing to speak. "We have to... we have to stop everything. Right? You said you wouldn't kiss me. You promised. Don't you remember?"

Vaguely. It's not too difficult. One week of no sex. If Dream starts to lose his feelings, they continue not having sex, and if he doesn't, they think of something else. George really fucking hates the prospect of that first option, which means it's surely inevitable. And yes, he remembers saying he'd stay away, that he wouldn't have sex with Dream, that he wouldn't touch, wouldn't kiss him. But he meant that in the context of sex.

"This is different," is all he says. "This is just... cuddling, I'd suppose. Hanging out."

"George, we're both naked," he points out. "We have to just face it: normal friends who aren't tryna have sex with each other don't 'hang out' like this."

"We could just put our clothes on," he continues to negotiate. "Then it'd be fine."

"I don't think it would be," Dream retorts. "Things would escalate no matter what, we just can't risk it, okay?"

Bitter resentment blooms ugly in his chest. "Alright, fine," he concedes anyway, trying to be civil. "What else can't we do then?"

"That's probably it," he shrugs. "I guess... I don't think we should be sharing a bed either. At night. Obvious reasons."

Everything just keeps getting worse and worse, but George should've expected this, should've prepared himself for the fact that even a week can be agonizing, and that week could turn into months and years. The indefinite end to their arrangement still hangs in the air as a possibility, and it mocks George every step of the way, spitting on his misery.

"I thought... you said you didn't know how to sleep without me."

"I'll manage," he says, throat grunting with discomfort. "Or I'll learn if, well, I'll have to relearn it, I guess. If I can't. I've slept over twenty years of my life without you, so."

For some reason, this offends him on top of everything else.

"Why stop there then?" He begs the question indignantly. "Might as well make me move out so I don't tempt you from having to see me in the hallways."

Dream looks at him like he's a petulant misbehaving child. But George doesn't care what he thinks right now. "George."

"No, no, we should explore *all* our options. Leave no stone unturned and all that." His fingers numb and buzz all over, skin tingly and mad even though he shouldn't be. "Do you need me to sleep with someone else while I'm at it?"

"Stop trying to make me jealous just because this is inconvenient," his voice cuts in ragged and sharp and insistent. George can't look him in the eye.

Yet he can't help but ask: "Is it working?"

A sigh. "Obviously."

He hates how that makes him feel alive. It makes him feel guilt. It makes him feel sorry. It tempts him to gamble, putting everything they have on the line, even when all the cards are stacked against him. He wants to be smart about it like Dream is trying to be.

But for now, he wants to be a little stupid too. He wants to be a little dumb.

"You hate it, don't you?" Fingers trace at those defined collarbones and taut skin. "You don't think anyone else should get to fuck me."

He's wading in the pool of Dream's feelings, pushing the envelope. He knows it's unfair to. He knows Dream thinks he's all alone in said feelings, swimming around on his own, drowning by his lonesome. But what good would it do for George to share that the love he's amassed for Dream has trickled into an ocean? Dream will still need to pull the plug and drain those pool waters, and unlike him George doesn't think he could ever stop feeling for him this deeply. You can't empty an ocean after all. He could get on Dream's page and try to stop his heart from wanting what it should never have, but like all those past times, he just knows they'll return, faithful as the sea. And George will be standing on the shore alone when the sun sets on Dream's infatuation for him.

So forgive him, for wanting to indulge in Dream's jealousy for a while, masking it as curiosity, acting a little heartlessly.

Dream sounds so resigned as he breathes. "Well... you know how I feel about you. Shouldn't come as a surprise, really."

"On the contrary," George says, "I find this all hard to believe."

His gaze draws closer. “Why?”

“Dunno,” he shrugs. “Just is. Maybe I’d feel worse if I did.”

“I don’t understand,” Dream shifts in question. “You think I’m lying? Why would I lie about something like—“

“I don’t think you’re *lying* to me, to be clear,” he clarifies. “I think it’s possible you...” he sighs. He’s not sure how to explain the feeling. He’s not sure he should even try. It could lead to more questions he doesn’t want Dream asking. “It’s fine. Forget it.”

“George.”

“Look. I just... don’t want things to change. But I don’t want you getting hurt either, and if you keep feeling this way you might wind up hating me, and I don’t want you to hate me—“

“I could never hate you,” he emphasizes, holding both his quivering hands. “That’s not even an option, so stop freaking out, okay? I love you, George,” and getting to finally hear this after he made a whole deal about not saying it while they had sex is near therapeutic. “Sometimes way more than I should, which is the entire thing we’re tryna solve here. But no matter what happens I’m always gonna love you. And you’ll always be one of the most important people in my life.”

George licks at his mouth, and his loose lips seem to take those declarations as a challenge. “Okay. But what if I flaked out and decided not to help you anymore? And I didn’t care, and... I made things difficult for you. And we had sex again when we weren’t supposed to. Would you hate me then?”

Dream knows he’s being a dick about it, and narrows his gaze as such. “No... but that doesn’t mean you should. I’d prefer it if you didn’t do something like that, okay George? But I know you won’t do that. Because I know you and you’re not that kinda person and—“

“Maybe those are my true colors,” George dramatizes. “Maybe I’ve been like this all along, you don’t know. You couldn’t possibly know—what if I scammed you, Dream? What if I asked you for fifty thousand dollars, and you like gave it to me—“

“You’re such an idiot—“

He doesn’t get the chance to keep talking, because Dream’s kissing him again, chuckling against his itchy mouth, and licking into it to render him useless, deflating into his touch again.

Plus... what else is he meant to do? The clock’s ticking, and in a matter of hours Dream’s kisses will become a luxury he can’t afford. Skin pressed against skin feels like George’s last meal on death row, and he’s savoring each bite, tasting every flavor, making this last taste of heaven count before he descends to the pits of hell.

“This *sucks*,” George complains with his entire chest, enunciating every word directly into his phone, something Dream picked up on the third ring. A second ticks by and he guffaws like George is a world class comedian and Dream’s sitting front row.

He doesn’t say anything else, just lets himself bask in the tender sounds of Dream’s one of a kind

laughter. Doesn't follow up with any more witty quips.

George isn't even entirely sure why he called. Something just possessed him, if he were to guess. He was tossing and turning and flipping his pillows around and feeling incredibly bored and incredibly hypersensitive at the same time. With nothing to do and no one to talk to and no one to hold and no one to roll over and kiss good night and no one to press against and no one to take up space in his bed and no one to warm his sheets and possibly stain them and—you get the point. Before he knew it he was hitting the call button.

“You are just... an idiot. You're such an idiot.” Dream tells him, very original in his phrasing, such an unheard of choice of words. He goes back to chuckling again, low and slow.

“Oh right,” George says, coming to a realization. “Was I not meant to complain?”

“Eh, I don't really care,” Dream says, and George hears stuff get moved around in the background. “Would definitely make things a whole lot easier if you didn't, but, I mean, I laughed, so.”

“You're not in bed,” he observes.

“No, not yet.”

“What are you doing? Where are you?”

“Kitchen. I got bored. And hungry. Mostly bored. But I didn't really eat all that much today, so, why not, right?”

George's stomach starts to grumble at the reminder. He hasn't exactly been feasting for hours on end either. Maybe that's why he couldn't sleep. You should never go to bed on an empty stomach after all, especially if someone's cooking in the kitchen and you physically feel like dissolving when you're not with him.

“What're you making?”

“Turkey sausages.”

Fuck, that sounds good. Then again, Dream could've said he was frying up a pile of horse shit and George would still want to join him. He actually feels like he's starving now. It's crazy how you just forget sometimes but your body will dramatically react when sustenance is nearby.

“Could I have some?” And, sensing there might be some reluctance, George makes an emotional appeal. “I haven't had much to eat today either.”

Dream laughs at the shuffling he hears. “You're already leaving your room, silly.”

George knows without a shadow of doubt that that's a yes. “Had to get a head start.”

“You idiot.”

He hangs up the phone at some very delayed moment, once he's all the way in the kitchen and within five feet of Dream.

His eyes raise at the sight of what's in the pan.

“Don't you usually make that all smashed up?”

Dream looks a tiny bit confused. “Huh? Oh. This is the kind that comes in the casing. It's late, I

don't wanna chop stuff up and make a whole thing. They taste good on their own, I mean, it's sausage meat. Pretty good stuff."

"Are you sure you want me eating that around you? I guess I could take my share to my—"

His eyes roll all the way through his skull once he catches it, and George has to bite hard on his lip to keep it together.

"Oh my—fuck off, George." And, there it is. The last of George's restraint falls apart, and he starts laughing wholeheartedly. "I'm not a goddamn animal, you can eat sausages around me without worrying that I'll pop a boner or like, get some ridiculous urge to fuck you, idiot."

George gets it together and Dream petulantly fries up sausages. "I mean, we can never be too careful."

"Well, yeah, but I think that's going too far. It's ridiculous. Makes it seem like I'm a wild dog that needs to be chained up or something. I can manage myself, so just eat a sausage and shut up, okay?"

"Aren't I supposed to refrain from doing that this week?"

Dream cracks up laughing, dropping his spatula in the process, and begs him to stop, even nudging him for his jokes. The playful touch turns into several, and they get into some strange sort of tickle fight, which would've escalated for sure if Dream hadn't panicked and freaked about the sausages possibly burning. George lets him go, their contact lingering as Dream turns off the stove, emitting a smooth exhale when he discovers perfectly cooked meat. George's heart is warmer than their stove, still engulfed in flames unlike everything else that's turned off now. George wishes he could turn off these embarrassing feelings too. If Dream were to hug him tight right now, he'd know in a second just how debilitating his effect on him is. Even without sex. Even without his lips on his.

They each take a plate for their sausages, and George sneaks looks at Dream when he picks a sausage up with a fork, scoffing at the eyes that trap him, innocence tarnished by all of those insinuations. He sets his plate down and grabs George's away from him too, grabbing a knife to cut all the sausages up into smaller pieces, arguing that it's easier to eat this way anyway, even though George doesn't say anything about it, just snorts occasionally, giving him wide-eyed looks that know better. Dream redistributes the food and gives George his share, their fingers brushing when he does, but they don't bring attention to it. They stand in silence after that, eating their sliced up sausage close to the sink so it's more convenient to clean up later on.

"Look—" Dream puts his fork down halfway through—"don't go any extra miles for me, okay? This, this whole thing's about me. I'm supposed to be managing my own feelings, my own emotions. My own... temptations. I guess. We have our rules, ish, stuff, uh, things we're not meant to do. Just like, don't actively suggest that we have sex. That's all you really have to do, honestly. I'll let you know if I need anything else. We're still friends... right? We still hang out. We don't have to stop being there for each other. We can still have fun together, we just have to do that without having sex."

George sucks in a slice of sausage with a little more force and noise and wetness than he needs to, relishing the face Dream makes as he watches him eat, because of course he's watching him. He doesn't really have anywhere else to look, but that's besides the point.

"I see," he remarks. "Interesting."

The glare he receives wields sharp-edged daggers. "I don't like the way you're saying that. Sounds

like you're planning something."

"I don't have any plans," George says, and it's the truth, because it's been mere seconds and he's still busy eating. He just found that information fascinating. Is that such a crime?

They clean up soon after and part ways. George doesn't sleep too well, but he gets the job done somewhat. The following day is mildly boring and they spend most of it on streams to pass the time. George even goes live himself at some point, and he doesn't talk in person to Dream too much, savoring the way Dream plays it cool by sticking to his own living space but goes prowling around to be in the same VC as him. George randomly goes back and forth between two different groups on VC across different streams just to see if Dream would follow him like a loyal lost pet. He does.

"Why are you following me?" He calls Dream out at some point, curious to see what he'd do with thousands of ears bearing witness. It's an innocent enough question, that Dream could brush off or deny if he'd like, so he bears no qualms about posing it.

"How am I following you? I'm just doing the same thing you are, just, moving to see what's going on like... I don't wanna miss out on anything. If anything you're the one who's been following me. What, you're like obsessed with me or something?"

One of the streams they're on is run by Karl, and he helps them run a poll to see what chat believes to be true.

(The results were too close for comfort.)

Still, Dream doesn't go looking for him after all the stream mishaps, and George knows that going to look for him could possibly be a bad idea even if Dream said it was okay for them to hang out and talk. But also George is bored, and he's bored in a very specific way that only Dream can satisfy, so he does the only rational thing he can think of: a prank.

The prank isn't something he spends hours nefariously planning—he was just letting himself be bored—and he was scrolling through apps, his timeline, watching clips and videos and playing chess and everything one can do on their phone when they're meant to go to bed soon. The idea to prank Dream strikes him when he sees the picture: it's one of those This Could Be George type tweets, and when he saw it he definitely thought it could be him (George). Which, well, was exactly why someone posted it on their stan account. But he digresses.

It's a picture of some guy wearing a skirt, taken from above the lap. It's a light blue skirt, most likely, and it's pleated, very elegant and neat. No visible patterns. A hand holds the hem of the garment, looking eerily similar to his own. If this were someone deliberately pretending to be him as bait, he wouldn't be shocked.

George saves the image. He gets a wily grin on his face.

Wyd, he innocuously texts Dream.

He gets an instant response, almost as if Dream's been waiting for him to reach out.

lying in bed and trying to sleep

He imagines Dream rolled over on the mattress, tucked cutely under the covers, perfect fingers flying over the touch keys. God, this week is pure agony.

Wanna know what ur missing out on rn, he types in an effort to stay focused. He has a prank to

pull. His mind cannot afford to deviate right now, of all times.

...*what*

Perfect. George sends the picture. And lies in wait.

Dream doesn't say anything for a good minute. Their texts show that he definitely saw it though, which is very interesting. George wonders what he could possibly be up to. Is he staring speechless at the photo? Did he start cursing him out? Did he fling his phone all the way across the room? Is he doing a walk of shame to go pick it up right now? Could he have sighed and switched apps, deciding to ignore George for the rest of the night?

This is when he starts typing. He starts then stops, starts then stops, leading George to believe he's somewhat undecided and keeps backspacing and retyping what he wanted to say, which must also be changing with each passing second. The longer this goes on, the more amused George gets, giggling at his phone in merriment. This is so funny.

He bursts out with full, bellyaching guffaws when Dream starts calling him. He takes a few moments to compose himself, not wanting to give things away too quickly. He takes a deep breath once he's gathered his wits, smirking slightly at the thought that he's keeping Dream waiting, and how crazy that must be driving him. He plans a nonchalant greeting.

"What?"

"That is *not* you."

The words barrel out so quick, like a loaded gun that launches their conversation, jumping right into it.

"I didn't say that was me."

"Okay," Dream shifts in his sheets. "So you admit that isn't you."

"I never said it *wasn't* me either," he smoothly retorts, and it feels nice to make Dream a helpless mess.

"You, you don't have to say anything," he flusters. "I just know that's not you, like, you'd—you'd never wear a skirt."

"You don't know that."

"You don't even own a skirt." Dream is scrambling at this point, clearly trying to convince himself rather than confront George for his lies.

It amuses the hell out of him, causes all his synapses to start firing, making him feel more awake and alive than he has all day.

"Amazon ships really quick, you'd be surprised."

"Fuck you, George," he curses, but he wouldn't be this pressed if this wasn't making him second guess himself at least a little bit. "You're clearly just messing with me, you're like, you found that on Twitter or something."

George wants to mess with him more now. He moves to his closet, finding something that could match skirt material, something big enough to work with, and he whips off his sweatpants,

wrapping a shirt over his thighs as he sits in bed, fingers strategically placed at the hem when he poses for the photo, deliberately trying to match the picture he sent Dream, whilst also including parts of his room in the background to make it undeniable that it's him in the photo, that he took it.

"George? You still there?"

There's this attention-seeking, clingy needy tone to his voice, and it spins George's head right round, gets him rushing to send Dream the image, anticipating his live reaction. This is a perfectly normal thing to want, because he's trolling Dream, not trying to seduce him or anything, and if Dream gets seduced that's his problem to take care of. A fun little side effect.

The message goes through.

Dream hangs up almost immediately.

George bursts out laughing at the drastic act, loving the mockery it makes of Dream. But his mind runs wild with thoughts of what he doesn't get to bear witness to, and he gets insanely curious. Maybe Dream's seething to himself, maybe he's desperately rubbing one off from the thought of George so scantily clad—maybe both. Could also be neither. Either way, George wants to know.

He calls him back, praying he won't shut him out, and it seems as though this is something Dream seriously considers, because he only picks up at the last moment.

"Why'd you hang up?"

"I hate you."

"You said you could never hate me, remember?" George reminds him. "You said you love me far too much to do that and nothing I did would ever change it and that you'd let me get away with anything."

"Well, I probably didn't say that last bit—"

"Well, maybe you didn't," he mimics slightly. "Rest of it's true though."

Dream audibly cringes on the other end. "I should've never told you all that. Know what, George? I take it back. All of it. So you, you'd better, y'know, watch yourself."

George isn't the least bit fazed. "Tell me I'm your best friend, Dream," he instructs, and from the sound of that sigh it's clear Dream still remembers the vulnerability he showed when he begged for it. He knows that Dream would pick him as his favorite out of all the friends he's ever had all his life, and currently he feels like he can count on that. Hug tight on their friendship and how reassuring it is, how dependable it is.

It takes him a minute, but he says it. "You're my best friend, George," he sincerely declares. "And I love you," he continues without asking.

George can't help but smile when he hears that, and maybe he's grateful to be rooms away from Dream, because at least he doesn't have to school his expressions, doesn't have to subdue the impact they have on him.

"You know what this reminds me of?"

"What?"

“Our sleep calls. Remember when we used to do that?”

“Duh. We did that for years. We waited for so long. And well... now we don’t have to. We can see each other whenever we want.”

This bothers George, his brows shifting and arching closer as he ponders why. “I mean... not exactly. Not this week.”

“We still see each other, George. We spend time together, just not for sleep or sex.”

“Right,” George rolls over in bed now, tucking himself in tighter, wrapping himself up warmer, making a sound of contentment. “Guess we’re back to sleep calling for the time being.”

“Uh. About that. I don’t think I can sleep call tonight.”

“Why? Busy jerking off?”

“WHAT?”

George chortles away at the insinuation and the possibility that he’s right. “It’s fine. Just do it on call, I won’t stop you.”

“You—shut up.” He scoffs. “I’d, I’d never, I wasn’t *planning* on doing that, okay? That’s not something I should be doing with you on call anyway, if I was going to, which I wasn’t. I would... I would never do something like that.”

“Oh, yeah...” he responds patronizingly, about to misinterpret his words on purpose. “Obviously. You would never touch yourself thinking about me, like, that’s just never happened.”

“That’s not what I was—never mind.” He groans, sounding a little frustrated. “You know what, George? I think I’m just gonna hang up—“

“Why? You’re that worked up over me? What was it, the skirt thing? That wasn’t—“

“Goddamn it, George, shut up,” he grunts. “I don’t care about that, I just wanna go to sleep. I’m not gonna jerk off to you, so relax, okay?”

That doesn’t exactly relax him. It irks him either way, to be honest. He wants Dream to get all horny and fucked up over him but he also hates not getting to watch him touch himself if he’s going to do it. It’s a real pickle and a half.

“I see,” he responds. “So... you don’t care about me in a skirt. You wouldn’t like seeing me in one. Ever.” He gets encouraged by the deep, winding breath Dream takes. “You would never fuck me while I wore one. Would never... slide your hand up the skirt to touch me.”

His staggered breathing makes blood rush south, gathering at the apex of his thighs, pulse racing.

“George... please.”

“Do you want me to stop talking about this?”

“You wouldn’t even wear a skirt, you’re just, you’re just fucking with me.” He clears his throat. “And it’s fucking working, I don’t, I don’t even...”

It’s not a yes or a no, so George doesn’t know what he’s meant to do. He definitely does feel like he got a bit carried away though, that he probably shouldn’t have said so many sexually suggestive

things, that it isn't exactly a troll thing to do anymore if they're both hard and subtly grinding against themselves, or straight up just touching. Sex is still sex even if they're on the phone. But at the same time... who knows. George isn't currently capable of deciding what's good or bad for Dream and himself for the time being.

And the tiny little moans Dream is doing a poor job of hiding... it's all just so intoxicating. Perhaps this is just an isolated moment, a tiny bit of misbehavior that goes against their plans but doesn't break the rules.

"It doesn't really matter to me that much," George clarifies with a shrug. "I'd wear one if you liked it. If it made you happy. I think it'd drive you crazy. I like doing that."

"Yeah, clearly," he scoffs. "You're too good at that, god..." he exhales so defeatedly. "Look, don't ask about this tomorrow morning, okay? I'm not there with you, so just... it doesn't count."

A part of George wants to ask what does and doesn't count, but it would just be redundant and possibly annoying, because he already knows, and if he didn't know, Dream's shameful moans give it all away, as do the sounds of him getting off. George can't help himself anymore, pulls his dick out those stretched boxer briefs, and lets his arousal take the wheel, chasing that high, and it feels so good that he doesn't even care when Dream hangs up on him again, after they've both spent themselves, whispering filthy things to each other.

George sleeps much better than he did the night before. He has such sweet dreams too, but all of them heavily feature Dream, which makes waking up an absolute nightmare.

"You okay?"

Dream's eyes are a little droopy, and he blinks a few times before answering, but he still feigns ignorance about his apparent exhaustion.

"Hm? No, I'm fine, I'm good." He hits his own face a few times to stay awake, which is so stupid, and he looks like an idiot, but George doesn't comment on it any further. "Come on, we gotta watch the movies."

Tonight's plan is to watch the original Batman trilogy, the Dark Knight series. They mosey over to the couch where Sapnap's already sat eating popcorn, and Dream sits down next to Sapnap in the middle of the couch, meaning the only available space is next to Dream in the corner. Usually, George wouldn't think twice before sitting next to him, but given the events of this week and what happened last night, he briefly wonders if this is ideal. Still, he can't pass it up. They're roommates anyway, sitting next to each other is normal, and Dream specifically told him not to go out of his way to do anything. Sitting on a different chair would only draw attention to himself.

George focuses on the movie, making the occasional comment, as does Sapnap, but Dream barely makes a peep, which is slightly weird because he's the one who likes these movies the most out of all of them. George can't help but be a tiny bit worried. Dream doesn't seem to be in good shape, and he clearly hasn't been sleeping all that well, if he's been sleeping at all. What if he falls sick?

This is when he starts noticing it. Dream's head, drooping more and more with each passing minute, until his body seems to give up and his head drops onto George's shoulder.

Sapnap turns over in slight concern. "Is he okay?"

"Don't know. Guess he's tired."

Dream doesn't stir at all as they talk about him directly, and that leads George to believe he's truly exhausted, knocked out cold.

"Uh huh," Sapnap yawns, which is understandable, seeing how they're halfway through the second movie already. And besides, it's not unusual for him to get tired around this time of the night. Sapnap doesn't have a great sleep schedule by any means, but it's still objectively the best one out of all three of them. "I guess we could continue this tomorrow, or like, some other time—" another yawn—"when you guys aren't busy having—uh—busy with stuff." He gestures to Dream's sleeping body. "Should we like, wake him up, or... give him the whole princess treatment and carry him to bed and all that?"

George snorts. "Carry him to bed? How? He's like a tree. Neither of us are strong enough. Or like, big enough."

"Yeah, I guess, but there's no way we couldn't make it happen if we worked together. Dude, are you dumb? We're two people. Dream's not freakishly heavy or anything. No shot we drop him. You just gotta like, get his arms or something, and I'll hold onto his legs. Pretty sure it would work out just fine."

"We can't drag him upstairs like he's a corpse, idiot," George immediately retorts. "He'd definitely wake up if we did that. You're so dumb."

"No, *you're* dumb, fuck you," Sapnap curses back at him. "Fine, whatever. Guess we won't do that. So what, we just wake him up now? I mean, sleeping on the couch has gotta be bad for him, right? Plus we gotta get to bed soon too."

His eyes flick over to Dream, who's fast asleep still, showing no signs of consciousness. The poor guy. He genuinely looks so sleep deprived. George doesn't want to compromise the much needed rest he's getting. "We can't wake him up," he declares. "He might stay up all night or something."

"Has he been doing that again?" Sapnap asks. "He seems really fucked up today, I thought his sleep schedule got better recently. Like since you got here, he started sleeping more normal and stuff. What happened?"

George sighs, not sure how he can explain any of this. "I don't know," is what he settles on saying. "It'll be fine," he assures. "I'll just stay here and watch the movies and go to bed when I get tired. I'll wake him up then." Following this, he shifts Dream's head onto his lap, and Sapnap helps straighten out Dream's legs over his lap so he can sleep in a more comfortable and conventional position. He doesn't show any signs of waking up as they do all this, chest continuing to rise and fall.

"I'll stay for a bit," Sapnap says, and there's a lot more depth to his simple words than meets the eye. He has a lot of concern in his heart for the situation at hand, and George won't say it, but he's glad Sapnap cares so much. But in all honesty, it's hard not to care this much for someone like Dream. He's magnetic, pulls you in like the sun that centers a solar system, and you always crave his warmth. So it hurts having to see him freeze over like this.

They sit there in relative silence, watching Batman do Batman stuff and letting Dream do some dreaming. He looks so cozy as he lies fast asleep in George's lap. Sapnap doesn't comment on any of it. He just does his part to keep his voice down and gets up at some point to grab a few blankets.

They cover Dream up to keep him toasty because the house is always so goddamn cold. They each get plenty of blankets to warm up, and Sapnap only leaves once he's completely exhausted, close to dozing off himself.

The Batman movies run their course and George puts on some other shows on a low volume to keep himself occupied. Very quickly, he gets sick of staring at their television, and his gaze drops to Dream's attractive sleeping face. He's so mesmerizing to look at, and his hair is so soft, and George can't help but run his fingers through those pretty locks. It feels so good to touch. He should wake Dream up, he really should, but waking Dream up would mean having to part with him again. And god, does he just detest that prospect. Plus, he has grounds for wanting to just sit here, and not move, and to let Dream continue to sleep.

Which is, uh. That Dream is clearly very tired. And George is too lazy to move, and he's too lazy to put in all that effort to wake him up either. Plus the couch is just so comfortable, so who cares if they sleep here and not in their own beds? George is doing him a favor by letting him sleep.

And when he kisses Dream on the forehead, whispering him a good night, perhaps that's not exactly a favor, but it definitely lulls him into a sense of security, a state of serenity, and he drifts off to sleep, dreaming of crime and city lights and heroism.

Hours later, daylight has filtered into their room and Dream is the one who gently shakes him awake.

"George?" He's still lying in his lap, thank god. His voice is groggy and rough and so ridiculously attractive, even with the hours of sleep layered upon it. In fact, the sleepy edge is probably adding to the hotness of his voice. "We fell asleep?"

Dream starts to stretch, as does George, making sure his back doesn't get too stiff.

"Mhm," he murmurs, because he's still too dreary to really say anything else.

"What happened?" He asks out of genuine confusion, eyes staring up at him, and it takes everything George has not to lean down and kiss him right there.

"You fell asleep on me," he says to fill in the gaps instead. "During the movie."

"Oh," Dream articulates, looking a touch bit guilty, and not too surprised, confirming how bad or how little he's been sleeping. "Sorry about that. You should've woken me up."

George ignores that. "You should've told me you weren't sleeping these last few days."

"It's not that I haven't been sleeping—" he starts—"I just... haven't been sleeping as much as I could've. I do this all the time. Sometimes I sleep five hours, sometimes it's sixteen. I have it under control, though, I swear."

"Doesn't feel like you have it under control."

"Well... I will. I'll get more sleep tonight," he sits up now, putting some distance between them. "We should get some breakfast. And brush our teeth."

For the rest of the day, Dream thankfully stops looking like he's about to drop dead or pass out at any moment, but the events of last night continue to bother George all the way till they're meant to go to sleep again.

He starts building a wall of pillows in Dream's bed, bringing some of the pillows from his room to

help the process, grabbing his own blankets and stuff too. It congests the sleeping space, but this is quite frankly the only solution he can think of that won't also freak Dream out about whatever he's worried will happen if they sleep in the same bed.

"What are you doing?" Dream naturally inquires as he walks out his bathroom, freshly showered and prepped for sleep.

"There," he puts his finishing touches and presents his idea. "We won't get to each other unless we tried really hard. Problem solved."

Dream gets closer to him, approaching the bed with caution. "You're sleeping here? With me?"

"Someone has to," he remarks, getting in on his side. "You need the sleep. Specially for tomorrow night. We have that vlog to film with all the others." He glares back unflinchingly at the look Dream gives him. "Oh, come on now," he playfully says. "You know you suck at sleeping alone. You need someone to make sure you stick to it."

Finally, Dream lets out a big sigh, relenting and getting in next to him. "Guess it can't hurt to try."

"Yeah, exactly," George says, and he snuggles in place, enjoying the familiarity of being back here. He's not sure whether the sense of familiarity comes from being in Dream's bed or lying next to Dream. It could very well be a bit of both.

"You know..." Dream starts to speak. "I just had a rough few nights. I only needed a little reset."

"Uh huh."

George can't see that much over their fence of pillows, but he can make out Dream's nervous fingers fidgeting. He seems to carry guilt in those hands.

"I'm pretty sure I'll be fine from here on out."

"If you want me to leave, Dream, just say it."

This silences him for a moment. For more than a moment, actually. His hand slides under the pillows and creeps into George's, their hands twisting into a tight, intimate hold. And they lie there, side by side, lips unmoving and chests rising, saying everything by saying nothing at all.

"I had... some bad dreams these last few nights. I got scared and I didn't wanna sleep as much," he quietly confesses. "That's why I got so tired."

"What were the dreams about?"

"You," and this makes his heart take a deep dive. "You were mad at me, in some of them. You yelled at me, and you were crying. You hated me, at some point, you even said it, super seriously, and then you, you left." He exhales like he's picturing it, like he's in the dream right now. "That was the worst part."

George feels the slight shudder of Dream's fingers against his, and he tightens his hold for assurance. It doesn't lighten the load on his chest, but he tries to breathe against blockage, tries to be a steady pillar that Dream sorely needs.

"I'm not going anywhere," he tells him.

"I know," Dream says, like he believes him but the dreams were still nightmares. "I know... you

care, George. I know they're just dreams. I get weird dreams sometimes."

"Do they go away when I'm around?"

Air expels through his nose. "I guess we'll see."

Dream lets go of George's hand after a while, but when they wake up the next morning, their wall of pillows has been demolished, and Dream's arms are wrapped around him like they belong there. He's sound asleep in a very peaceful-seeming way, but George knows Dream wouldn't like to know that he caved like this—against his determined will, against everything he preached days before—he would freak out if he woke up and found them so tenderly wrapped together like this. Especially since he had been so apprehensive when George had suggested it.

So George does him a favor, slowly extracts himself, slowly tries to leave so that Dream will be none the wiser. He wanted to help Dream get a good night's sleep, and that job's done, so he can get out now, right? Give Dream peace of mind and everything.

But strong arms grab and pull him back to bed before he can even fully make it out.

"Few more minutes," Dream sleepily murmurs into his neck as he snuggles up even closer with him, hugging him tight. George isn't sure what to do for a moment, unsure how certain Dream is about this decision, and whether his barely conscious mind is thinking straight. But in all honesty, he's still exhausted as hell, and Dream feels so good pressed against him like this, and his eyes are already drooping anyway. So he gives in.

They sleep together like that for several hours. Dream doesn't speak a word of it when they wake up for real, not a single comment falling from his lips. But George spots guilt and shame in his furrowed brow. He doesn't press him for discussion either.

Wine, dine, golf. They're at this mini golf place that also has a casual dining area and bar for them to get stuffed and wasted at. That should be really exciting, but in all honesty George doesn't like drinking all that much and since Dream doesn't drink at all either it's much easier to fly under the radar about it. What's even more exciting however, is the fact that they booked it out for themselves. A good number of their friends are filming with them today, and the thought of hanging out with people he knows without the pressure of possibly getting approached by fans or observed by too many strangers, it feels liberating. He has more room to play in, more space to be himself, and complete freedom to have fun with his friends.

And yet, the thing that fills and floods his mind the most is still Dream.

"Wow, you really suck at this."

George glares back at him as he says this, challenging that audacity with open eyes and tightly pursed lips. Dream only snorts at him, and he takes his shot, missing, but it isn't his fault, okay? It was a hard shot to make anyway, and Dream threw him off his game by taunting and criticizing him like he did.

"I only missed that because it was impossible to make anyway."

"Yeah, if you're bad."

He smacks him at the waist area with the hand that isn't holding the golf putt. "Shut up," he tells him, refraining from cursing because there's still a camera stationed less than ten feet away from them. Then again, George is hoping this take gets cut out entirely. He prays that more engaging stuff is happening with the others, that whoever's uploading this on their channels doesn't just leave them in the final edit because they're, y'know, them.

"You're literally stuck at this stage with me because you're second to last and everyone else is ahead. Idiot," he adds for good measure.

"Well, yeah, that's just 'cause I threw on purpose," he shrugs, and George would hate him if that were true. Okay, fine, he wouldn't exactly *hate* him, not in a literal way, but he'd definitely still find that annoying, to say the least. "Can't just leave you here all by yourself."

"No, go ahead," George taunts, voice haughty and full of disdain. "Take your shot, get it in the little hole, and leave me here. Unless you can't, because you suck."

"Alright, fine," he huffs, lining up his shot, but because George is petty and competitive, and likes messing with Dream at the end of the day, he yells 'BOO!' in his face at the last second, causing Dream to get thrown off and miss. His expression when George scares him is so dumb and stupid too, he can't help but burst out laughing at it.

"You're such a cheater!" He doesn't punish George much for his misdemeanor, but Dream definitely shoves at him a bit, in a manner that leaves him wanting more. "You'll get karma for that, George. Just watch. You're gonna miss again."

"I'm not gonna miss," he claims, missing almost immediately. But this enrages him, because he was genuinely so close to making it in. "How? How did that not go in?!"

"I told you, you're doing it wrong," Dream tells him like the insufferable know-it-all that he is. To add insult to injury, Dream gets his golf ball into the hole with perfect ease on his next swing, proving that he isn't actually terrible and that he was actually somewhat throwing earlier when he played. Either that or he's been trying this entire time and failing but magically got good the second he needed to prove a point to George. He isn't sure which outcome is worse.

"How did yours get in?" George grumbles, pettily questioning the integrity of the ground beneath them. "That shot like, sucked."

"How did it suck?" Dream snorts. "It went in the thing, that's all you really need for a shot to be great." His smile grows tender and develops a benevolence George doesn't clock until he's hit with it. "Come on, I'll help you out."

Dream moves closer, and panic sinks in. "What? How?"

"I'll show you," he says simply, arms already lining up over George's own, gentling guiding and adjusting his positioning and stance. It isn't like those scenes from the movies—Dream isn't obnoxiously pressing his entire chest and crotch to George's back and ass, isn't grinding up against him by any means, but the small little touches feel like burns, and the way they linger turns him to ash. "See? Like that," he finishes, so casually. "You should make it now."

To George's chagrin, he actually makes the shot. Despite his spinning head, how completely unfocused his mind had been. Focused on the wrong thing, really.

"No way, you actually made it," Dream marvels with a chuckle, putting his arm around George's hapless shoulders. "I didn't think that was gonna work at all, but I guess it did."

He starts walking away with this sort of preconceived notion that George will follow, that it's logical he would.

"George?" He walks back to him, and blood is still rushing through his veins. "We can head over to the next spot now... are you okay?"

He's staring at his shoes, and then staring holes into Dream's chest, before looking up at him, and it's like getting hit with a stroke—he's paralyzed by a crippling desire to kiss Dream again. He wants to weep and curl over because he can't.

George's heart twists and turns in his chest, and he feels a physical ache that he can't help but assuage by reaching out to touch Dream again, fingers gripping onto his forearm, steadying himself with it. Their gazes align in a cesspool of everything they crave, and George knows he shouldn't, but his eyes beg for it, whether he should be or not they're praying to Dream, and he strikes him down like a merciless god.

It comes without violence, but Dream seems to have realized his mistake and steps away. He clears his throat and some crazy voice in George's mind thinks the world is ending. But it's not, and this is just a random night in the middle of their week of abstinence. George has been somewhat fine till now... maybe it's the change in their environment. Or maybe Dream hugged him so tight this morning he caught back all the demons he's been trying to distance himself from. He's always trying to distance himself from those demons. Today is yet another reminder that it isn't working.

"I think I should go get us some drinks," Dream says, like hydration is what's prudent right now, like George isn't disintegrating as he thinks about burying his face in Dream's chest. "You should uh... go find some of the others."

His long legs take him far away within seconds, like he's trying to run under the guise of brisk walking. George feels discarded, even though that isn't exactly the case, as Dream's adhering to guidelines they came up with together. But it still hurts, nonetheless.

A minute later, George has recovered enough to walk over to where Sapnap and Punz are playing. They make him feel far more normal and well-adjusted than he was mere moments ago, and it's assuring to know that he's still there, able to meme and play around with his friends like he always does. It's refreshing, honestly, preferable, really, to stand close to Punz and not feel a skipped beat in his heart, and it's assuring to know that Sapnap won't hold his hands to show him the right way to sink a golf ball into a hole—*he just laughs at him and tells him he's trash*—and even if he did put his hands all over George, it wouldn't have nearly the same effect that Dream has on him.

Good riddance. He hopes he doesn't see him for the rest of the night.

"Where'd Dream go?"

Okay, so that was a lie. He's lying to himself and getting betrayed by his mouth now, that's just... great. That's awesome. So fantastic.

"Dream was here?"

"He said he was getting drinks for... us," he shrugs. "Just thought he'd be back by now."

"Oh," Punz points to the bench table behind them, where a bunch of drinks sit. "I think I saw him stop by just now. I like, waved at him. He went somewhere else though, not sure where."

George gives up on golfing. Who cares. This isn't even his vlog.

“I think I’m gonna go look for him,” he says, and this doesn’t faze either of them. They let him go without much of a protest at all.

George walks over to one of the other holes, where a few more of their friends are.

“Hey George.”

“Hi Karl,” he greets back. Tina’s there too, and they wave to each other.

“Hi George, are you playing with us?”

“I’m looking for Dream,” he tells her. “Was he here?”

“Yeah, he was here a while ago,” Foolish chimes in, because Foolish is also here today. “He said he wanted to like, get some air or something. I saw him walk over to the bar.”

“He said to text him if we wanted anything,” Karl adds on, but George is already leaving, since he has a new Dream-related destination, and a one track mind. “And we wanted plenty, so, he might have his hands full, know what I’m sayin’?”

“I asked for a lobster burger,” Foolish smirks, chortling to himself. “Just to see if he’d bring it, y’know, as a joke.”

“Lobster burger?” Karl lights up like clockwork at the sound of those consonants. But George has already walked far enough away to not hear the end of that thought, even though he knows exactly what he’s about to say. Anyone who’s spent five minutes with Karl knows what he’d say in that situation.

The bar isn’t too crowded or noisy, but there are still a few patrons around who aren’t from their friend group today. From what he knows, they booked out the golf course parts of the place for more or less privacy, but regular people were still given access to the bar and dining area.

He spots Dream sitting on one of the high stools, talking to someone else. Some random guy George doesn’t recognize.

“So... can I get your number or what?”

He’s putting his flirty fingers over Dream’s hand and it makes him see red. He feels the walls closing in on him, he wants to scream bloody murder, he wants to commit actual murder, truth be told, wants to kill, wants to maim, wants to die.

Dream withdraws his hand from that sick man’s touch. He’s uncomfortable, clearly, of course, thank god, he’s clearly uncomfortable and doesn’t have a way out, and he must not know what to say to someone so disgustingly forward, and he needs help, so it’s up to George. George is going to save him, and he’s striding over to them, and his fist is clenching up.

“I don’t usually give my number out, but uh—”

George’s arm is linked possessively around Dream’s own before he even gets the chance to introduce himself. But he was never going to do this in a sweet casual way, doesn’t plan on playing nice and going through the motions.

“Hi,” he says, skin taut over his face. “Back off.”

He’s thrown off by George’s aggression, both of them are, which is fair enough, because even

George finds this side of himself unfamiliar. Usually, he's too scared to even approach strangers. But this guy's more than just a stranger. He's a threat, he's harming Dream, and he makes George so mad just by breathing. He should die. They should all die.

"Uh... excuse me?"

George has an inkling that Dream is also staring at him with dumbfounded eyes, but he's too far gone to care.

"My boyfriend doesn't want your number. Please leave him alone."

"George?"

The man looks a little guilty. Good. He should feel guilty. He should never hit on anyone again, ever. Who does that in a bar? He must have serious problems. Or maybe he's perfectly normal and George just hates this, just absolutely hates this and wants him gone, via whatever means available, and he just wants to get Dream out of this sticky situation. Yes, that's what he should focus on. He's doing this to save Dream, because he is just an excellent friend and an even better person.

"Oh... I'm sorry. I didn't—"

"George," Dream says preemptively, before George's lips can even begin to form a response. It gets paired with his hand around his wrist, tugging it away. "George, we're leaving. Right now."

Oh, okay. Good enough for him. He doesn't want to be talking to this guy for any longer than he has to anyway. He lets himself get dragged away by Dream without protest.

Dream brings them outside and goes even beyond that, taking them to a secluded alley somewhere away from all the action and away from any prying eyes or prickly ears. No one knows they're here, no one can see them here, even though there's barely anyone around as is.

He drops his hold on George's hand more roughly than he expected.

"What the hell was that?"

"What the hell was what?" He partially repeats, immediately feeling defensive. "You're welcome, by the way. I saved you back there."

"You *saved* me?" He scoffs. "How was that saving me?"

"Do you not remember?" George fidgets with his fingers. He's not sure how he feels about this lack of gratitude, Dream's cold exterior making him all sorts of uneasy. "That time at the supermarket. Some guy was also hitting on me and it made me feel weird and you saw that I was uncomfortable so you like... stepped in. You told him I was taken to get me out of the situation. I was just doing the same thing. Making it so you didn't need to reject him and feel all awkward and spend all that time letting him down."

Dream takes a deep breath, and in doing so he seems to suck the air right out of George's chest. "Okay. I see where you were coming from. And that's nice, George, but I wasn't... uncomfortable. And I wasn't planning on rejecting him."

George's heart takes a skydive. It lands on the floor and Dream is stomping all over it with his words. Something George is at a loss for.

"You... what?"

“I was thinking of... saying yes. Maybe. Of like, going on a date with him, I guess.”

It takes him a moment, and he takes such a grievous inhale for it, but he manages to speak.

“Are you stupid?” He huffs, tone mocking, voice airy. “You’re you. You’re Dream, you can’t just like, go out on random dates with strangers. He could know who you are and he could’ve... like exposed you or something.”

“Expose what?” He sneers at George, and it makes his heart shrink three sizes. “That I like men? Oh wow, big fucking shock! The world would be so *surprised* to find that out!” He laughs to himself and runs fingers through his hair. “I don’t care anymore, okay? I don’t care if people know, I don’t—I’d fucking tweet it out at this point. Get accused of queerbaiting again. Why not? Could be funny, right?”

“Dream,” George takes his restless hands, and breathes with him. “Calm down, okay? I get it, I understand, it’s, it’s fine. I was just... worried. Looking out for you, or whatever. I didn’t expect it. It’s not even about the man part, it’s just always weird dating strangers when we’re this recognizable. We don’t know who to like, trust not to leak it, remember? Isn’t that why you weren’t dating much after everything blew up with YouTube?”

He’s visibly more subdued now, and he shrugs. “I don’t know. Why do we even have to be scared? Like honestly. I get that I’m more well-known than the average person, but I’m a *Minecraft YouTuber*, George. What paparazzis are trying to stalk me? I’m not an actor. I’m not a singer—”

“Don’t say that,” he interjects, almost playfully. “You are a singer, Dream. Mask was a great song.”

He cracks up at that, and George is relieved to see him grin and laugh in the midst of all this tense conversation. “Why Mask specifically?”

“Don’t know,” he shrugs, maintaining a nonchalance that he gives away by smiling far too wide. “It’s just, it’s great, I love it. You should make a sequel.”

“A sequel?” He snorts. “To the song, Mask?”

“Why not?”

“You’re ridiculous,” he shakes his head, sighing. “Anyway... yeah. Obviously there’s people out there who would be nosy about it and care about who I’m dating and would post pictures if they saw me, or whatever. Or maybe you’re right and some idiot could’ve pretended not to know me and asked me out. I guess that could get a little dangerous. But it gets annoying living like that. Why can’t I just go on dates with whoever I want to, y’know?”

The levity that briefly hung over their conversation turns to dust and George is thinking about this whole situation again. Of course Dream makes sense. Of course he and everyone else in their position deserves a sense of normalcy, deserves to have romantic lives that function according to their own free will. But George’s gears are grinding at the thought of Dream wanting to go out with someone. Obviously it was never out of the question, it’s something George has mentally prepared himself for, in all his nightmare scenarios where Dream got sick of fucking him and wanted something else. Also known as a very inevitable situation. But he’s still seething with questions about it.

“Just what exactly was so appealing about that man?” His lips smack in query, arms crossed over. “Why are you dying to go out with him?”

"I'm not *dying* to go out with him, it's just—"

"What's so great about him? What do you like about him so much?"

Dream peers curiously at him. "Why do you care?"

"Because," he says, like that suffices. "Just wanted to know."

"Well, it's... none of your business. The only person who has to know is me."

George scoffs at this, because how quaint, how convenient, really. "Alright, fine. Don't tell me," his thumb swipes over his lip. "Doesn't matter what you like about him anyway. Because you're not dating him."

"What?" His voice raises significantly. "What do you mean I'm not dating him?"

"You just aren't. You can't."

Dream huffs so harshly it almost sounds like a gasp, livid from the nerve George has, saying all this with his full chest. "You don't get to decide what I can or can't do, George."

"I know."

"Then why are you saying all this?"

"Because I don't like it." His voice fills up with venom. "I don't want you to date him. It doesn't make sense, you never said anything about dating other people this week. I wasn't even prepared, I, I didn't expect this."

Dream looks bitter. "That's why you're mad? 'Cuz I didn't give a heads up? What, you're freaked you won't get laid or something?"

"No, idiot, that's not why—"

"Then what the hell is it?"

"I want it to be me, okay?" He spits, spreading his arms out, done for. "I want it to be me that you're asking out, me that you're dating—not him. Not... anyone else."

George doesn't even look at Dream as he processes his outburst. He wants to get swallowed by the earth, because he should have been smarter, been more considerate, been more respectful. He should've left the situation alone, he should've gone back with Dream to the bar and found that guy and told him he was just a friend who misinterpreted the situation, gave them his blessing, and went back to mini golf. But he would rather die than do that right now. Something deep within him has finally snapped and taken full control, and he can't stop it, can only stand here in horror of his truth.

"What? You... what?"

"I know..." George heaves, heart weary. "I'm sorry."

"We talked about this," he breathes. "We both think it's a bad idea. I thought you didn't want any of this, that's, that's what this whole week was about, right?"

"It is a bad idea," he concurs, because he agrees. "Doesn't mean I don't want it."

Dream's mouth falls open, and with it comes noises of confusion, exasperation. He closes his mouth and tightens his fists, takes billowing breaths, trying to process it all. He takes a step closer to George and puts his hands on his shoulders. "Is this really what you want? Do you really mean that?"

Looking him in his wide, bloodshot eyes overwhelms George with multiple insecurities. The realm of demons he's unleashed does not subdue the monsters that lie deep within, that were camping this turf first, that have only controlled him for so long. He can't beat them yet, can't overcome the doubt that forms when Dream poses these questions so directly. These emotions of his aren't new, but the words he puts them across come as much of a shock to him as they were to Dream.

And unlike the chicken who crossed the road, George can't get to the other side. In other words, he chickens out. Takes a step back. It's still the truth, after all. "I... I don't know."

Dream's hands withdraw back to his body and he looks downcast as he thinks.

"Then why would you say something like that?"

"I don't know, I'm sorry, I didn't—Dream. I, I'm scared. I'm just so scared—"

"Hey, hey, it's okay," Dream floods the air around him again, holding both his trembling hands. "I'm scared too, okay George? I'm fucking terrified. But I'm here. We'll just have to be scared together. At least we're not alone anymore."

George lets his mind clear out. "I don't want to ruin everything," he says. "But I couldn't help it. When I saw that guy touch you, I... I wanted him dead. I wanted to kill him."

"Wow. Really?"

"Yeah," he shrugs. "I know that's crazy. There's no way it's healthy, but I just—I can't stand it anymore. I can't pretend anymore, I don't think. I just... I hate all of this. I've hated it since we started it. I don't want you to stop falling in love with me, Dream. I don't want you to like someone else. Every time I think about it happening, I just..." He trails off, because he's not sure there's any point. "I should... stop talking about this."

Dream takes a slight step back away from him, and that's not exactly approval or disapproval of what George has been saying, but George thinks it's a good sign that he should continue to shut up. He's done enough damage today. Dream looks just about destroyed, and George is too ashamed to keep looking at him, beautiful as his face may be.

"For the record... it felt so good when you called me that."

George peers up, eyes blinking. "Called you what?"

Dream's eyes look so tarnished and wounded. So ashamed.

"Your boyfriend."

And that's it for him, really. There's only so much he can take before he's done with this, with all of it, all these stupid fears and insecurities. There's nothing insecure about the way he rushes up to greet Dream's pliant lips with a kiss, like his mouth is a direct connection to God and George is whispering prayers into it, needy cries for help. They kiss because it is such sweet sorrow, and there is no better solace than Dream's touch, as cruel and scary as everything else is. This is their little world, and they're escaping into it, and everything will be okay so long as they stay in here, lips warm and hands adventurous, embracing the other like they've finally found the answer to

everything they've been searching for.

Chapter End Notes

OH GOD ITS BEEN THREE WEEKS... like exactly 3 so crazy anyway i hope this was worth it!! really REALLY hope u guys liked this chapter :((((i worked so hard and i wanted to like show... the confusion and conflict of everything, all the feelings... it's insane, some of it will surely feel irrational, because love is irrational, and it is kind and mean and awful and the best thing in the world... and when you are in a situation where you are terrified to lose but so desperate to take it can really drive u nuts. i hope you've sensed that sadf!george was too scared for things to change and he needed to be reminded that things can change in ways a LOT more awfully than he thought he could handle. he needed to think he'd be losing everything and fast if he didn't do something, didn't tell dream more of what he worked so hard to hide

and now they're a little miserable. but they're not quite so alone :) and also there is something quite joyful in knowing what they both know now. I HOPE THAT WAS THERAPEUTIC FOR U GUYS

as always please PLEASE comment i love seeing you guys i was absolutely OVERWHELMED by the love i got last chapter and i would love to chat w you all again in the comments or on social media wherever u wanna reach me :) i always love seeing everyone's thoughts and analysis and seeing you guys pull the characters apart and see yourselves in them etc etc. i LOVE the apologism, even though it might not seem necessary this chapter, im sure some of you guys will find a way to blame all the world's problems on sadf!george/sadf!dream depending on who u stan. LMAOOOO

my twitter is dreamquackity and my tumblr is dreamquackity if u needed a reminder!

also there's only one chapter left :(im so sad and im gonna miss sadf but im excited for it to be completed AND i have a new fic planned that im super excited to write after sadf :) im gonna work really hard on that and i think u guys would really like it so USER SUBSCRIBE to me on ao3 if u wanna stay in the loop! or just follow me on twitter/tumblr it works fine either way

THANK YOU GUYS SO MUCH FOR 5000+ KUDOS BTW!!!! you guys made my dreams come true beyond belief. i never thought i'd make a milestone like that, much less so quickly. i'll continue to work hard on ch10 :)

pancakes and proposals

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Their phones buzz at the same time, almost giving George a heart attack. They indulge in each other for so long that they damn near forget this is still a public space, where someone could catch them kissing if they walked the right path to where they are. The simultaneous calls they're receiving tell them this is probably something that requires immediate attention, and they spare each other one last gaze as air fills their lungs, walking away from each other so their voices don't overlap on call.

George looks at his phone for a good few seconds before he starts processing that Tina's the one ringing him up. Embarrassing, really, to have kissed so hard he went illiterate for a moment.

He takes a deep breath. He takes a few more for good measure, remembering what he neglected when he was lost in Dream's lips. God, his skin is still buzzing. That can't do. He has to feel unfazed. He has to be completely normal about this.

"Hello?" He says, finally picking up the phone, voice pitched high. "Who is this?"

"Hello Gogy," she mimics, matching his pitch easily. "Where did you go?"

Oh. Fuck. Um... that's a loaded question. He can't say some dark alleyway. He can't say behind the bar with Dream. He definitely can't tell her he was in his loving arms, getting the life kissed out of him just shy of a minute ago. And what about the person calling Dream right now? If he claims to be all alone but Dream tells someone they were together, people are definitely gonna be suspicious when their stories don't line up.

Then again... does it matter? Oh, who knows.

"I'm uh..." his voice is normal sounding now. "Making my way back."

The call ends soon after that, and George walks over to Dream to see him hanging up too.

"What'd you tell them?" He asks immediately, because even though he covered his tracks super well there's every chance Dream screwed up, and perhaps everyone now thinks they're having a big church wedding next week.

"I didn't tell them anything," he says, and George beams.

"Me neither."

"I mean, Quackity guessed I was with you, but he's always so fucking secretive about everything *he* does, so, not telling him shit," he brags. "To be fair, he was kinda right, but—"

"Wait, Quackity called you?"

"Uh, yeah. Why, who called you?"

"Tina."

"Okay, well, makes sense. We're their ride back to our house," he gestures with a thumb jutting out. "Some of the others left first to get food for everyone. Come on, we gotta go look for 'em—"

they've been waiting a while now."

George bumps into a 'No Entry' sign on their way out of the alley.

"Ow!" He rubs the top of his knee and immediately earns heaps of concern. "Was that there when we walked in here?"

"No clue."

Dream places his hand on the small of George's back, guiding him in the direction they have to walk in from that point on. His touch lingers for a while, keeping him giddy, only switching to a normal stance once they get closer and catch sight of Tina, Quackity, and Foolish, who seem to be packing up the filming equipment, mostly done by the looks of it. Guess they're all finished with the stupid golf stuff now.

"Stop! You're not telling them that!" Foolish is trying to keep control over Quackity, who's stricken with severe bouts of laughter, all over the place in a way that might grab attention if anyone else were around.

"Tell us what?"

"Foolish thought you guys were making out somewhere," Tina spills with a casual lack of hesitation, earning an exclamation from Foolish, which gets her giggling as well.

"I was just kidding!" He insists, and clearly this is all very funny to Quackity, who unfortunately knows the truth. Even if he doesn't have any proof. What an idiot. He's having way too much fun—George should've never breathed a word about it to his loose lips.

"I dunno, jokes are meant to be funny, Foolish," Dream tells him with a playful smirk. "George and I would *never* sneak off to make out on a super important mini golf vlog like this."

"Uh huh," Tina bites her lip, smile evident, and of course Dream is just making a joke, but it's also something that actually happened, and George can tell she doesn't buy that it's just a silly funny quirky thing Dream thought to say. But whatever. It's Tina. It doesn't matter what she believes or knows to be true. She's not about to tweet it to the world or rip on them or make them uncomfortable about it or anything. She might tease them if given a good window of opportunity, but she'd never be even half as scathing as, let's say, Quackity could be about it. And he already knows for sure. Plus, none of them live together, so who cares. Them implying anything is very much an out of sight, out of mind type of problem.

"Just make out in front of the camera next time," Quackity tells them without reservation. "It'll get me more clicks."

"Yeah, maybe we should've," George chimes in, giving him an interpretive look that can be seen as both pointed and unbothered. "Can't let the video flop at zero views."

"Shut the fuck up, George," he sneers back at him, but it's not real anger. "Fucking, like, actually stick around to film the entire vlog next time, before you talk shit. Jesus, dude," he shakes his head. "You literally live together, just kiss when you get home—"

"Wait, I don't get it," Foolish interrupts. "Did you guys actually make out earlier?"

"Why the fuck do you care so much?" Quackity smacks back at him in question, only overcompensating a tiny bit for the shit he let slip. "Are you jealous, Foolish? Do you wanna kiss someone too? 'Cause I know someone who can help out with that."

No one asks very many questions after that, and George bickers with Quackity over something else stupid, each of them trying desperately to get Tina to side with them. Dream and Foolish pick up the filming equipment to be loaded in the back of the car, and they drive back home with lively voices over the tunes of upbeat music. George rides shotgun all throughout, not that it matters, but it's awesome how no one fought him for it, as if they all knew that's where George belongs—his designated seat—and their assumptions for why he obviously has to sit there might be embarrassing and they might not even be fully accurate, but who cares, right? Definitely not George, definitely not Dream, and definitely not tonight. Right now, they're just... happy. And they have a great time at dinner, eating good food and talking about the dumbest stuff with their friends, laughing the night away.

The night persists, and all their friends slowly trickle away, heading into various rooms deep in their big, big house, feeling so far gone that they don't seem to be around at all. George finds that he can finally breathe. It's not anything bad of course—hanging out with everyone was fun. It was a good distraction. But he didn't exactly need the distraction, and in fact, a part of him frets that it was too much distance. Those brief fleeting moments he shared with Dream in that alley... do they still matter? Are they still done for?

George carries all that overthinking into the shower. He goes from steaming hot to freezing cold, alternating every now and then as he relives it all. The feeling of Dream's fingers in his hair, the heat of his touch and insistent lips... they echo like ghosts all over his body, something he cannot stop being possessed by.

He wonders if Dream had these same thoughts during his shower. He was the first one to leave the group at their living room, the first one who left to wash up and turn in, hence where George got the inspiration. Not that he has to be *inspired* to shower, it's just...

Should he have followed along? Should he have made some sort of excuse earlier, ignored everyone's knowing looks, and hopped into that shower with Dream, if that's indeed what he was doing? But Dream didn't text him to come with, not a minute into leaving, not ten, and certainly not an hour later.

(George wasn't constantly checking his phone or anything, nope, absolutely not.)

He wonders if it was all a fluke. Surely, if Dream wanted to be with him right now, they'd be together, no doubt about it, right? He's had enough time. George even brought his phone into the bathroom and put it within sight so he wouldn't miss a single text if it got sent to him by the right person. But he doesn't send anything—not even when George gets painfully bored of that shower and steps out. All these empty corridors and hidden spaces... Dream could whisk him away at any moment and all current inhabitants of their house would be none the wiser. Does he still want him the way he did under that starry night sky?

When George leaves his bathroom and gets greeted by a whole lot of nothing, he starts to falter and doubt the answer to that question.

Is it even something that needs to be said? George isn't sure. He just wants to be looked for right now, and Dream is nowhere to be seen. Sure, their friends are all sleeping over tonight, but why should that matter? It's not like anyone would catch them sneaking into each other's rooms. Even if they did, that's not incriminating, and even if it *were* incriminating, no one would care. It would only be embarrassing, and Dream's embarrassing enough for the both of them that he'd do it if he wanted to. He'd go tiptoeing to George's room, barging in and making his way to the covers like it was home sweet home.

Right?

Well... whatever the case may be. Dream would've texted if he wanted to be with George, but saw their guest list as an issue. He would've called. He would've—he would've done something by now. But maybe George is being a hypocrite, and Dream is lying in bed dressed in a thin shirt and dark sweatpants, overthinking all of this too.

We're both scared, he said. *We should be scared together*, he remembers being told.

Together.

He springs to his feet, legs moving the way gears turn, and his head is completely devoid of thought. He only stops once he gets to Dream's door, shoulders rising and falling in a calming breath. He raises his hand to knock but the door opens before he manages to make contact, and Dream jolts back slightly like he didn't expect someone to be standing on the other side, and George's hand flinches too, so they just... stare at each other.

The next moment gets them closing that small distance for a tight, wordless hug. They breathe each other in, feeling lucky, feeling grateful. George's head rattles getting engulfed like this. All the touching, the gentle stroke of a hand on the center of his back. He can barely breathe, but he hugs tighter anyway, because he needed this like crazy, and now he's here, and now he has Dream, and—

"I was about to leave and go look for you," he murmurs in admission, tacking on a chuckle for good measure as he taps twice on George's back, and they pull away slightly but fail to fully separate, getting lost in each other's eyes.

George could say so much right now. He has so many hypothetical questions he should spit out, get the ball rolling on, so many issues between them that they should work out, so many potential problems that they could worry about for hours or even days on end... but most of it fades away, burning out from the warmth of Dream's smile. He's dazzling.

"Can I sleep here tonight?"

That's the only question he really has right now. His earnest eyes widen the grin on Dream's face. He looks shy for a moment, before twisting their fingers together and planting a soft kiss on George's forehead.

"Wouldn't have it any other way."

They don't say much after that, having talked more than enough for several days. It's nice having everyone come over, but it gets very draining having to remain upbeat and energetic and participate actively in conversations. It's so much noise too, so that's why it's really nice to just press up against Dream like this, both of them knowing what the other needs.

Funny how it took them so long to be sure about what the other *wants*, and even now, as they lie in bed together like it's all they know, they still have cards in hand they haven't shown.

Dream's fingers are generously threading through George's hair when he spits it out.

"What made you change your mind?"

George's eyes flash open, but he doesn't stir.

"What?"

"About... dating me. When did you start wanting that?"

He exhales, sounding like a scoff. "I didn't need to change my mind about anything."

It takes Dream a while to respond, a while to process these implications. His hands slow and still in his hair, and when George looks up, he sees his features contort in contemplation, like he's weighing all the facts, considering the suitability of all the questions running through his mind, the redundancy of some of them getting shot down before they grace the curve of his lips.

Eventually, he just sighs, deflating against a stack of pillows.

"This is so hard," he laments with a groan. He gulps, getting in closer contact. "It just... it sucks. It's scary as hell."

George wants to soothe him. He reaches out and their hands know exactly what to do once they find each other, fingers wrapping together with a dependency, the way vines cling tight onto trees because they can't grow on their own.

"It should be scary... right?" He begs the question. "When you really want something. It should scare you at least a little bit."

He tightens his hold, and George can tell he understands what he's trying to say. Dream brings his hand up to his lips for a kiss, and they smile at each other.

"Guess you're right," he tells him. "I'm scared as hell and I really want you. Just makes sense."

They kiss on the lips and it's slow.

"I love you," he whispers, and the words flip off switches in his body, making him shudder. Dream giggles at him as they continue to kiss, like he half expected this flustered state, much more so than fervent reciprocation. "Come on," he teases. "Say it back."

"No," he murmurs, and he tries to distract Dream with his lips. The fact that he fails is honestly quite insulting.

"Say it," he insists, hands on his skin like it doesn't make speaking itself completely unbearable. "You'd mean it this time. I know you love me, George."

"I always meant it," he simply says, and Dream looks like he's been dropped a hundred feet, those hands of his faltering to the touch.

When he exhales, it sounds like he's been holding his breath for years.

"I knew that," he blurts. "Okay, well, not exactly. I didn't, I... it feels like I should've known that. I did know that. But I also didn't, not really, not until you... Jesus christ. You, you're crazy. That's awesome."

His eyes sparkle with the knowledge of George's feelings, overwhelmed by their depth. Finally, he's sinking to the bottom of that ocean with him, diving straight down to find George. He sees him for what he truly is, and it mesmerizes him.

"Yeah, I guess," he struggles to chuckle, like these aren't some of the most overwhelming moments of his life. "I feel sort of crazy. Sometimes. Because of you. All the time, honestly."

"Holy shit," Dream looks spent as he exasperates. His hands squeeze at George's shoulders, like he wants to do unspeakable things to him. His fingers rub at the sleeves like he has half a mind to rip them off. "You... you like me."

“Bit more than that,” he snickers, because it’s silly to come to that conclusion after talking about love, but he gets it, he understands. They’ve done all this in such a jumbled up messy way. People tend to meet, become friends, tell each other they like each other, start dating, start having sex, and then they fall in love. They seem to have done this all wrong, but it feels so right to be here right now, arms full with a boy in awe.

“You have a crush on me,” he teases. “You—god, you just, you have like the biggest crush on me.”

“Shut up!” He jabs at him. “Idiot. You’re... worse. You’re like, fully obsessed with me.”

“Well, yeah, I’m not denying that. I mean, look at you.”

George looks down at himself to humor him. “Yeah, I get it. Black shirt and pajama bottoms. I’m basically irresistible.”

“Yeah...” his eyes shift at him. “Funny too. You’re so funny. Wanna have sex?”

A sharp chortle rips from his throat and spreads all over. He takes no issue as Dream laughs along, pulling him into his lap with an insatiable look on his face. George drapes his arms on his shoulders and Dream buries his face in that neck, sucking hard to stake his claim, deliberately marking him in places he’ll have to work overtime to cover up. The way he positions them, the way his fingers shift and slide where it feels good to touch, the way he’s already grinding against him, conspicuously seeking pleasure.

“Fuck,” George murmurs convulsively, heightened awareness for the greedy fingers at his waist band. “Did that stupid sex ban help you at all?”

“No.” Dream takes off George’s shirt and licks a sneaky stripe up his chest. His tongue makes him jolt, deliberately grazing against his nipple for effect. He proceeds to press him down on the mattress, reaching for his own shirt to even the playing field, rubbing George through his pants with a cheeky smile. “Think it made me worse, actually.”

“Clearly...” his chest heaves from the overwhelming pleasure. Nothing else compares to this. Dream knows exactly how to tease him, exactly where he likes it, exactly how fast he needs to go. There is an embarrassing lot of things in George’s life that he’d give up to make sure Dream never stops touching him like this.

“Dumb thing to do,” he remarks. “Would’ve never suggested that if I knew you loved me so much.”

George rolls his eyes, and it’s caught by Dream who raises his brows incredulously.

“Oh, I see,” he remarks, licking his lip reflexively, straddling him with his arms crossed. “That’s how you’re gonna be? When I have you at my mercy?”

It makes him snicker. “You don’t have me at your *mercy*, idiot.”

“Oh, you think that, do you?” His voice is so haughty. It’s annoying how it’s hot. “You say that like you won’t be crying for my cock in a minute.”

“I would... I would never cry.”

His hesitant denial only amuses Dream, who leans down to kiss him silly, their hips dragging together so sinful, his cock so hard he wants to scream. And the man above him knows exactly

what he's doing, knows George might come in his pants if he doesn't stop or switch it up soon, knows he'd hate for that to happen when he could come in his mouth instead, get pulled apart by those hands, skin meeting skin.

He tries to prompt Dream to get moving by tugging off his own pants, but his wrists get grabbed, stopping him.

"You can't be serious." He hates how he isn't even really annoyed because Dream's hands are so strong as they hold him still, and like many things about the idiotic man, he finds it fucking hot, which really doesn't help his situation. "Let me take them off. They're my pants."

"Not right now they're not," he shakes his head all cheeky. "Where are your manners, George?"

"This situation doesn't require manners."

"Say please," his voice drags oh so beautifully. "Tell me what to do to you."

"You know exactly what to do," he protests, frowning. "We've had sex like thousands of times, idiot."

"Well, too bad," he slides his tongue over his lips very deliberately. "Guess I forgot."

George's eyes sting with his next blink, vision blurring for a second. "Please just suck my dick," he relents with an irritated tone. "It's been so long."

"Oh yeah?"

"Dream, it hurts," he whines, giving up on his dignity, milking the tear running down his cheek for everything it's worth. "Make it feel better."

"Fuck." Oh, he's got him now. He tugs everything off so sharply, leaving George naked before him. "You're so fucking hot."

George wipes the tear away, gets his wrist snatched and pressed on a pillow, kisses landing up the length of his arm, before changing course and trailing down his body.

"You have so many issues," he tells Dream, only to moan so embarrassingly when he licks a thick stripe up his cock.

"You were saying?"

"More," he demands, heaving. "Oh, that's good."

Dream sucks at the head of his cock, swirling his tongue over the slit, and George is at a loss for coherency, barely able to keep it together and he's mostly just getting teased. Dream releases him and presses gentle kisses along his length.

"Remember the first time I did this?"

"No, I completely forgot." He is incredibly acerbic in his response, and feels no shame for it. He's not exactly interested in taking a trip down memory lane right now. Not at the expense of getting his dick wet.

"I liked it a lot," he smiles to himself, hand taking over to slowly stroke George, giving him enough so he can't complain, but not enough for him to come at all, his climax drifting away like the wind. His penis is being held hostage as Dream talks about his feelings.

“Yeah, no shit.” He squirms a little bit. “Why else would you lie and act like you needed to do more to figure stuff out?”

“Oh god. About that—“ here he goes—“I didn’t lie, okay, I was. I was confused. Genuinely. Like, I didn’t fall in love at first suck or anything, your cum wasn’t like, I wasn’t addicted to the taste or some shit. It was, y’know, it was whatever. It was a dick in my mouth. But something about like, the way you were reacting. Y’know? Like, fuck. It was just... it made me wanna work for it, and all that. I liked making you feel good, I liked that you were fucking destroyed over me. You sounded like an idiot but it was so stupid hot. I liked... having that power over you.”

He blinks.

“Wait, so, you don’t like dick, you like... having power over me?”

“That was back then,” he says, and George unclenches. It makes him laugh. “Wow, you really thought—“

He laughs even harder, and George scowls at him, nudging him with his leg. “Shut up, it’s not funny.”

“How is it not funny? It’s fucking hilarious. I’m literally in love with you and you still thought I didn’t like dick for a second.” George’s entire soul explodes, and Dream wipes a laugh-induced tear from his eye like it’s nothing. “You idiot.”

George takes a breath to calm down, because he is normal and he feels very normal about being told that he’s got Dream this head over heels, this definitively.

Dream notices, and he gives him a soft chaste kiss, before going back to stroking his dick, presumably as a distraction.

“George, just, for the record. No meme. I’m in love with every inch of you. Okay? Every part of who you are... and I’m ridiculously attracted to you. You know I am. Even before I had your dick in my mouth. Like... getting you off... it just made me happy. And excited. And horny. I liked making you feel good. Because I loved you. And I just keep loving you more everyday. So that’s never something you should freak out about, okay? I wouldn’t be fucking you non-stop if I didn’t love your stupid cock and balls.”

He swallows like he doesn’t feel incredibly overwhelmed by the affection. He runs his fingers through his hair and deflects.

“Cool,” he unsticks his throat, but it still feels like a lump is lodged in there. “Could you get back to that fucking non-stop part? This blowjob sucks. You’re not even using your mouth.”

Dream’s hand stops moving, fist tightening just slightly, a show of warning, his features scowling from the challenge.

“Oh, you’re gonna regret saying that.”

Just those words are enough to get his blood rushing. He licks his lips, being bitchy about it.

“Make me.”

And make him he does. George winds up being made to do a lot of things. Dream gives him the sloppiest, most desperate head imaginable, only to pull away completely before George orgasms, laughing in his face because he knows him too well, knows all his tells. Embarrassingly, this

happens a few more times, despite his fervent pleading that Dream lets him come. He rubs it in further by kneeling over those hips, jerking himself off right in front of George, smacking his hands away when he tries to touch.

“You don’t get to help,” he snaps at him, and George whines from the frustration, his wrists pressed over his head when he tries to get his way. “This is what you get for being a bitch.”

“Just put it in my mouth,” he demands, because surely Dream won’t pass that up. He’s not an idiot, he knows it feels much better fucking his wet mouth than it is to use his own hand.

“No. Fuck you,” he smirks, being a petty jerk, because he thinks it’s funny. “Know what? I’m not even gonna come on your face.” George’s face falls from grace. “Yeah, no cum for you to taste, idiot. You don’t get to talk to me like that without getting punished.”

Now that’s just fucked up.

He bites hard on his lip. “Dream, please.” He makes a sniffing noise, and wills his eyes to cooperate, creating a pitiful image to sway the stubborn man. “I’m sorry, okay? You’re the best at blowjobs. Just, just use me.”

He pauses, smiling slightly. “You’re drooling,” he observes, stroking a finger at his chin. “You want me that bad?”

George nods with an obedient enthusiasm, finally rewarded with cock passing through his lips, and he revels in the way it slides in and out his mouth, remains painfully hard as Dream groans at the sensations, finally getting to taste him again. He’s been hooked since the very first time, and he hollows his cheeks out, using the right pressure to make sure it feels out of this world.

Dream pulls out.

“Mm?”

He smiles at him with mischief and sweet affection, and George gets hit with a freight train of pleasure when Dream starts stroking their cocks together, slick with their spit, giggling when George makes admittedly cringe noises. It feels so sickeningly good, and George just wants to come so bad.

Dream kisses him as he gets both of them off.

“George,” he breathes. “Tell me what I wanna hear.”

At this point, he’s more than happy to oblige. Some say the truth will set you free, George thinks the truth will give him a really good orgasm right now.

“I love you,” and he hears Dream moan, bites his lip because this isn’t easy, it feels too good, and Dream’s going faster, speeding them along, and it’s hard enough to form words, let alone declarations. “I love—”

He isn’t sure who comes first, but it’s a glorious feeling, explodes out his body, like entering a different dimension and getting painlessly punched all at once. When the high runs out, they collapse together, chests rising and falling, and Dream moves aside to refrain from crushing George’s lungs just in case, and he holds him close, planting caring kisses.

“I love you too,” he tells him, after cleaning them both up with bedside tissues. “You’re perfect for me.”

Something buried deep emerges and takes over George, and his heart drowns with possession as he slides his hand over Dream's body.

"Never touch anyone else like that," he declares, and Dream's eyes seem to darken at the demand.

"I can't?" He playfully challenges, kissing George to beg a question. "What about that? I can't do that to anyone either?"

He's milking it, but George lets him have this one.

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"I see," he smirks to himself, silently gloating about all this, because of course he is. "Guess that means I'm all yours."

He takes a pause, letting his judgment clear for a moment, but this line of thought continues to ring true. It's embarrassing for sure, to say the least, but he isn't alone in this, and he's being encouraged, and he's being wanted in every way a person could possibly want someone else. At least for now.

He's not wrong to relish in it.

"You are mine," he flippantly says, and pretends the way Dream reacts doesn't make his heart explode.

"Yours," he repeats in a low voice, and kisses him on the cheek. "I like that. You can have me," he tells him. "You don't have to share." He seems to sink into him with how close he presses against. "I don't wanna share you either. I think I'd go crazy if you wanted someone else."

George thinks he would die if Dream wanted someone else, and perhaps that's what's absolutely terrifying about loving him this much. But he couldn't help himself, and Dream can't help it either, can't put an end to all these feelings right now.

Maybe he'd be okay if it all went away. Maybe one day he'll be miserable and lost and heartbroken. But this feels worth it, because he's never felt more alive, and having to push each other away before felt like a fate worse than death. So George counts his lucky stars, and he pulls in tighter when they drift off to sleep, reminding himself to remember all this, be grateful for all this. Just in case it slips through his fingers one day.

Still, something optimistic in his heart springs to life every time Dream tells him how loved he is, how enamored he is, how obsessed he is. His dreams are a lot sweeter when he tells himself things could be like this forever if they tried.

It's nice, getting to feel. Getting to love, and knowing it's love, and seeing it reflected in Dream's vivacious eyes.

Of course, it's a little inconvenient knowing so many of their friends are around, and it's a little annoying having to expend energy hanging out with everyone and working and making content when they would much rather be left alone, given recent developments in their relationship.

So the morning after everyone leaves feels brighter, more freeing.

No more sneaking around.

Although, to be fair, they've always had to sneak around. It's just much easier having to sneak around one person than it is to sneak around half a dozen people.

And yes, there wouldn't be a need for them to sneak around if they were an established thing, that well, everyone was aware of. But that's the other thing. The other thing... that they sort of haven't fully addressed.

It's a hard thing to tiptoe around.

On one hand, it doesn't matter. It shouldn't matter, right? They are, more or less, on the same page. Who cares about labels? But on the other hand—what if it does matter? What if it matters to Dream? And he expects George to say something. Or maybe there's just something he's doing wrong, and... oh well.

Sometimes he still gets scared that this blissful bubble is exactly what it is: a bubble. And when it pops, after floating up so high in the air, George is going to die on impact.

But he rarely feels this way. How bad can overthinking and mindless worrying get when it's only been a few days? When every bad thought fades with a single look at Dream? When every notion gets scrambled by his kiss, his fervent touches, his insane confessions—he could go on.

Sometimes, George even tells him he loves him without any prompt. He says it quiet, sneaks it under a moan, a thrust, but it counts all the same. And Dream catches it every single time, says it back like his life depends on it.

“Morning,” Dream murmurs, half-awake, kissing his tousled curls. “Everyone’s gone.”

George is well aware of this, having been there when they said goodbye, feeling relieved rather than disappointed. He's well-aware of how fortunate he is these days. There was once a time where seeing his friends in the flesh was a chance that felt so hard to come by. Now, he knows he'll see some combination of these assholes within the next few weeks or months.

What's more important right now, is what Dream promised to do for him when everyone finally fucked off back to their own homes.

“You remembered, right?”

Dream's weary smile only widens. “How could I forget?” It's almost touching, but then he adds: “You've reminded me about it every damn day.”

George sounds out his throat, pushing himself up in bed. “I mean, that's just 'cause it's important.”

A snicker. A wavering one. “How is me making you pancakes for breakfast important? I mean, it's definitely not *daily reminder* important. You're just an idiot.”

“No,” George denies. “That's just not true. If anything, you're the idiot for being scared to make pancakes in your own kitchen, just because other people were here.”

“Oh, yeah, great idea, George. I'd just make pancakes. Get caught. Everyone would want a bunch and you'd get cranky because other people getting pancakes too makes you less special.”

Huh. He has a point there.

“Don’t forget the bacon.”

“You say *that* like you’re not about to follow me to the kitchen to stare at me the entire time I’m cooking.”

Again, he’s not wrong, but it makes George feel beetroot-red levels of shy, pursing his lips as they get out of bed together. He barely says a word the entire time breakfast gets prepared, watching Dream remember every little thing he remembers requesting over the last few days, along with everything he doesn’t remember requesting either.

He doesn’t move a muscle. Doesn’t lift a finger. A carefully sliced piece of pancake gets fed into his mouth, along with bits of bacon, a sliver of butter, and maple syrup. George thumbs the corner of his lip and licks excess syrup off it, prompting an impish smirk from Dream.

Swiftly, he sneaks a kiss at the corner of those sweet lips, moving back to the hot pan where he resumes cooking. George’s lovestruck eyes only waste a minute gawking at his reliable stance before his hunger catches up to him, fingers maneuvering knife and fork on his own this time.

“Mm...” he chews appreciatively. “This is good.”

“Yeah?”

Pride wafts off him in pungent swathes, and because of it, George finds the audacity to say: “But I still prefer English pancakes.”

In reality, he obviously has no real preference. Just likes pushing Dream’s buttons wherever he can. Both treats are sweet and taste good. He has no discernment beyond that. And maybe, knife to his throat, he might admit he likes what he’s eating now better because Dream was the one who made it. Love might not be a flavor but he tastes it without a doubt, feels it nourish him with every bite.

“Alright, fine,” Dream pouts to himself, as if jealous of English pancakes for beating him out. “I’ll make some fucking *crepes* for you next time.” Of course, he lays emphasis on the word, because he is a pompous asshole that refuses to let anything slide. “My mom has a great recipe for that too.”

“You could always just use my one-two-three method.”

Then again, George does get curious about whatever recipe that might be. He’s also intrigued to see what type of pancake he likes better. With Dream preparing both desserts as the common denominator, it makes for a rather fair experiment.

“Uh...” Dream hastily pours in batter to make another pancake. His eyes shift in a way that makes George narrow his. “Yeah... sure. Absolutely.”

What a liar. “You’re an idiot,” he tells him, tapping sharply on an empty portion of his plate. “Dream, I’m out of bacon. Make me more.”

“What? How?”

“I ate it all, that’s how.”

“Okay, well, hang on. I’m making other stuff first.”

George shoves a piece of pancake into his mouth, and while it's nice, the sweetness (while not overpowering) gets boring without having anything savory to go with it.

"No," he complains. "Hurry up. Use like, a second pan or something." To his delight, Dream actually complies, like he made a useful suggestion. "I need the bacon to go with my, my American pancakes."

"Heh," he grins at him with affection. "You know, you're already in America. You could just call them pancakes."

"No, I don't think I will," he says with a cheeky smile.

Dream shakes his head as he produces a shallow laugh. He turns on the stove for the second pan and starts making more bacon. A moment later, he makes George text Sapnap to let him know there's breakfast. He complies, but not without mild protest, grumbling about how he's gonna steal some of his bacon. He gets assured that they have more than enough for everyone.

Sapnap's yawns signal his arrival long before they see him tumble down the stairs, still mildly hungover from the farewell cocktails he had with some of the others last night. Needless to say, he's in need of a hangover cure and does this by shoveling American pancakes into his mouth. True to form, he steals some of the bacon that gets served up on George's plate. As a form of consolation, he steals half that bacon back when Sapnap gets up to get orange juice from the fridge.

"Hey, uh... this might get awkward." Sapnap rubs at his eye some time after they're all mostly done eating. "But like, I don't think there's a better time, so... here goes nothing." He takes another sip of orange juice. "I uh... saw you guys. That day."

George's stomach drops, and he very deliberately avoids looking at either of them as he wracks his mind for what this could possibly mean.

"Saw... what?"

A weary sigh. "You guys are really gonna make me say it, huh..."

Sapnap pulls out his phone, scrolling through his photos for an incriminating picture that he presents in the center of their dining table. There, clear as... well, night, since it was late and dark out when that happened, sits a picture of Dream and George, locking lips.

Busted.

"Where did you get this?"

"Duh. I took it, idiot. I went looking for you dumbasses because people were starting to get hungry and then I found you because you guys were—why *were* you making out in a public area? Like, what if I wasn't the one who found you two? That could've been literally anyone man, and I doubt you want some bozo putting that up on the internet for everyone to see. If you guys haven't told me shit yet I doubt you'd want all your fans knowing." He looks almost upset at the thought. "Right?"

"Yeah, no, if we were uh, if we were dating, that's—that's something. You'd be the first to know," Dream assures, looking rattled, but wanting to assure their best friend that he's a priority. "I guess... uh. Sorry you had to see that."

"I don't think anyone else saw you, if that helps," Sapnap continues. "I stuck around for a bit, but

when I left I pulled this like sign to like make sure no one would get close—”

“Oh, so that was you,” George pipes up, trying to defuse the situation slightly, since it’s all rather sudden and early. Dream appears to deflate with a smile when he speaks. “I bumped into that thing, by the way. You’re an idiot for that.”

“I’m an idiot for saving your ass?”

“You should’ve just like, went and got us, or shouted or something. But fine. I guess a sign works too.” He doesn’t thank him, but this is as good as it gets. He can tell Sapnap understands.

“Fuck you, dude. No. That would’ve been awkward as fuck. I’m not interrupting a make out sesh. Like, if I don’t do that at home, sure as hell not doing that outside.”

“Wait—”

“Yeah, I’ve seen some stuff.” He looks the slightest bit traumatized. “Look, it’s fine. Kissing your uh... that’s normal. I guess. I’ve never seen anything super gross happen. I mostly know this is a thing because when I go looking for you guys at night one of your bedrooms is always empty and the other one’s like, locked.” He’s got them there. To be honest, it’s not shocking that he put it together. “Look, whatever’s going on, I’m chill, okay? But like, if I ever catch you two fucking in the kitchen or something, I’m moving the hell out.”

“WHAT?”

Dream’s reaction makes George burst out laughing, and Sapnap catches that same urge, and soon they’re all laughing at their ridiculous little situation.

“Honestly, that doesn’t sound too bad,” George teases. “Maybe we should have sex in the kitchen, Dream. Get rid of him once and for all.”

“Oh, shut up George,” Sapnap confidently retorts. “I know you love me. You’d cry if I moved out dude, don’t even lie. I mean, who else would you hang out with if you guys got into a dumb fight or something?”

No immediate response is produced when he says this. It seems to have triggered certain concerns.

“You’re really... okay with that? You’re okay with all this?”

George remains silent as Dream probes further.

“What? Why wouldn’t I be?” When Sapnap snorts, there’s a mild level of discomfort there too. “I mean, no offense, but if I weren’t okay with any of this happening I would’ve never agreed to move in with you guys. It was just... bound to happen at some point. So, yeah, I don’t give a shit if you guys kiss or have weird fights. It’s a big house.”

He chomps down on a piece of pancake.

“And what if... it got worse than weird fights?”

That’s when Sapnap realizes. But then he just shrugs, doesn’t really give it much of a thought.

“Doesn’t change anything. We’d all still be friends.” He pauses. “I mean... I’m sure that’s what you’d both want, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Yes.”

“Then who gives a shit,” he’s much more relaxed when he says this, unabashed chewing noises making Dream grimace in an affectionate manner. “But that’s just not gonna happen, like, regardless. You’re both way too into each other for that. Plus you guys know every single stupid toxic gross shit the other does. I mean, George could take a literal horse shit on our couch and you would still wanna like, kiss him or something crazy.”

“Well—“ he starts, and George is already cracking up—“George wouldn’t do that. And, I mean, if he did, there would probably be a good explanation for it.”

“A good explanation,” George repeats, tickled by how big of a simp Dream is. But perhaps he shouldn’t be too quick to judge, given the symphony of butterflies that currently assembles at the pit of his stomach. “For taking a huge shit on our couch.”

“You heard me.”

“Yeah, I mean,” Sapnap shrugs and gesticulates. “That’s just ludicrous. So I don’t see how you go from being that insane to just calling it quits, but, it doesn’t matter. Even if you guys stop doing... whatever this is, it’s fine. You don’t have to worry about me, out of all that nonsense. I mean—“ he points at Dream—“you’d still pay for all my shit, and you—“ he grabs onto George now—“will always be my little bitch. So I’m good.”

“I... what?” George huffs, but doesn’t shrug off his touch.

“Yeah, don’t act like that’s not true,” he lets go. “I mean, obviously, you guys are like, my brothers. But in the non-incesty way where it’s not weird that you’re fucking each other.”

Dream chokes on his drink, which begets laughs and not concern, but all in all it’s obvious things are better after that conversation. For Dream and George, not just their household. It’s almost a little too wholesome and a little too cringe, but perhaps that’s alright. Maybe they were wrong to have kept this to themselves for so long, kept Sapnap out of the loop in efforts to... not say protect him, but for everyone’s benefit? To save them some awkwardness? Because they hadn’t figured stuff out yet? Because their initial situation felt too weird to tell their roommate about? But of course, Sapnap’s more than just that. As embarrassing as it is to admit to himself in his own mind that no one can read. He’s... essential. And today... he made him feel calm. He feels hope. He feels assured. He feels like he could do anything.

“Dream.”

His fingertips are dancing slow over the edge of his face. The man whose chest he sinks into beams, and their connected gaze intensifies.

“George,” he echoes, as is their tradition.

The couch is so familiar and cozy, and cuddling here with Dream like this, so open, with no fear of consequence, is so freeing. He nearly wants to shut down on his ideas, give into this one, breathe, nap on and off for hours and hours. The television isn’t even on. They don’t need to be entertained, minds empty from worry and filled to the brim with thoughts of the other.

Still, the desire to follow through with the gears turning in his head, it persists.

“Do you remember?” His lips mash together, and he licks them. “The time we went on a date.”

Obviously he remembers. It was less than a month ago. But he needs an opening.

Dream perks up when he reminisces this, and as they lock in a stare, George reads easily into his mind, senses the excitement, the urge to tease him, and everything else. He’s like a golden retriever seeing its leash pull up.

“What about it?”

“I just thought,” George shrugs, maintaining his composure, despite feeling every tingle and buzz and rush, energy threatening to burst out from his chest. “What if we did that again?”

He gets kissed before he gets an answer. Dream feels so good he nearly forgets what he wanted to do here, nearly gets lost in something else entirely.

Thankfully, Dream’s entranced enough by the concept to pull away. He plants one final kiss on his nose, lips clingy, before he gloats. “This is awesome,” he declares, and that final kiss wasn’t so final after all, because he smooches him on the lips again. “You’re asking me on a date.”

“Yeah. An actual date.” Not whatever Dream’s pussyfooting bullshit was back then. But also, George can’t exactly blame him for that. This has all been very hard to navigate. Even now, as Dream’s eating him alive, he still gets tiny pricks of doubt, nerves that alarm him, intrusive thoughts that tell him to take it all back. Because he wants this, and it’s terrifying, but Dream’s arms are wide open, ready to catch him as he falls. So it’s okay, really.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means you’re an idiot. Now come up with a date idea.”

Dream scoffs at him, an unmistakable affection in his gaze. “Excuse me? George, you’re the one asking me out.”

“Yeah. I did all the hard work of that. So you have to decide what we do now.”

“Fair enough.” He thinks to himself. “Well, I’m... kinda hungry right now. And I wanna go like, *now*, I don’t wanna wait, so—lunch date?”

They spring to action soon after some agreement is reached, and George hastily googles for good places as Dream grabs the keys, and they drive around, discussing their options, laughing over silly sounding restaurant names, trying to find the perfect balance between a place with tasty food and a place that’s unfrequented enough for them to hopefully not get recognized.

This is how they wind up at some random burger joint about an hour away from home. They peeked into the windows before they drove in somewhere to park, and it looked quiet, quaint, like they were going for some ‘50s vibe. It’s charming, and they’re starving, so in they go.

The waitress that greets them is on a pair of roller skates, all big smiles and welcoming eyes, and she leads them to a clean, pretty booth with soft red seats. Dream jubilantly taps fingers on their table as they get handed menus to peruse. George orders a ribeye steak, medium, not medium rare, because he’s not sure he trusts this diner well enough, despite their four-star rating. Dream gets the cheeseburger, and they both ask for fries on the side.

“Any drinks?”

Another waitress brings over a jug of iced water and two glasses.

“We have free flow water, but I highly recommend our yogurt smoothies. They’re a new drink series we have.”

Dream beams at her. “I think water’s good for me, thanks. George?”

“Uh... I’ll take the strawberry one.”

Trying can’t hurt. If he hates it, he’ll drink the water.

“Is there anything else?”

They tell her they’ll let her know if they want to order anything more, and then she rides off on those skates, a leisurely speed. George nearly starts a conversation about how this place seems nice and new and might get popular soon, or it is and they’re lucky enough that it’s not a peak hour. But then he catches Dream’s eyes, and they narrow at something that’s moving, before smiling to himself and breaking contact. On instinct, George’s head quickly swivels to look too, his heart smashing to smithereens when he sees their waitress, awareness of her short skirt and well-rounded figure choking him with anguish.

He knows how much of a liking Dream takes to nice asses in cute skirts, and he dwells on it like he’s been shot. An invisible wound, an unbearable pain only he is cognizant of.

“Do you ever miss women?” He asks before he can convince himself it’s a bad idea.

“Huh?” He catches Dream off guard as he’s pouring out two glasses of water for them to drink.

“What does that even mean?”

“It means...” his gaze shifts, dropping like his tone to look at restless fingers. He hides them in his lap, and tries to shrug. “Like, for sex. Or, I dunno. Do you ever wish I were a woman, or something like that.”

This hesitant line of questioning earns him a concerned look from Dream, and he seems to be analyzing the situation, thinking over his response. George isn’t sure if that should make him feel better or worse.

“Okay,” he starts off. “Let’s break that down. If you’re asking if I’m now exclusively attracted to men, that answer would be no.” George knows that, but right now hearing it feels like confirmation of something sinister, and his bleeding heart crumbles further. “I don’t think being super attracted to you, or men in general, negates any attraction I’ve ever felt for women, or, well, for any woman. But that doesn’t mean I wanna have sex with a woman right now, or that I feel like anything’s missing when I have sex with you.”

It’s very candid, and George can feel himself breathe again, but he’s still a little raw, and something still jabs at him.

He doesn’t say anything, and Dream seems to reach for his fingers, only to pull away at the last second.

“Being in public sucks,” he remarks, and George knows what he’s saying, and why he withdrew his touch. No one’s ran up to them screaming and crying for a picture yet, but it’s still risky, having this much of a public status. It’s why they still prefer staying at home. That, and, well,

they're just sort of homebodies in general.

"You did just talk out loud about having sex with me," George points out, and it makes them giggle, and Dream gets the hint, reaching for his fingers and rubbing at his thumb. A comforting, loving gesture. George hates that he doesn't hate Dream. That he wouldn't hate Dream, even if he wanted to plow several women and kick him out the room. That the slightest gesture makes him fall apart at the seams. Dream could break his heart, smile at him a minute later, and he'd probably fall in love all over again.

"Do you care?" He asks, and George shakes his head. His eyes flit around for a second, but he brings George's fingers up to his lips and kisses them quick. When he withdraws, he looks so proud, so giddy with joy. See what he means? How can he help himself when Dream's the way he is?

"Idiot."

"I don't wish you were a woman," he tells him after a moment, and despite the fact that George asked it of him, the statement feels abrupt. "Maybe a long time ago, when we'd joke around and it didn't feel funny enough. I have... stupidly thought. Back then. That it'd be great if a woman like you existed, so I could date the best woman in the world." George's head is spinning. "That was, that was just dumb. To be fair, you'd make a beautiful woman. You have these... I saw someone say once that you have very feminine features, and, well, no one meant it in a bad way, it's— people were talking about your eyes and stuff. You're just, you're beautiful George. And if you were a woman, you'd be a drop-dead hot woman. But you're not. You're a man, you identify as a man, and I like you... as you are. I mean, why would I go to all this trouble of having a sexuality crisis over you only to want you to be a woman? Makes no sense. That's just, like, taking steps back in my progress of like... sexuality exploration."

George wants to milk this admission a bit more. "Your sexuality crisis was because of me?"

It makes Dream scoff, obviously, but to be fair, he's never stated it outright.

"Who else would it be about? Skeppy?"

This isn't fair, because he bursts out laughing.

"I guess that wouldn't be too ridiculous," Dream continues. "Skeppy's a good looking guy."

Something dark and ugly eats away at the pit of his stomach. Then again, that might just be bile, punishing him for this late a lunch.

"Sure."

"I mean, I've wondered from time to time, but the only thing that made me seriously reassess my... attraction, and who it included, that was because of you. Maybe it wasn't always *just* because of you, but—"

"Who else?"

"What?"

"Who else made you question your sexuality?"

He sputters. "What, you, you want names?"

“If you have them.”

“What are you gonna do if I did?” Dream cheekily licks at his lip. “Are you gonna kill them?”

George snorts now, his throat still bitter in flavor. “What? I wouldn’t kill them. Why would I kill them?”

“Because you’re jealous,” his foot teases the skin at George’s ankle. “You wanna be the only reason why I questioned my sexuality.”

“I don’t... I don’t care.”

“Oh, but you do, George. You care so fucking much. And it’s hot. Part of why I can’t get enough of you. You’re so hot, George. You know what it is? You’re this... interesting balance. Of pretty and handsome. It’s perfect. You pull it off in a way that’s just so... you. And you do it in a way that’s just—you don’t even *try*. You just live your silly little life, and you just look at me, and you laugh, and *I* laugh, and we’re just...”

“I get it, Dream,” he says, even though a part of him doesn’t fully get it. He feels this abundance of love, and yet it doesn’t help him better understand what he observed earlier. “You’re obsessed with me.”

“Good,” he touches him, and George can’t help it, he believes him wholeheartedly. Could it be that he’s just too far gone at this point? Dream could play him like a fiddle and he’d give a round of applause for the performance. “Glad we’re on the same page.”

The dreaded waitress of minutes past comes back a moment later with their food. “Burger for you... and here’s that steak, medium like you asked. Enjoy your meal!”

“Hey, uh,” Dream stops her for a moment. “I hope this isn’t weird but I—earlier—is that an Oklahoma Sooners pin on your belt? I think that’s what I saw just now.”

She laughs in good nature. “Yeah, it is!” She motions and twists around to hold up the shiny red and white pin on the left back part of her belt to display it more clearly. “You a fan too?”

“Hell yeah,” he tells her. “Favorite team. Love college football. Did you catch the game last Sunday?”

George’s eyes fall in embarrassment and agony at the series of realizations that finally get everything lining up. Jesus fucking christ. He’s a moron. He covers his face with his hands. He wishes he could take that steak knife and carve himself into a different plane of existence. Dream is such an idiot, but he’s clearly the bigger idiot of the two right now.

“Oh, yes!” Their waitress, their awfully nice waitress, gushes happily. “They played that so well.”

“They did!” Dream’s chuckle quickly fades. “Anyway, always so nice to see another fan. Thanks for the food.”

“Oh, of course,” she nods her head, turning to leave. “Let me know if you fellas need anything else!”

Dream turns back to greet George with a schooled expression, which breaks almost instantly when their eyes meet, snickering a little as he shoves a fry in his mouth. Good god. Did he know? Has he known this whole time? Did he feign obliviousness to the true intent of George’s questions or did he just realize what had happened?

"I hate you," George tells him anyway, and it makes him laugh even more.

"I told you you were jealous."

"Fuck off."

"It's okay," he tells him as he sips on iced water. "You're cute when you're jealous."

A different waiter walks by and sets George's smoothie down with a coaster, giving him a pink silly straw. Whipped cream sits swirled and dusted with something pink and a ripe looking strawberry is stuck on the rim of the tall glass. George takes a huge slurp as an excuse to brush over all this awkwardness.

Said awkwardness is thankfully overcome by sheer feelings of relief. Perhaps Dream has a point about his jealousy. He wants Dream to be his, and only his. As he starts slicing up his steak with excessive force, he dwells on what he's been thinking of asking Dream, part of the reason he asked him out on this date. He wasn't just hungry. They could've had lunch at home. Then again, he could've asked this question at home too. It would've been safer. Still, he's glad they came all this way. Makes for interesting memories.

"How's the steak?" Dream asks a minute later, and George can tell it's an attempt to bring him back into equilibrium. Get them back to normal again.

"Good," he remarks. It's an honest assessment. George is glad he picked out a good place. It's not common to get this lucky with food in Orlando. "How's your burger?"

"Amazing," he says with awe, and it piques George's interest. He has to admit the burger does look fucking good.

"Let me try it."

Dream pushes the plate towards George without hesitation. "Go ahead."

He takes a big, messy bite that has Dream wincing just the tiniest bit, albeit in an affectionate way. Always so fond and adoring. George continues to be obnoxious about the way he eats, consuming both the burger and the negative attention. He makes a show of large open-mouthed bites and wet, slobbery smacks. This carries him away, and he takes a few too many bites of Dream's food, but he doesn't get stopped even once. At most, he receives an eye roll that's for show, a sigh drowned in adoration, and that fond smile of his? It never drops.

"You ate like, almost all of it," he belatedly complains when George pushes that plate back. But he proceeds to let out a happy little scoff, shaking his head all tender, so what is George really meant to think?

"You told me to go ahead."

"Well, yeah, I didn't mean go ahead and eat the entire thing," he teases.

"Alright, fine, I'll even it out," he says, hastily cutting up a piece of meat. He stuffs it in Dream's mouth, only catching him slightly off guard. "There, look, you got steak. Happy?"

He can't avoid the giddy grin on Dream's face as he chews. "Aw, you fed me. Do that again."

"No," he shakes his head, like it's against his principles.

“C’mon,” he attempts to cajole him, fingers nudging at his wrist. “I want more steak. Tastes good.”

George pushes his plate towards him, making a gesturing motion with his hand.

It makes Dream frown, which is the exact reaction he wants. Always so fun to rile him up. Whether he gets mad or whiny or mean—it’s everything George could desire. He always has fun with Dream.

“No, you’re supposed to feed me,” he whines. George could get full off his voice alone. He pulls the plate back.

“Guess you aren’t getting steak then.”

“What? George,” he says in that half-exasperated voice. “You’re kidding. This isn’t fair, okay? I can’t have you eating a third of my burger in exchange for like, a *sliver* of steak. That’s crazy. That’s daylight robbery, you, you—you’re depriving me.”

“Oh, I’m depriving you, am I?”

“Yes.”

“Order another burger then,” he suggests in an insouciant manner. “Get your own steak,” he continues. “Get ten steaks. Get anything off the menu.” He knows that’s not the point, but it’s very important to him that he be annoying right now. “You’re like an idiot or something. You’re literally a millionaire, you could, you could buy this *entire* place and get us hundreds of burgers and hundreds of steaks. Literally whenever we wanted. Why haven’t you done something like that yet? What’s the point of having a, a billionaire boyfriend if he won’t—”

He realizes his mistake right after he says it. Oh fuck. Dream’s eyes enlarge and the corners of his lip turn up, before dropping back down as his mouth rounds into an expression of shock.

“Did you just... call me your boyfriend?”

His hands spring into action, fingers racing to cut up a perfect, juicy piece of steak. He plops a bite into Dream’s mouth at lightning speed, as if using it to stun his ability to speak.

“There, look, I fed you.”

The steak sort of lies there atop his tongue for a moment before he slowly chews on it, eyes refusing to lock onto anything that isn’t George’s face. He continues to slice up the rest of the steak into bite-sized pieces, his heart pounding to a pulp, hoping that this will all be enough to shut Dream up.

He knows it won’t, but it’s worth a try anyway. Saying what he did in the way that he did, in the situation that he did, it’s too mortifying. It’s not at all ideal, as far as asking someone to be your boyfriend goes. It’s far too presumptuous and the ammunition it provides Dream with is simply going to end his career.

“Mm...” Dream drags on ominously after he swallows. “Tasty.”

“Do you... do you want another?” He timidly asks, hoping Dream will just gloss over what happened. That he’ll take this kind treatment as compensation.

“Oh, yeah. Your meat tastes so good, George. Of course I want more.”

He's doing that on purpose, euphemisms very specifically crafted and targeted. But he's dancing over George's slip of the tongue, so he welcomes it with open arms, willing to grit his teeth and bear it so they move on. His cheeks feel hotter than the steak he's not eating, and he quietly slips another piece of food in between Dream's lips. He catches it with his teeth, pulling it off of the fork almost enticingly, before chewing in a very exaggerated manner. Like he's putting on a show George can't tear his frigid eyes away from.

"Wow." There he goes again, laying it on thick. "This is awesome," he chews messily, almost a mimicry of George when he still had his dignity intact. "I love getting fed by my *boyfriend*."

George feels himself stiffen, and in the midst of all this embarrassment he likes hearing it so much. Dream and his cursed vocal chords that slick with honey and warmth. He wants to burrow himself into a wall, wants to curl up in Dream's lap and beg in his ear to say that again.

"Dream... please."

An ambiguous statement.

"Please, what? You want me to stop? You want me to say it more?" George doesn't nod or shake his head. "You called me that too, y'know. Why'd you do that, George?" He teases in a lilting voice. "Want me to be your boyfriend or something?"

Another fry goes past those lips. Those lips he wants to reach for over their booth, and kiss to communicate all the difficult words. All the things he'd hate to say but has to say.

"When we really think about it..." he starts off, because starting is the hardest part, and after he leaps over this hurdle he breathes. He slurps like, half his strawberry smoothie. Dream takes the smoothie from him when he's done for a taste.

"Mm." He swallows, and George stares at his throat. But he must stay focused. He has to get this conversation over and done with, and then he can breathe again. He can well and truly breathe. "That's good."

"It is good," he concurs. "This place feels really underrated."

"I was talking about indirectly kissing you, but the smoothie's tasty too."

George can't help the smile that fits so easily onto his features, and he hides his face in his hands for a moment.

"Dream—"

"Anyway, what were we *really* thinking about?"

"Just..." George shrugs. "Don't know. Maybe we shouldn't care so much or freak out about it anymore. We could—we should just make this an official thing. I mean, what's so bad about calling this what it is? We've already gone past a point we can't come back from. Saying we're dating wouldn't make a difference. Would it, Dream?"

Oh, he's all smiles. This leap of faith was worth it then. He jumped, he still feels like he's falling, but he knows a bed of roses is what awaits him when he lands.

"No, it wouldn't," the grin on his face won't leave. He is positively buzzing with excitement. "You're totally right." He leans back in his seat like he's floored by the concept. "Oh my god. We're..." he lowers his voice slightly. Partly for their privacy, partly because it seems he can

barely believe it's real. "We're together. We're dating."

George can barely believe it either. Years ago, George of the past would've scoffed and called you crazy if you told him he was in a relationship with Dream. That they were each other's boyfriends. Go back even more years and he would've screamed at the knowledge.

"Yeah," he gently exasperates instead, because nothing of the past matters, aside from the journey that brought him to this point. "Congratulations, Dream," he says, but his eyes sparkle with sincerity and his cheeks blush with love.

"Oh, fuck yeah," he concurs. "Let's fucking go," he declares, volume low and tone regulated, which is what makes it funny. George laughs because it's funny, and it's funny because he loves him, and he loves him because he's funny, and they're laughing at each other soft and undulating, because they're so deeply in love.

Amidst all this, George feeds himself a piece of steak. He's still a man with needs after all, and as a man he needs food to go in his stomach.

Dream looks almost spent, giggling as he continues to lean back in his booth seat, comfortable.

"Is this why you wanted to go on a date? To ask me?"

"No, I was just hungry."

He earns a pinch on the cheek for that. It makes him frown at Dream, who steals a piece of steak off his plate, no longer needing to be fed apparently, licking the grease off his thumb. George frowns at him for the thievery. He might have to start taking more bites of Dream's burger for that, or they'll actually have to order more food.

"Pick a better place to ask next time," he teases, leaning in closer so he can whisper this next part: "I wanna kiss you so bad right now but I can't because we're in public."

"Too bad." His face scrunches up. "Wait. Next time?"

"Yeah, the next time we—" he switches his direction—"uh, well. I guess I'll say it. George—just for that—we're done. You can try again tomorrow, but for now I just, I've got no other choice. Not getting to kiss you right now is a dealbreaker. I have to break up with you."

George just snorts at him, drinking some water. "Okay."

"I know. I know, it's messed up, but there's no other way. I guess you'll just have to take me on an even cooler date tomorrow and ask me to be your boyfriend another time. Or we're just like, gonna be broken up. And you don't want that, trust me."

"No, that's, that's fine by me, actually," George assures, shrugging.

"It's not fine. It shouldn't be fine."

"I think," his larynx moves. "This is for the best, Dream. I thought having an idiot boyfriend was fine, but I was wrong. I was wrong for that. Now I can go date someone much cooler—"

"No!" He gets up when George stands to leave, grabbing him by the waist and getting into some sort of tussle, and it's a relief they're all the way in the back of the diner, where no one can bear immediate witness to their shenanigans.

Dream lands back in his seat with George in tow, consequently colliding uncomfortably with their table, making a noise that they blame each other for.

“Let go of me, Dream!” He giggles as they play fight, barely making any effort to actually separate.

“I changed my mind, okay? We’re back together, we—we’re lovers again.”

“Lovers,” George repeats in efforts to mock him. “Ew.”

“Shut up. You’re *my* idiot boyfriend, so you have to deal with the super romantic things I say.”

George feigns a gagging motion. “No,” he disagrees. “I don’t have to. And just to be clear: you’re the idiot boyfriend. If anything, I’d be the smart boyfriend. I’m clever, Dream. I’ve got braincells.”

“Fine,” he scoffs, looking whipped. “Have your braincells. Be... clever. As long as we agree that we’re dating. You’re my boyfriend. Whether you’re an idiot or not well... that’s up for debate.”

George brushes Dream’s hair away from his eyes. “So I’m your boyfriend again, am I? How long is it lasting this time? Five minutes?”

“Forever,” Dream declares, and their eyes melt together. “So no dating someone else right now, okay? You’re not gonna find anyone cooler than me anyway.”

“That’s also debatable.”

His lips find his way to his neck, his hair, loitering at the ear. “Stay with me.”

He sinks into him after that.

“Okay, we’ll be back soon.”

They’re at Universal Studios, filming a vlog there for a few of their channels. Karl insisted that everyone wear the stupid robes and hats the entire time, but they’ve stopped filming for lunch, and Karl (along with Punz and Sapnap, who also drew the short straws) is away ordering food and drinks for their table right now, so George thinks he can get away with taking it off, at least for the moment.

“Come on, you heard Karl,” Dream’s firm hand is on his shoulder before his hat can move even half an inch away from his head. “We have to keep it on.”

“Why do you care?” George throws the words in his face, irked at the situation. “You hate the robes and hats just as much as I do.”

“Well I don’t like wearing it, that’s true. But if I take it off then you’ll take it off, and we don’t want *that*.”

“Who’s we?” Quackity pipes up, teasing him.

“Fine, it’s just me, okay?” Dream tugs at the sleeve of his robe, pulling a look of adoration. He’s trying to look pitiful. Like some kicked puppy. “Keep it on. I think it looks cute.”

This is amusing to the rest of their table, particularly Tina and Foolish, who aren't interrupting but are listening and watching and laughing at them a little. It makes George want to hide.

"That doesn't make me want to wear this any more than I do now," he declares.

"Yeah, fuck this hat," Quackity chimes in, taking his off. "Fuck the robe too, I hate Karl's stupid rules."

Dream turns to him with a look. Right before he opens his mouth, Foolish whips his hat off as well.

"I think he'd be fine with us taking this stuff off for lunch, right?" He asks, shaking his head for some hair-related reason. "I don't like it either."

"Yeah, it's just so warm today," Tina concurs, fanning herself with her hands in vexation. She frowns, displaying awkwardness and discomfort in that expression. The air-conditioning just got turned on, and staff members working informed them that it'll take a few minutes for the place to feel cool. She pulls out a handheld fan from her bag to keep herself ventilated, moving it around so Foolish (who's sitting next to her) can stay cool too.

"Guys... come on," Dream takes a gander at the destruction that surrounds him. "You can't take your hats off, now George'll never put his back on."

"Oh, boo hoo," Quackity mutters, adjusting his beanie, which George knows he's itching to be rid of too but can't because he's in public. "I don't care what George does. It's not my fault he keeps copying me, I'm like his role model or something."

"How have I been copying you?" George huffs. "If I copied everything you did, I'd be stuck in stupid law school like an idiot, and I'd... I'd get no bitches."

This makes everyone at the table crack up, which feels good, especially since Quackity fake-laughs along and gives him angry smiles.

"Okay, okay George..." he taps at the table. "So... where are all these bitches you're getting? Hm?"

He doesn't waste a second before pointing to Dream, smirking in victory. Quackity rolls his eyes as Dream shrugs and nods.

"He kinda has a point there."

"Oh, please..." he scoffs. "You guys are so annoying." Despite the complaint, there's a hint of fondness in his voice. "Like, break up already, damn."

The others gasp in a reactive way, playing off each other's shock that George doesn't participate in, except to smile and lightly scoff at the situation.

"Quackity," Dream starts, this hurt tone to his voice dramatized for effect. "You don't mean that."

He attempts to harden his expression, but like literally everyone else before him, he cracks when locked in a stare with Dream's face. Finding out what he looks like has been detrimental for many of their friends. George considers himself the biggest victim of his face reveal. Lord knows what that face can do to him.

"Fine, fine, that was fucked up to say," he relents. "I don't think you guys should break up, okay? Know what? I, I guess I approve."

“Wow...” Dream snorts, and turns to nudge at George. “You heard that, George? Quackity approves of us.”

George ruins his posture even more to give off an unbothered aura. “I don’t care if Quackity approves of us or not.”

“Alright, fine,” he retorts immediately. “I see how it is, George. Fuck you too. Now I disapprove.”

George feels Dream shift his body away from him and glares at him questioningly.

“Sorry George,” he bares his teeth at him awkwardly. “This is really hard for me to say, but—”

“What?”

He shrugs. “I was only really dating you because Quackity said it was okay.”

“Shut up,” he instantly tells him, but the others are laughing already, and George just rolls his eyes at him, at all of them. “You’re... both of you. You’re both idiots.” He sits up straighter. “Fine. Fine. I’m putting the hat back on.”

He tugs it on his head, and Dream giggles at him. “Okay. I guess we’re back together then.”

“You know what?” Foolish pops his hat back atop his perfectly gelled hair. “I’ll put mine back on too.”

“Oh, never mind,” George takes that hat back off. “I’m not wearing it anymore.”

“What? Why the hell not?”

“We’d be matching,” he asserts. “That’s cringe. Why would I want to match with Foolish Underscore Gamers?”

“Oh, so you’d match with anyone here, except me,” he dramatically plays along. “Is that it?”

“Yes, that’s exactly it, good job.”

Foolish scoffs at him, as Tina gawks at them slightly, hand moving up to her lips as she observes their silly little rivalry.

“You’re such a dick, George—”

“No, no, you know what it is?” Eyes shift to look at Quackity. “He’s jealous. George is just jealous you look good both with and without the hat.”

“Oh yeah, that makes sense,” Foolish gloats, and George wants to roll his eyes again.

“I mean, I don’t know if George is *jealous*, but the rest of that’s true,” Dream says.

“What do you mean the rest of that’s true?” George narrows his eyes at Dream, who only smirks back at him, so maybe he’s doing this deliberately, and he doesn’t think that at all.

“What?” He licks his lips like it’s a protest. “I mean... he’s right. Foolish does look good. Am I wrong to say that, George?”

“Alright,” he huffs, sinking into his seat. “Whatever. Marry him then. Since you like him so much.”

This, once again, earns a fair share of gasps and snorts and laughter from their friends. They also look like they would rather be anywhere else but here, in the most part-mortified, part-fascinated way, where they want to see where this goes.

“Oh god, I hate it here,” Tina quietly remarks, cringing to herself, but also in a way where she’s not really fazed. George thinks she’s probably never seen him act like this before, not like this specifically, but he doesn’t exactly care and they’re all amused, so who gives a shit. It’s freeing, and it’s Dream’s fault anyway, because he riled him up on purpose.

“That’s crazy,” Dream responds, arm going round his shoulder like he’s trying to distract him on purpose. Which means, obviously, that he *is* distracting him on purpose. “I can’t marry Foolish.” Fuck. Maybe the distraction is working. “He would never say yes.”

George pulls his arm off of him immediately, shooting daggers at Dream. This only seems to further ignite the sick horny fire in his eyes.

“I mean, you haven’t tried asking—”

Tina lightly shoves at Foolish’s shoulder, eyes ablaze. Quackity laughs his ass off. “Why would you make it worse?” She expresses, stress evident in every word, in that classic squeaky voice of hers.

“No, no—go ahead,” George’s voice tenses up and pitches high. “Go on then,” he gestures to Dream. “Ask. Have at it, Dream. Enjoy your single life.”

“Single life?!”

“Yo, what just happened?”

This exact moment is the one where Karl, Punz, and Sapnap return, carrying all their drinks and food on two trays. By that, what George really means is that only Punz and Sapnap are holding their stuff. Karl is sipping on a single can of soda, through a straw, slotting himself in his seat as he checks back in with the rest. Punz and Sapnap gingerly set their trays down, and food gets haphazardly distributed as everyone figures out what they ordered.

“Uh... I guess Dream and George just broke up?”

Sapnap snorts at this. “Nah. They do this all the fucking time when we’re home. It’s like this stupid bit they have, part of some... I dunno, sick role play I guess.”

“Yeah, they do it in front of me too,” Punz concurs in support. “Happens whenever I’m over, like at dinner or something.”

“Well, that’s your fault for coming to our house,” George says.

“Yeah, Punz. Stop coming to our fucking house. Anyway, this time it isn’t a bit. I’m breaking up with George. No meme.”

“What?” He turns to him, frazzled. “No. I broke up with you first idiot, stop copying me.”

“How am I copying you?”

“Jesus christ, just make out already, damn,” Karl shoves a fry into his mouth, smiles like he’s not complaining, watches them like he’s amused. “Less obvious than whatever this is, know what I’m sayin’? Like, keep the role play on the SMP, am I right?”

“Fuck,” Quackity groans into his burger. “I can’t believe this entire time we’ve been contributing to their sick gross kink by messing around on that damn Minecraft server.”

“It’s not a kink. It’s just fun,” he smirks, expressive. “We have fun, don’t we George?”

“Maybe you’re having fun,” he says as he unwraps his burger. “I just think you’re an idiot.”

“Wait, hit the brakes, did something actually happen earlier? I mean you guys didn’t just start fake breaking up outta nowhere, right?”

“Nah, nothing happened. They were just messing around and all that.”

“No,” George denies. “That’s not what happened at all. I was a victim, Karl. Dream deeply and severely hurt my feelings.”

“Which is code for: nothing fucking happened.”

“Yeah, exactly. I didn’t do anything. I would *never* do anything to mess with George’s feelings. Tina, back me up here.”

She nearly chokes on her burger as she’s called upon, speedily chewing to swallow so she can respond without her mouth full. “Uh... Uh huh!”

Good enough for Dream, it seems. “See?” He turns to George with a smirk, arm around him as he stares deeply into his eyes. “Tina’s on my side, which means I win.”

“You’re just...” he sighs as circles are drawn into his shoulder by distracting, touchy fingers. “A horrible, terrible... person to be with.”

“That’s not what you said last night.”

His head is in his hands as several members of their group cough or react in some way, and he thinks this joke is so much more horrible now that everyone has too good an idea of what they might’ve done last night.

“I hate you... so much.”

“Not what you said last night either.”

He rolls his eyes. “This is, this is exactly why I’m breaking up with you. There’s no other way.”

“Oh, no other way, is there?”

Dream’s leaned in closer now, and if not for the half-dozen friends they have situated around this table, George would think they’re about to kiss. He’s not even fully certain the existence of others is enough to deter Dream. And George thinks it should be terrifying, but he doesn’t care if he does. Some sick part of him hopes for puckered lips.

“No.”

“Say I’m a good boyfriend. Tell me I’m the best boyfriend.”

“That’s just... a lie. No one would ever think that.”

His torso drags backwards, and darkened eyes narrow at George, clearly hungry for something to prove now, even though they should both be hungry for food. Their food, that they should be

eating, because that's what all their friends have been doing. In fact, they've been sort of ignoring Dream and George's antics, talking amongst themselves.

"No one? You can't even think of one?" Biting his lip with a new, mischievous grin, he slightly raises his volume so the others can hear. "Even though you begged me to date you?"

Several heads turn. What the fuck.

"I did not *beg* you to date me," he retorts with a hot head, blood rushing all over. "That's literally not what happened."

"Well, maybe you begged and maybe you didn't. But you did ask me out. That part's true."

"No. No it isn't."

"Yeah it is," he smirks, and the last thread of George's dignity snips, plunging down when he turns towards their roommate. "Sapnap can vouch."

His neck snaps around. "Sapnap, shut up."

"Wait, so who asked who out for real? I kinda wanna know now."

"It was George."

"George."

"STOP!"

"How do you even know that?"

"Dream and George went out on a date," Sapnap starts rehashing with his mouth partially filled, zero fear in his eyes even as George attempts to strike some in that soul of his. "Blah blah blah, George asked Dream to be his boyfriend and they came home and Dream ran to my room banging on my door to tell me." He takes a sip of his drink. "I thought someone fucking died, man."

"I thought the house was on fire or something," Punz adds. "Oh, right. I was at their place on VC playing Fortnite with Sapnap in another room so I found out too."

"Wait... that's actually so sweet."

"No, Tina. That's not sweet. It's a terrible story, actually. And it ends with poor Dream getting dumped for being an annoying idiot."

"Ooh... now that's just too far."

His head swivels around at the backlash he receives.

"Yeah, that's kinda messed up actually."

"How is that messed up? He always starts it."

"No I don't," Dream swiftly denies. "Besides, it's funny when I do it. When you do it back to me... my heart breaks, George. It smashes into like, smithereens."

"Oh," he scoffs, reactionary. "And mine doesn't?"

Too reactionary. Too fucking reactionary and in the presence of way too many of their fucking friends, who have the opportunity to roast him to hell and back right fucking now in person, which is far more consequential than getting railed on over Discord. He said this too loud and clear too, and everyone's heads turning signifies that it will never get looked over or lost in translation.

"Get back together with me and I'll heal it for you," Dream interjects, so lovestruck in the eyes and sickeningly sweet that George doesn't get hit with anything too bad, anything that would get built upon by the next guy, then the next, then the next... people laugh, they make their little remarks, but it's fine. The moment passes, and they all finish their lunch, and head about their day again.

The day ends with a commemorative group photo. Finally, Karl's stupid rule paid off in some way, even though they did not have to wear the dumb robes and hat all day for one stupid picture taken at the culmination of it.

"Everyone say cheese!"

All of them immediately start taking that stuff off the second the picture's taken, rules be damned, because it's stuffy and weird and the heat has broken slightly but it's still been blistering hot in Florida today.

"George, wait—" Dream grasps at his shoulder right before he takes his hat off. "One more," he sweetly insists, lifting his phone up for a selfie of them both. George goes along with it and smiles, because he wants to capture these memories, and maybe Dream looks cute as fuck in his wizard robes and hat too, small on him as they may be, which adds to the hotness of... well, everything. Shut up, okay? They are dating. Dream is his boyfriend. He can find him hot and sexy if he so chooses. It's normal and not extremely embarrassing at all.

It doesn't take long for their friends to realize what they're doing, and one by one, they proceed to jump in for some of the shots, either from a need to feel included or a need to intrude and photobomb every single one of their lovely little pictures. But it's funny, and they got a good number of shots with just the two of them already, so neither of them mind at all. If anything, their smiles get wider from all the laughing, twinkling up to their eyes.

George gets his own photo-taking urge a few minutes later too. He used to like... not care all that much? About this stuff? He'd take photos, sure, pose in pictures with anyone who suggested it, but he never really goes out of his way to take pictures. Somehow after all these years, after finally getting to meet Dream and finally getting to be with him in all the ways he wanted him... it induces these changes.

He doesn't tell Dream he's taking selfies of the two of them of course, because it's funnier anyway to catch him off guard, but Dream catches on quickly enough, throwing up widely spaced peace signs and even wider smiles. He grabs onto George, getting excited, even pulling him into his lap at one point (no one else is around to rip on them for it, thank god), and they giggle to themselves as George spams pictures on his phone, the way Tina taught him to.

When he does look through the photos, George decides to post one on his Instagram story. Notably, he looks rather expressionless whereas Dream looks completely unaware and he captions it with 'Idiot' in big white bold letters.

After that, they take their robes and hats off for good. But George makes sure to bully Dream into holding everything for him so he doesn't have to. Perhaps there are many benefits to dating a Minecraft YouTuber.

For one, he technically didn't even need to bully him into being an obedient boyfriend. Helping

George out is just something so second nature to the man, or so it seems. But maybe it goes both ways. Helping each other out is, essentially, how they got to this point after all. And it's been messy, and wild, and oh so painful. But George wouldn't trade it for the world. He loves their dirty little story, and every silly step of the way.

"I wanna help," he gasps, slight whine to his voice, eyes fluttering shut when George curls his fingers.

"You are helping," he says in a calm, even voice, watching as his shoulders drop, relaxing once more. "Just talk to me. I need to know if it's good, or, if you need me to stop and stuff."

"Of course it's good," he blinks, hands reaching up to touch. "You always feel good."

He has to admit it's a reassuring thing to hear. Dream's never pressured him to do something like this, and when George brought up wanting to do it, he was worried about it too, afraid that things wouldn't go right, afraid that he'd hurt the man he loves so much.

But obviously, Dream isn't made of glass. It seems they're both a little concerned and a little more focused on the other's pleasure right now, only George is right in wanting to make sure Dream feels so incredibly good and nothing else. He deserves it, he deserves a break, he deserves to be pampered and taken cared of and pulled apart like this. He's only suffered for so long, bearing the weight of burdens no man should ever have to carry. His shoulders should be brittle and broken by now, and yet here they remain, bare and on this silk-covered hotel bed, a gorgeous work of art.

Not unmarked though, no. George's greedy lips and teeth made sure of that.

He plants a kiss randomly where he can reach it on that annoyingly attractive face.

"Yeah?"

"It's been hard... hasn't it, Dream?"

"What are you talking about?" He giggles, eyes wily. "My penis or my life?"

George snorts and nearly collapses—moments later, they're kissing again, Dream leaning up on his elbows, their lips sinking together like a ship crashing into an iceberg, so definite, so life-ending.

"What are you waiting on, George?" He murmurs this into his ear, and good god, there has got to be some actual intoxicant in his voice, because George is losing his sanity to it. "Go ahead and fuck me."

Day bleeds into an idyllic and serene night. Hours later, George is staring out of their gigantic windows, observing the sea of life and light sway around like gleaming waves, the sights glowing into their enormous suite, body propped against the headboard. His hand is curled up in Dream's raggedy soft hair, smooth to the touch, soft murmurs falling from those pursed lips as he naps away on George's lap, so soothed. The sex felt good, as it always does, and they will probably have sex again really soon, as is wont to happen in a hotel room of this luxury and extravagance.

Coming here was a surprise, of course.

Dream told him to pack for a few days, smiled oh so wide when he inevitably started asking questions, and off they went. George has never been to a suite of this calibre—hell, he's never even stayed in anything beyond a regular hotel room, never really found a good reason to splurge, and never saw the point in it. But he sees it now, definitely. He knows now, that he wants to see every beautiful thing (within reason, he's still lazy) in this world with Dream. He wants to experience everything worth experiencing with Dream by his side.

He swoops down to sneak a kiss at Dream's forehead, chest thumping as he straightens back up, pretending nothing happened in a room full of no witnesses. He smells faintly of the lavender oil they were given for free by the hotel; they had given each other massages. And as you know, one thing led to another and...

There's this faint smile to Dream's features as he sleeps. George doesn't always get the opportunity to just blatantly stare as this man slumbers. He rarely lets himself rest most days, not unless they're sleeping together, and because George is a little busy being unconscious for that, it's hard to get this chance. This chance to observe and study all the expressions he makes in his sleep, all the mostly incomprehensible things he mumbles... he could do it forever. He wishes to do it forever. He wants to capture this moment in its entirety, and suspend it in time, so it lasts. So it never has to end.

But maybe he gets greedy, because he doesn't want this to be the only moment he gets to freeze. Earlier, when they found the huge hot tub in their comically sized bathroom, topped with rose petals that they pelted each other with, he wants to keep that too. And when they had sex. Every time they've had sex, actually, at their highest, lowest, and most desperate. Truthfully, every moment with Dream has had its merit, even the painful ones. Especially the painful ones, if he's being honest, because loving Dream this much hurts sometimes. It fills up his heart, cup runneth over, swelling up far more than it should, and all he can do to displace the dreadful feelings is to give it all to Dream. Every kiss, every hug, every whispered confession.

Right now, he has a little bit more of that love to give. A love he has to entrust to Dream again. Because Dream will keep it safe. Dream has a big enough, strong enough heart to store all this love he has for him, surely.

"Dream?"

Quietly, he calls him, repeating so a few times.

His heart beats as that man stirs.

"Yeah, baby?"

He stretches and twists, waking up and moving around, reaching for a glass of cold water on his side of the bed.

"I had something to tell you."

"Mm? What is it?"

Maybe this isn't something he should spring on a man who's barely conscious.

"I don't know. It's dumb."

"That means it's very important," he swallows. "What is it?"

He inhales, taking that breath as far as his lungs can go. "You asked me this like, a couple months

ago. You asked me if I had ever been in love. And... I said I wasn't sure. Do you remember that?"

Dream blinks like he's a little dazed. Then again, it's probably the sleep clouding his gaze. "Uh huh. Yeah, I remember. You said you didn't know what it was like, exactly meant to feel like I guess."

"Yeah. About that. I think... I do. Now. I think I've known for a while."

He gets grabbed and pulled and dragged and giggles start swirling around them like leaves and soon he is straddling Dream's lap and they exchange messy kisses, spurring on each other's laughs, round and round in a downward spiral.

"I gotta be honest," he snorts against his cheek, somewhere in that zone. "I think it's pretty obvious you're in love with me." Another kiss. "At least, by now. Like, I know. But I think it's cute you wanted to make that clear." His eyes are shut as their lips meet again. "You always say so much, y'know? Loudest when you say nothing."

Something gnaws at him, because that's not all there is to it.

"I think there's more," he asserts, and Dream looks at him. "I think... that's it. You're it. I don't think I could ever feel this way again."

It's true, and he thinks it's right. Call it philosophy if you will, but something this intense, this enduring, this severe... surely it can only come once in a lifetime. Perhaps if Dream walked out tomorrow, vanished, never to be seen again, perhaps he could love again. But it would never be like this. He could never be in love like this, not with anyone else. He is doomed for lesser love, or he will die of heartbreak, if he had to lose Dream. Dream is love. Dream is... the love of his life.

"Oh," he sounds choppy, like he can barely control his organs, let alone those lungs. "Fuck. Me too, George. You're it for me too. I..."

He trails off, and they just hold each other, and they both understand, because it's so overwhelming isn't it? To love so hard and feel it return to you in waves of loyalty and passion. To love each other so hard it feels like they've never loved before. Feels like they taught each other love sometimes, introduced it to each other, invented it with every late night Discord call, every laugh they shared, every lingering touch they burnt into each other's skin.

"We should get married."

The chortle bursts out his lungs without any warning, and their foreheads sort of bump together.

"What?!"

"I'm not proposing—" his eyes tilt like George should know, he'd put in a lot more effort into something like that—"I'm just saying, like, we should do it. Hypothetically. I think we'd look hot."

"That's why you want to marry me? To look hot?"

"Well, you'd look hot. And I'd get to look at you. And spoil you. And fuck you all night once it's over." He promised him that once, on a crazy afternoon in their kitchen, months long past by now. "You'd like it. And... I'd like it for sure. And you just love making me happy, so you'd do it. And we'd have a kick ass party. Invite everyone. Or not. We could just do a thing with as short a guest list as possible. Maybe even with no one around. Or we do it multiple times with different types of weddings just for fun. Just 'cuz we could."

“Wow,” George marvels and teases. “You’ve thought a lot about this.”

“Yeah, duh. It’s fun. I think about you all the time.”

“Even when I’m not around?”

“Especially when you’re not around.”

“You’re seriously obsessed with me,” he points out, like it’s some new revelation, and not something he asserts every two days.

“Yeah, I am,” he grins. “So are you marrying me or not? Hurry up and say yes, idiot.”

“I could say no.”

“You could,” he repeats deliberately. “But you won’t. Because you want it too. *And...* marrying me will make something very important happen. Like, if you knew what that was, you’d marry me tomorrow. So this is pretty much an offer you can’t refuse.”

“How?” He seeks, intrigued. “Tell me what the important thing is. What would happen?”

“It’s like a secret,” he dodges. “It’s a state of being. The existence of something. I’d have to tell you after we got married. Whisper it into your ear.”

“Well, whisper it to me now. You could always just do it again. Tell me what it is, and I’ll marry you.”

“Okay. Don’t tell anyone else though, okay? It’s top secret... stuff. It stays between us. Doesn’t leave this room.”

“Yeah, whatever. Just tell me already.”

Slowly, he leans in, cupping his ear like the words could slip through the cracks between his fingers. George’s heart speeds up like it’s bracing for impact, racing down the side of a hill.

“DNF... is real.”

Chapter End Notes

end of an era :(PLEASE SAY GOODBYE i would just like to say farewell to u guys in the comments and thank you for sticking it all the way through :) and if you’re just done binging sadf CONGRATS FOR MAKING IT ALL THE WAY THROUGH please feel free to comment no matter how long its been since ive posted this final chapter

BTW i know quackity wasn't featured in the golf scene in ch9. however, even when i wrote ch9 i intended for him to be there, but i didn't put him in the scene. it wasn't explained because it wasn't a necessary detail, but canonically he was on the phone talking to someone :) it literally doesn't even matter no one cares ur all probably throwing tomatoes at the way i ended the fic but i thought id explain ANYWAY just in case

REALLY HOPE U GUYS LIKED THIS i pour my heart and soul into sadf and i hope it shows THIS ISNT THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF ME BTW i have an upcoming fic user sub + follow me on twitter if ur interested :)

as always, i'd love to see any /pos thoughts you guys have about any of the lines or scenes but you don't have to if you dont want to! please send in any final thoughts and farewells tho :))) it would be cool if this was the most commented on chapter of sadf (the chapter w the most people commenting so far is ch8)

love you all. special shout out to anyone who's ever said anything kind about sadf, be it in the comment section, through a tweet, ask, message, or even if you said it in your heart and yelled it to the moon (though id prefer you telling me PRETTY PLEASE). from the bottom of my heart, this has been one of the most incredible fic writing experiences i've ever had :) and i couldn't have had that without all of you :((((

also to my friends. who've encouraged and boosted and loved me through all this. to anyone who's drawn art or will draw art in the future or recommended sadf in a fic rec or to ur mutuals or friends or even family in some cases... thank you so so so much : (((((it's genuinely all thanks to you guys that i get to be this happy :)

PLEASE REMEMBER TO LEAVE KUDOS IF YOU HAVEN'T AND PLEASE CLICK THE KUDOS BUTTON JUST IN CASE IF U LIKED THIS OK BYE!!!!!! ITS EASY AND ITS FREE!!!!!!

btw timea if ur reading this ur a loser. jk. i love u. and im sorry for posting this when u had prom. im dedicating this chapter to you to make up for it. thank u for always livereacting sadf for me in our dms and for knowing i love it when people quote lines and yell at me for writing them MWAH

and if youve read all my authors notes. a kiss for you too. SEE U GUYS I HAVE TO WRITE MY NEW FIC ILL ANNOUNCE IT SOON

End Notes

holy shit... is that the kudos button? that ANYONE can click whether they have an ao3 account or not? no fucking way... (please click it if u liked reading this at any point it's free and i spent months working on this fic)

also yes i have already written this entire fic. you don't have to worry that this fic will get abandoned. i hope u like however much you've read of it so far :) if u hate it i promise it gets better and if u like it then we are passionately kissing on the lips right now.

so how do u get me to update? (let's assume u like this and want more) uh... please comment on this fic. if possible. u don't have to if u don't want to but please feel FREE to leave any number of comments, no matter how long or short. id love to hear stuff like ur fave lines, fave moments, anything u enjoyed! idc if you think it's not worth commenting, or if other people have already said it, or if you think it's cringe. NOT TO ME. not if it's you. op is desperate for validation and i am not kidding when i say i've been writing this for 3-4 months. i still have stuff to edit but the total word count for this fic is 80k+ and each

chapter is about 7-9k words :) so please do look forward to it ^_^ i hope u all have as much fun reading as i did writing this

if u don't have an account n don't feel like commenting as a guest/want to be anonymous! feel free to reach me on tumblr! or twitter, but you won't be anonymous on there

twitter: [dreamquackitys](#)

tumblr: dreamquackity

tumblr alt: quackitydream

why do i have an alt? um. i talk a lot more about sadf there, whereas my dnf/mcyt/dream smp blog is more for general posts and the like, although i DO also talk about sadf a lot there. the only thing is i don't ALWAYS answer every ask on my main but on the alt i try to answer every single ask :) also please just follow me if possible i want clout i like clout and i like numbers yayy it's like another way of leaving kudos after you've left kudos trust me bros

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!